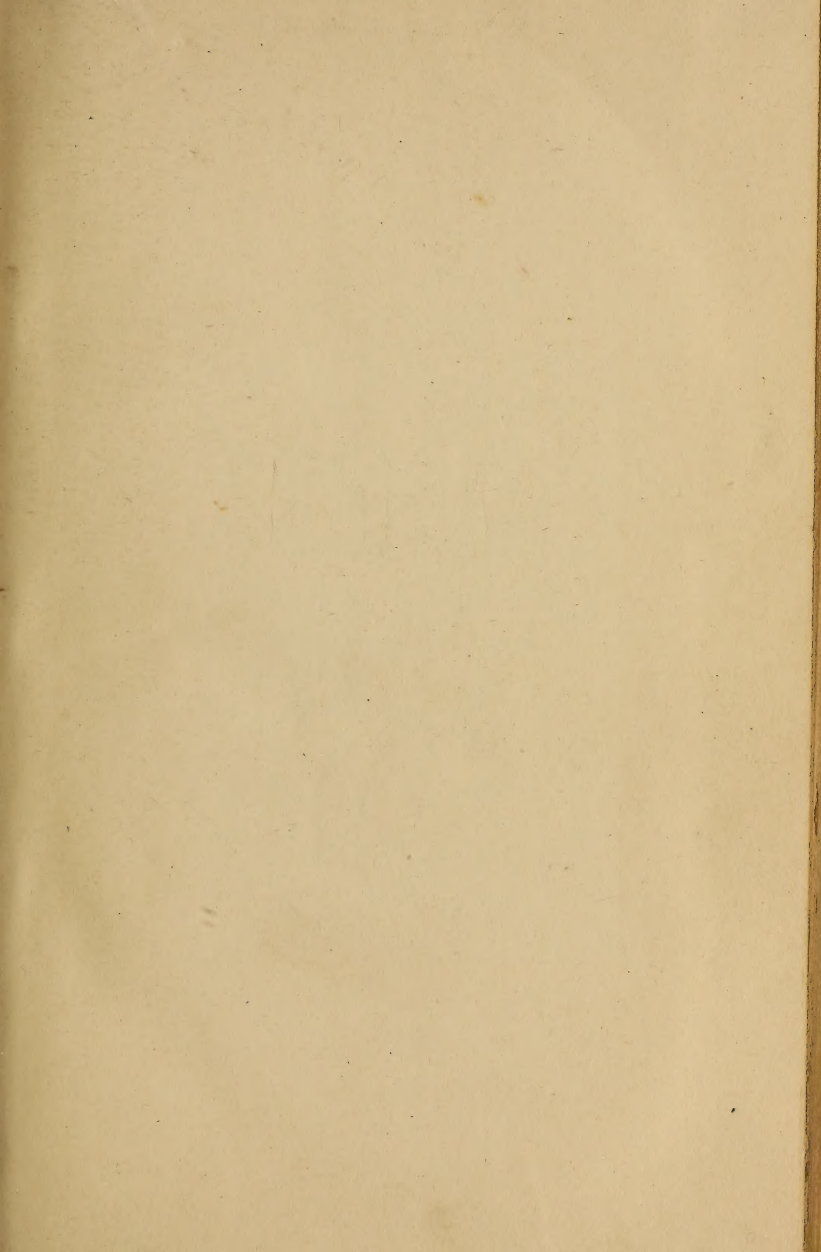
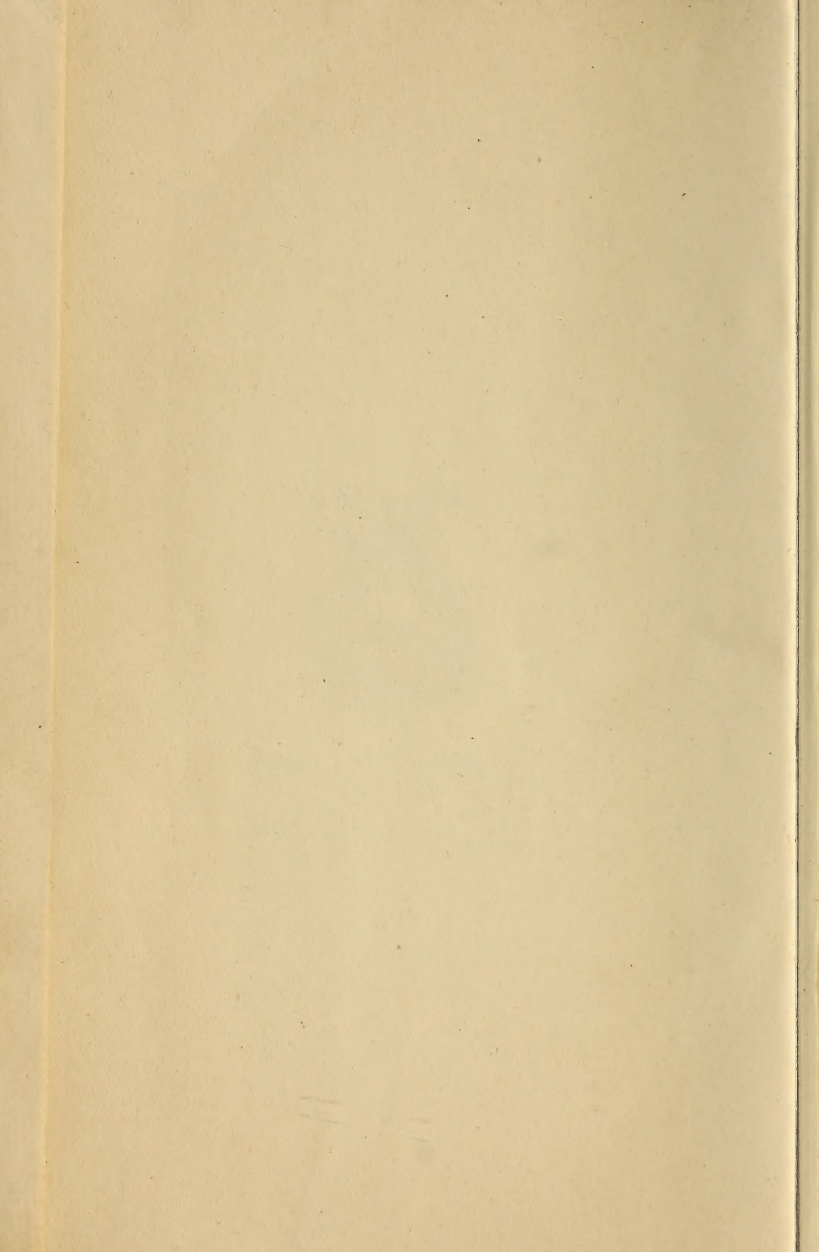
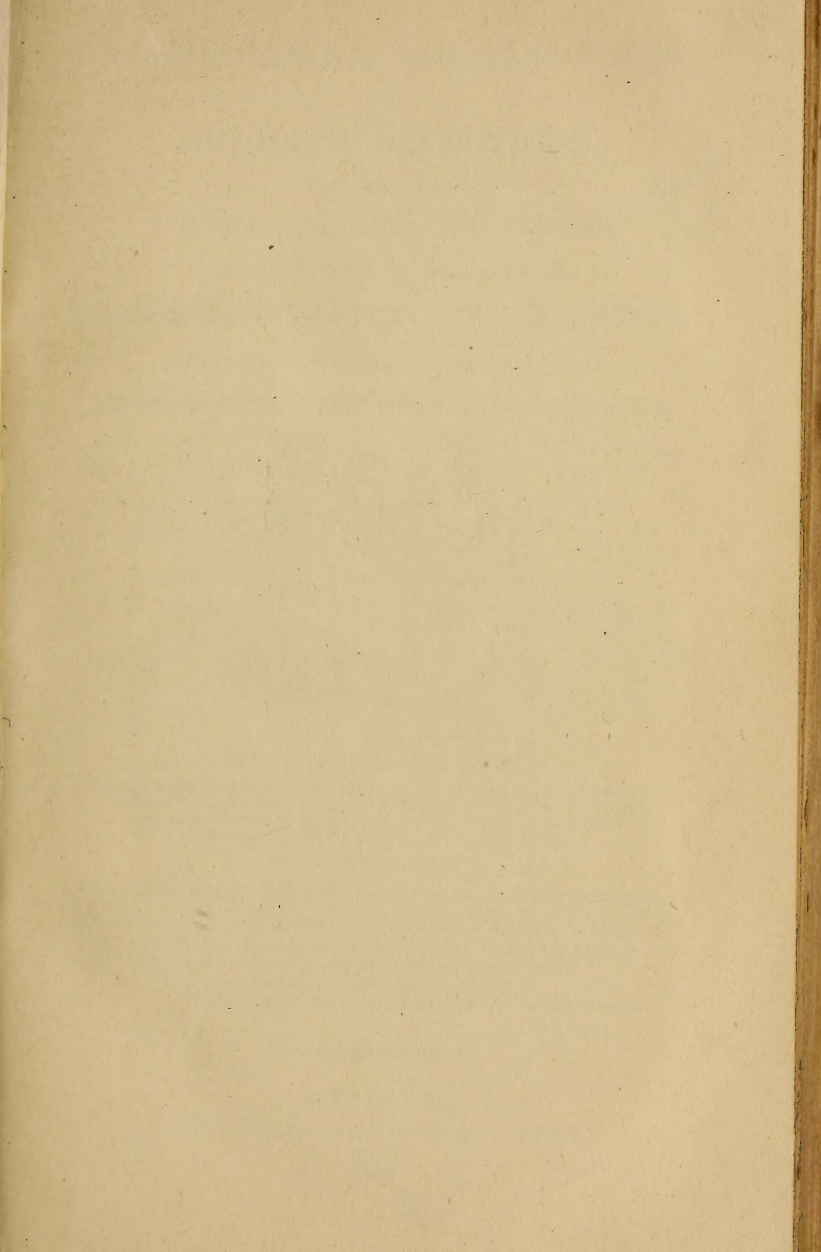


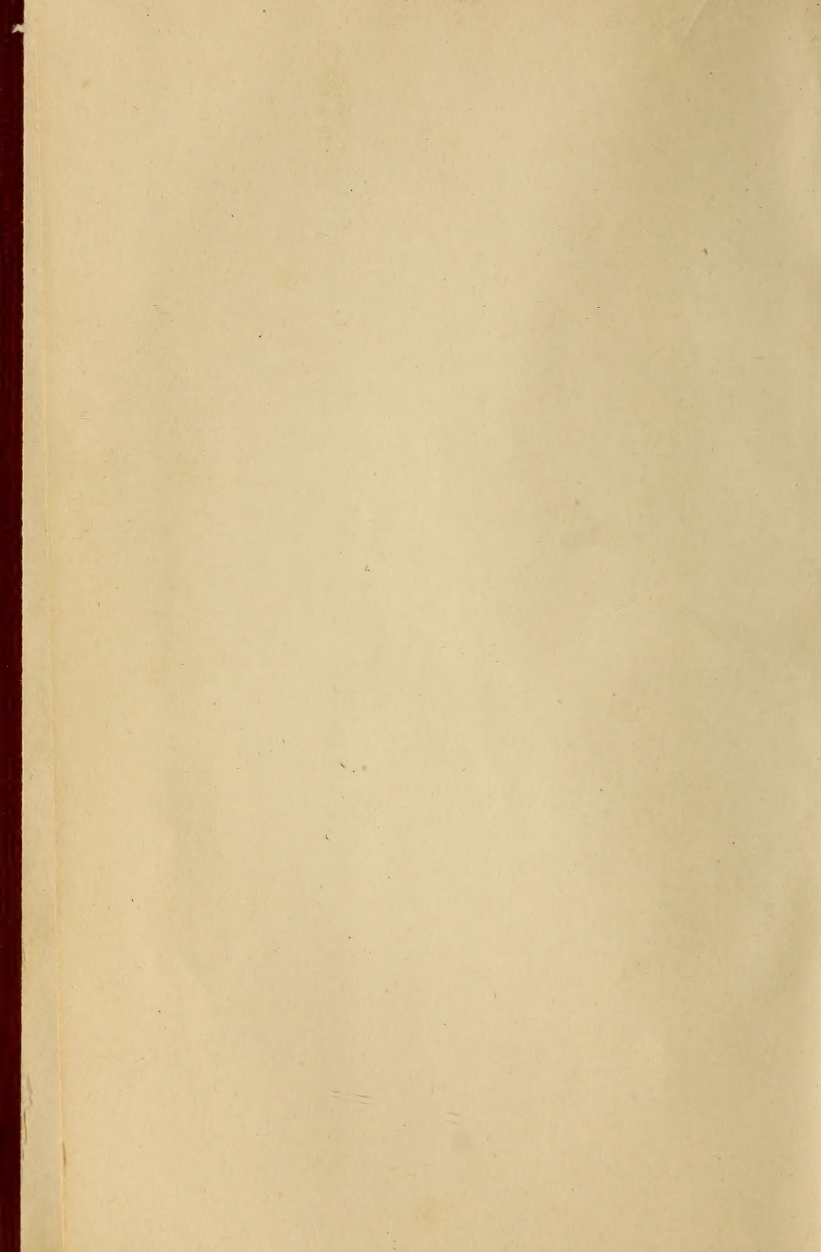
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RHETORICAL DIALOGUES;

OR,

DRAMATIC SELECTIONS,

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, AND FAMILIES:

DESIGNED TO FURNISH EXERCISES, EITHER FOR

READING, RECITATION, OR EXHIBITION.

SELECTED FROM THE MOST POPULAR PRODUCTIONS,

AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BY THIRTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS.



BY JOHN E. LOVELL,

FORMERLY INSTRUCTOR OF ELOCUTION IN THE MOUNT PLEASANT CLASSICAL INSTITUTE, AMHERST, MASS.; AND AUTHOR OF "THE UNITED STATES SPEAKER," "INTRODUCTORY ARITHMETIC," "THE YOUNG PUPIL'S FIRST BOOK," AND "YOUNG PUPIL'S SECOND BOOK."

"The greatest enemy to natural and graceful reading, is the departure from what is called 'the speaking voice.' The most efficient means to correct this error, is unquestionably the regular employment of well-selected dialogues."—*Hindmarsh.*

"The art of feeling, which is best learned from the speaking of dialogues, is the true art, which leads to a graceful, persuasive, and powerful oratory."

"To this one standard, make your just appeal,
Here lies the golden secret, learn to FEEL."—*Help to Eloquence.*

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY DURRIE & PECK.

1839.

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ENTERED,
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m. u. c. n. 1, 1911.

PREFACE.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis *modulation* that must charm the ear.
The critic's sight, 'tis only grace can please,
No *action* charms us, if it have not ease.

LLOYD.

THIS book of Dialogues was promised to the public two or three years ago. I had then prepared a considerable portion of its contents, and expected, shortly, to "put it to press." The long interval which has elapsed, has been checkered with important and *unexpected* duties, which, together with a desire to render the work as interesting and appropriate as possible, must be my apology to those gentlemen who have honored me with letters of inquiry, respecting it. My principal inducement for undertaking the labor and responsibility of this compilation, is the almost constant application to me, "*for pieces for exhibitions,*" from teachers, not only of this, but, indeed, of other States; and, the fact that the publishers have,—now,—before the work "is through the press," numerous orders from different parts of the country, assures me that such a work is much needed, and, if well executed, it will be well received. My experience satisfies me, that there is no better medium of cultivating a beautiful and captivating style of *eloquence*, or a more graceful, just, and impressive *action*, than the employment of dialogues. Nor is there any species of recitation, that young folks so much delight in. The ardor and enthusiasm it inspires in their youthful breasts, is absolutely astonishing. The work will be found to possess great variety and copiousness. I have aimed at the *double* purpose of supplying exercises for the regular lessons of the school-room, and interesting materials for occasional exhibitions. The latter object has demanded selections of considerable length. Many

of the longest pieces, however, are admissible of division, and the taste of the teacher will easily determine the fit and appropriate limits. I have drawn from the most popular writers, also, not only such selections as are admirable for a bold, beautiful, and captivating spirit, but others equally characterized by their racy wit, and comic humor. "The true orator must understand how to excite the *mirth*, as well as how to command the *tears* of his auditors."

It will be perceived, that, by some oversight or other, one or two of the selections have "slipped into the wrong pigeon holes."

To attempt to teach *dancing* by mere *words*, and especially *written* words, all would admit to be the absurdity of absurdities. Just so is it with *gesture* and *attitude*. The embellishments of this volume, it is therefore hoped, will be appreciated. Next to living examples, no doubt, *pictures* are the best. The illustrations, to which I here allude, have been selected for both divisions of the book, with great care. We all have our peculiar tastes, and, according to a trite and unclassical aphorism, "what's one man's meat, is another man's poison."—I will venture to assert, however, that these embellishments will be considered very beautiful, very instructive, and admirably engraved. They were executed by W. F. Peckham, for many years my pupil in the Lancasterian School, of this city, and now a distinguished wood-engraver, No. 156 Fulton street, near Broadway, New York.

The book, such as it is, is submitted to the candid judgment of an intelligent and impartial public. My desire has been to subserve the cause of education, and especially in that department, which, if wisely and sufficiently cherished, would give unimagined lustre and power to the efforts of the Lawyer, the Statesman, the Orator, and the Divine.

If the noble and aspiring boy,—he, who, reaching after a perfect *elocution* and a perfect *action*, may, after a few fast-fled summers, be destined "to rule the whirlwind, and direct the storm," in moral or political affairs, shall look back to the selections here presented for his study, as the source of his youthful inspiration, I shall be thankful. But to arrive at this proud eminence of fame and usefulness, he must labor. "Greece and Rome produced, each of them, but one accomplished orator."

J. E. L.

New Haven, Feb. 1st, 1839.

N. B. Any suggestions for the improvement of the work, either in arrangement or matter, from those teachers who may use it, will be gratefully received.

J. E. L.

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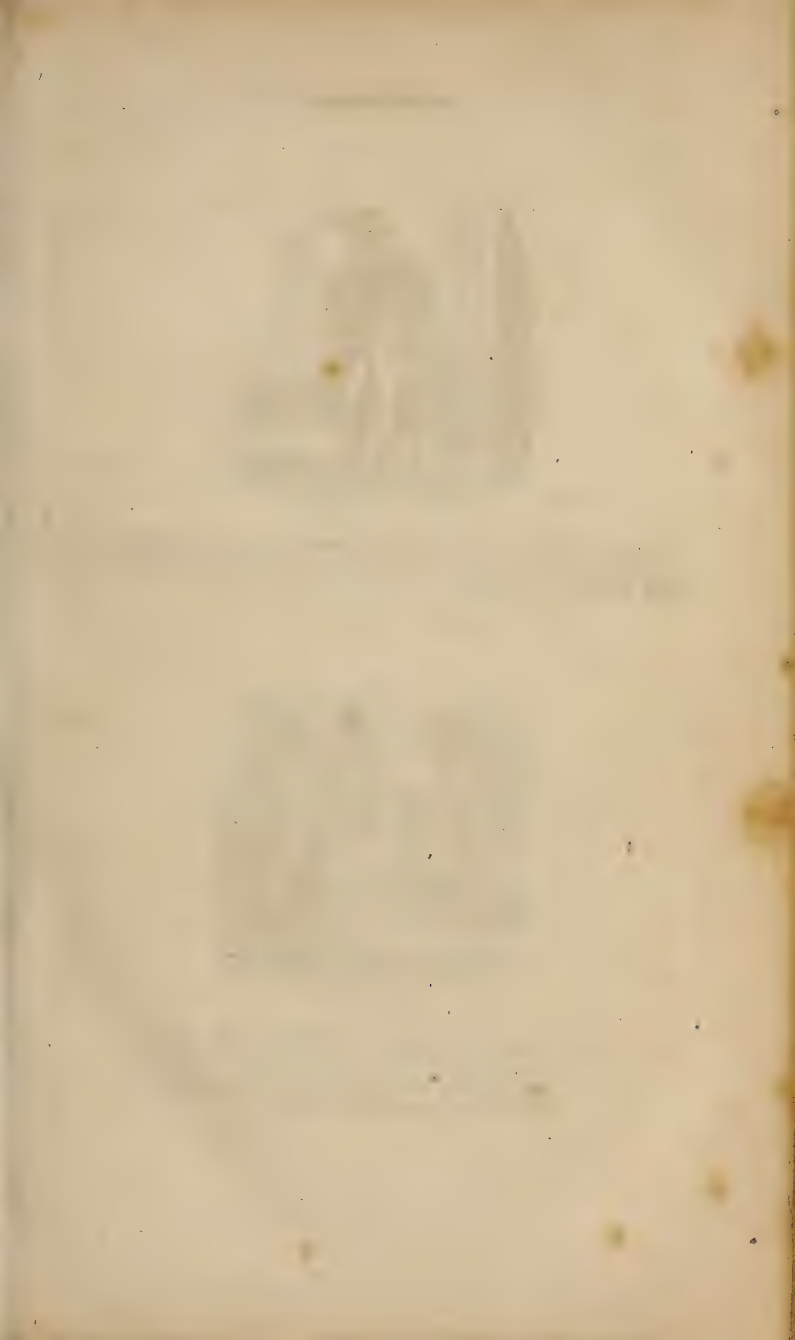
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ILLUSTRATIONS.



HENRY IV., PART I.

Hotspur. Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.



HENRY VIII.

Lord Chamberlain. The king's majesty Commends his good opinion to you, and Does purpose honor to you no less flowing Than Marchioness of Pembroke.

SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL.



RICHARD III.

Hastings. Come, lead me to the block—bear him my head ;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.



HENRY V.

Henry. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts,
Possess them not with fear, take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.





ILLUSTRATIONS.



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Marina. Ah me ! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me, is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.



HENRY IV., PART II.

Prince Henry. My heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick ; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL.



TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Proteus. Wilt thou be gone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu !
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.



RICHARD III.

Son of Clarence. Why do you look on us and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive ?





ILLUSTRATIONS.



RICHARD II.

Duchess of York. What's the matter ?
Duke of York. Peace, foolish Woman.



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Pericles. Rise, prithee, rise,
Sit down, sit down, thou art no flatterer :
I thank thee for it ; and high heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !

SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL.



TROILUS AND CRESOIDA.

Troilus. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blanch at sufferance, than I do.



HENRY VI., PART III.

Hunter. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game.

King Edward. Nay, this way, man ; see where the huntsmen stand.





THE [illegible] OF [illegible]



BY [illegible]

ILLUSTRATIONS.



FORTUNE'S FROLIC.

Robin Roughhead. Zooks! I believe she's going into a high strike.
Dolly! Dolly!



MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Bottom. Tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom,
the weaver.

COMIC AND AMUSING.



SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

Nicholas. How sensibly he talks! why, 'tis five thousand per cent. profit. I'll be bled directly.



HENRY V.

Fluellen. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels.



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ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Popolins. Ugh ! ugh ! I've swallowed the wrong stuff !



MODERN ANTIQUES.

Cockletop. This is a Neptune's trident, and this piece of furniture from Herculaneum, the model of the Escorial.

COMIC AND AMUSING.



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Sir Giles. Cook it any way. Prithee, leave me.
Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?



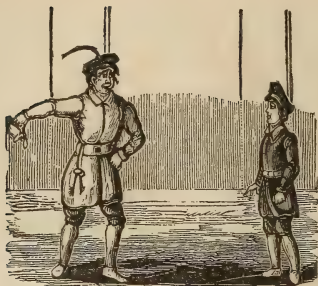
THE APPRENTICE.

Dick. Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!





ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE SHEPHERD OF DERWENT VALE.

Rooney. Here, take the crushkin down to the public house beyont, and get it filled wid "the medicine as before," as the doctors say.



MISS IN HER TEENS.

Tag. Go on, sir.

Flash. Come on.

Fribble. Come on, rascal.

Tag. Go on, sir.

COMIC AND AMUSING.



HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

Caleb. I thought I'd come to something, at last.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

Touchstone. To-morrow is the joyful day, Aubrey; to-morrow will we be married.



RHETORICAL DIALOGUES.

SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL.

I.—THE LAND OF THE BLEST.—*Mrs. Abdy.*

FATHER—CHILD.

Child. Dear Father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country, her health to regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm sunny land, where the soft breezes blow?"

Father. Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pains are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest.

Child. Is that land, my dear Father, more lovely than ours,
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers,
Does Summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song?

Father. Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are address
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest.

Child. Yet that land, to my mother, will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger, while here;
From her foreign companions, I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest Father, for you and for me.

Father. My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long-severed friends of her earliest days;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest.

Child. How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind Father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred, and friends.

Father. Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest.
Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight; and thy virtue destroy;
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a mother's fond counsels, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not—the God, whose direction we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save;
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest.

II.—THE DEAD MOTHER.—*Anonymous.*

FATHER—CHILD.

Father. Touch not thy mother, boy.—Thou canst not wake
her.

Child. Why, Father? She still wakens at this hour.

Father. Your mother's dead, my child.

Child. And what is dead?

If she be dead, why then 'tis only sleeping,
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother,—rise.—
Her hand is very cold!

Father. Her heart is cold.

Her limbs are bloodless; would that mine were so!

Child. If she would waken, she would soon be warm.
Why is she wrapt in this thin sheet? If I,
This winter morning, were not covered better,
I should be cold, like her.

Father. No—not like her.

The fire might warm you, or thick clothes—but her—
Nothing can warm again!

Child. If I could wake her,
She would smile on me, as she always does,
And kiss me. Mother! you have slept too long—
Her face is pale—and it would frighten me,
But that I know she loves me.

Father. Come, my child.

Child. Once, when I sat upon her lap, I felt
A beating at her side, and then she said
It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,
Only mine was the quickest.—And I feel
My own heart yet—but hers—I cannot feel—

Father. Child! child!—you drive me mad—come hence, I
say.

Child. Nay, Father, be not angry! let me stay here
Till my mother wakens.

Father. I have told you,
Your mother cannot wake—not in this world—
But in another, she will wake for us.
When we have slept like her, then we shall see her.

Child. Would it were night, then!

Father. No, unhappy child!
Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep
That last, long sleep.—Thy father soon shall sleep it;
Then wilt thou be deserted upon earth:
None will regard thee; thou wilt soon forget
That thou hadst natural ties.—

Child. Father! Father!
Why do you look so terribly upon me?
You will not hurt me?

Father. Hurt thee, darling? no!
Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,
That it should fright my boy? Come, dearest, come.

Child. You are not angry, then?

Father. Too well I love you.

Child. All you have said, I cannot now remember,
Nor what is meant—you terrified me so.
But this I know, you told me—I must sleep
Before my mother wakens—so, to-morrow—
Oh Father! that to-morrow were but come.

III.—THE WORLD.

FIRST CHILD—SECOND CHILD.

First Child. How beautiful the world is! The green earth covered with flowers—the trees laden with rich blossoms—the blue sky, and the bright water, and the golden sunshine. The world is, indeed, beautiful, and He who made it must be beautiful.

Second Child. It is a happy world. Hark! how the merry birds sing—and the young lambs—see! how they gambol on the hillside. Even the trees wave, and the brooks ripple in gladness. Yon Eagle!—Ah! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of liberty, the bird of America.

First Child. Yes;

“His throne is on the mountain top ;
His fields the boundless air ;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—his dwellings are.

“He rises, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze,
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim his gaze.”

Second Child. It is happy—I see it and hear it all about me—nay, I feel it—here, in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it must be happy.

First Child. It is a great world. Look off to the mighty ocean when the storm is upon it ;—to the huge mountain, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it ; to the vast forest—the interminable waste,—the sun, the moon, and the myriads of fair stars, countless as the sands upon the seashore. It is a great, a magnificent world,—and He who made it,—Oh! He is the perfection of all loveliness, all goodness, all greatness, all gloriousness!

IV.—FROM ALI PACHA.—*Payne.*

ZENOCLES, DISGUISED—TALATHON.

Talathon. Now, stranger, what would you with me?

Zenocles. Are we by ourselves?

Tal. Whence this mystery? Who art thou?

Zeno. (*Discovering himself.*) Zenocles.

Tal. Zenocles!

Zeno. Anguish has worn my features. Ten years of suffering, work awful changes. Do you still doubt?

Tal. The savior of my life—

Zeno. Now comes to save your honor.

Tal. How chances this? A Suliot chief, the ambassador of Ismail!

Zeno. That character is a stratagem; 'twas assumed but to open these gates, and enable me to converse with Talathon.

Tal. And what do you expect from Talathon?

Zeno. Mark me! You are not the only Greek, who, spell-bound by the genius of Ali Thebelen, is become the accomplice of his crimes. But a new glory awaits you—the glory of effacing the stain which soils your name, by the destruction of your country's tyrant.

Tal. Shall the chief of Ali's warriors betray him in adversity?

Zeno. Have you not already betrayed your country in adversity, by joining Ali? Is it only towards Greece, that her sons think perjury no crime? Oh, men! men! Offspring of the soil which has sent arts and refinement through the earth; which has filled history with its first great examples; which has taught countries unborn, when it was greatest, to be free and great—oh! men of Greece, can ye alone crouch tamely to the barbarian, and invite the yoke, while distant nations madden at the story of your wrongs, and burn to vindicate your cause? Sons of heroes, start from your lethargy! Crush the insulters of the land of glory; show the expecting world that Greece is not extinct, and give some future Homer themes for a mightier Iliad.

Tal. Zenocles, your voice rouses me! I feel what I have lost, and am ready to redeem it. Speak on.—What is your purpose?

Zeno. Ismail, trembling for the life of his father, now a

captive in your charge, has made me the bearer of a treaty, which demands that Ibrahim be set free; and upon this condition grants that Ali, with his family, may depart on the seas of Epirus. But, should Ali accept the terms—

Tal. What then?

Zeno. May he not collect fresh armies to harass Greece anew, when his wasting strength shall have had time to recover? And shall we stand by, and see him bear to a strange clime the spoils of our country, and the life, which has derived its fame only from her miseries? No, I will await him with a chosen band, upon the shore. Here in the sight of Epirus, shall the spoiler's blood bathe the soil he has made desolate! Our long-humbled land shall rise up once more a nation, and heaven-topped Olympus tremble with delight, as its echoes once more awaken to the shouts of liberty!

Tal. Zenocles, command me.—But stay.—Should Ali reject the treaty, and decide to tempt, to the last, the chance of battle in the citadel—

Zeno. Then, Talathon, to you, and to you only, can we look. The warriors of Ali, whom you command, have more than once signalized their devotion to you. You must enlist them in our cause. Their dread of Ismail may make them eager to earn their pardon of the foe, and their feeble attachment to Ali will soon be lost, in the hope of sharing the spoils of his overthrow.

Tal. Yanina shall be avenged!

Zeno. Exult, my countrymen, exult! The hour is come, when, like your own Ulysses, ye shall cast off the weeds of slavery, and once more be masters in your homes.

(*Exeunt.*)

V.—FROM THE VESPER OF PALERMO.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ERIBERT—ANSELMO.

Anselmo. Will you not hear me?—Oh! that they who need Hourly forgiveness—they who do but live,
While mercy's voice, beyond th' eternal stars,
Wins the great Judge to listen, should be thus,
In their vain exercise of pageant power,
Hard and relentless!—Gentle brother, yet,

'Tis in your choice to imitate that heaven
Whose noblest joy is pardon.

Eribert. 'Tis too late.
You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads
With eloquent melody—but they must die.

Ansel. What, die!—for words?—for breath, which leaves
no trace

To sully the pure air, wherewith it blends,
And is, being uttered, gone?—Why, 'twere enough
For such a venial fault, to be deprived
One little day of man's free heritage,
Heaven's warm and sunny light!—Oh! if you deem
That evil harbors in their souls, at least
Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,
Shall bid stern justice wake.

Eri. I am not one
Of those weak spirits, that timorously keep watch
For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues
Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath been
Where power sits crowned and armed. And, mark me, brother!
To a distrustful nature it might seem
Strange, that your lips thus earnestly should plead
For these Sicilian rebels. O'er my being
Suspicion holds no power. And yet take note—
—I have said—and they must die.

Ansel. Have you no fear?

Eri. Of what?—that heaven should fall?

Ansel. No!—but that earth
Should arm in madness. Brother! I have seen
Dark eyes bent on you, e'en 'midst festal throngs,
With such deep hatred settled in their glance,
My heart hath died within me.

Eri. Am I then
To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because a boy,
A dreaming boy, hath trembled at a look?

Ansel. Oh! looks are no illusions, when the soul,
Which may not speak in words, can find no way
But theirs, to liberty!—Have not these men
Brave sons, or noble brothers?

Eri. Yes! whose name
It rests with me to make a word of fear,
A sound forbidden 'midst the haunts of men.

Ansel. But not forgotten!—Ah! beware, beware!

—Nay, look not sternly on me. There is one
Of that devoted band, who yet will need
Years to be ripe for death. He is a youth,
A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek
The spring-time glow is lingering. 'Twas but now
His mother left me, with a timid hope
Just dawning in her breast;—and I—I dared
To foster its faint spark. You smile!—Oh! then
He will be saved!

Eri. Nay, I but smiled to think
What a fond fool is hope!—She may be taught
To deem that the great sun will change his course
To work her pleasure; or the tomb give back
Its inmates to her arms. In sooth, 'tis strange!
Yet with your pitying heart, you should not thus
Have mocked the boy's sad mother—I have said,
You should not thus have mocked her!—Now, farewell.

(*Exit Eribert.*)

Ansel. Oh, brother! hard of heart!—for deeds like these
There must be fearful chastening, if on high
Justice doth hold her state. And I must tell
Yon desolate mother that her fair young son
Is thus to perish!—Haply the dread tale
May slay her too;—for heaven is merciful.
—'Twill be a bitter task!

VI.—*Philips.*

ORESTES—PYRRHUS.

Orestes. Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten-years' war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?

The Greeks remember his high-brandished sword,
That filled their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports, and, filled
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may yourself live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demand:
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyrrhus. The Greeks are for my safety more concerned
Than I desire: I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hoped
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son despatched for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renowned in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate
To plot an infant's death? What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her sceptered warriors, be denied
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shared the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine,
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise;
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancied ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivaled strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confused in dust; all mixed in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,

Why was their vow for twelve long months deferred?
 Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
 He should have fallen among the slaughtered heaps
 Whelmed under Troy. His death had then been just,
 When age and infancy alike in vain
 Pledged their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
 And horrors of the fight, roused all our rage,
 And blindly hurried us through scenes of death.
 My fury then was without bounds: but now,
 My wrath appeased, must I be cruel still,
 And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
 Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood—
 An infant's blood?—No, prince.—Go, bid the Greeks
 Mark out some other victim; my revenge
 Has had its fill. What has escaped from Troy,
 Shall not be saved to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
 Was doomed to death in Troy; nor mention how
 The crafty mother saved her darling son:
 The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence:
 Nor is't the boy, but Hector, they pursue;
 The father draws their vengeance on the son:
 The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
 Has drenched his sword: the father, whom the Greeks
 May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
 Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
 On him who conquered for them: let them come,
 And in Epirus seek another Troy.
 'Twas thus they recompensed my godlike sire;
 Thus was Achilles thanked. But, prince, remember,
 Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

VII.—LOCHIEL.—*Campbell.*

LOCHIEL—SEER.

[To explain the following beautiful piece, it may be necessary to mention that Lochiel, a highland chieftain, while on his march to join the standard of the Pretender, was met by one of the highland Seers or prophets, who, having the gift of second sight or prophecy, warns him to return and not incur the certain ruin which awaited the

unfortunate prince and his followers at the battle which took place on the field of Culloden.]

Seer. (*With his eyes fixed as though beholding future events.*)

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes on to my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight;
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
 Wo, wo, to the riders that trample them down!
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Scotland, to death and captivity led!
 O weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead;
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death telling seer!
 Or if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Seer. Ha! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
 Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn:
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan—
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
 When Scotland her claymore indignantly draws ;
 When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Seer. ——Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day !
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path !
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight,
 Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !—
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
 Ah, no ! for a darker departure is near,—
 The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
 His death bell is tolling ! Oh mercy, dispel
 Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While a kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

VIII.—FROM CATILINE.—*Croly.*

CICERO—CATILINE—CETHEGUS—SENATORS—LICTORS.

Cicero. Our long debate must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion. Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes ;—
Is he condemned to exile? (*Catiline comes in hastily. All the
senators go over to the other side. Cicero turns to Catiline.*)
Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men,
Of treasons manifold ;—that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels—
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province ; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard ;—that, but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Catiline. Conscript Fathers !
I do not rise to waste the night in words :
Let that plebeian talk ; 'tis not my trade ;
But here I stand for right. Let him show proofs,—
For Roman right ; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master ; judges, Romans,—slaves !
His charge is false ;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer now ! I must be gone.

Cic. These, as I told you, were this evening seized
Within his house. You know them, Catiline ?

Cat. Know them ! What crimination's there ? What tongue
Lives in that helm to charge me ? Cicero—
Go search my house, you may find twenty such ;
All fairly struck from brows of barbarous kings,
When you and yours were plotting here in Rome.

I say, go search my house. And is this all?
 I scorn to tell you by what chance they came.
 Where have I levied troops—tampered with slaves—
 Bribed fool or villain, to embark his neck
 In this rebellion? Let my actions speak.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
 Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscription have been handed round,
 In which your general properties are made
 Your murderers' hire. Bring in the prisoner. (*Enter Cethegus.*)
 Fathers! this stain to his high name and blood,
 Came to my house to murder me; and came
 Suborned by him.

Cat. (*Scornfully.*) Cethegus!
 Did you say this?

Ceth. Not I. I went to kill
 A prating, proud plebeian, whom those fools
 Palmed on the consulship.

Cic. And sent by whom?

Ceth. By none. By nothing, but my zeal to purge
 The senate of yourself, most learned Cicero!

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
 By proof, as clear as daylight, there it stands! (*Pointing to the prisoner.*)

This man has been arrested at the gates,
 Bearing despatches to raise war in Gaul.
 Look on these letters! Here's a deep laid plot
 To wreck the province: a solemn league
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate,—all the slaves are up:—Rome shakes!
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand even here!—the name of Catiline
 Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
 Tried and convicted traitor, go from Rome!

Cat. Come, consecrated lictors! from your thrones,
 (*To the senate.*)
 Fling down your sceptres!—take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple.

Cat. 'Traitor!' I go—but I return. This—trial!
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths, my lords!
 For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes, hot from Tartarus;—all shames and crimes;
 Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

Senators. Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cat. (Indignantly.) It shall be so!—(*Going. He suddenly returns.*)—When Catiline comes again,

Your grandeur shall be base, and clowns shall sit
 In scorn upon those chairs.

Then Cicero and his tools shall pay me blood—

Vengeance for every drop of my boy's veins;—

And such of you as cannot find the grace

To die with swords in your right hands, shall feel

The life, life worse than death, of trampled slaves!

Senators. Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the senate-house!

Cat. I go,—but not to leap the gulf alone!

I go;—but when I come—'twill be the burst

Of ocean in the earthquake rolling back

In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!—

You build my funeral pile, but your best blood

Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! (*To the lictors.*)

I will return!

IX.

KING—YOUTH—HAMET.

King. Art thou the chief of that unruly band
 Who broke the treaty and assailed the Moors?

Youth. No chief, no leader of a band am I.

The leader of a band insulted me,

And those he led, basely assailed my life;

With bad success indeed. If self-defense

Be criminal, O King! I have offended.

King. With what a noble confidence he speaks!
See what a spirit through his blushes breaks!
Observe him, Hamet.

Hamet. I am fixed upon him.

King. Didst thou alone engage a band of Moors,
And make such havoc? Sure, it cannot be.
Recall thy scattered thoughts. Nothing advance
Which proof may overthrow.

Youth. ———What I have said,
No proof can overthrow. Where is the man,
Who, speaking from himself, not from reports
And rumors idle, will stand forth and say,
I was not single when the Moors attacked me?

Ham. I will not be that man, though I confess
That I came hither to accuse thee, youth,
And to demand thy punishment.—I brought
The tale our soldiers told.

Youth. The tale was false.

Ham. I thought it true, but thou hast shook my faith.
The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie.

King. Thy story tell,
With every circumstance which may explain
The seeming wonder; how a single man
In such a strife could stand?

Youth. 'Twill cease to be
A wonder when thou hearest the story told.
This morning on my road to Oviedo,
A while I halted near a Moorish post.
Of the commander I inquired my way,
And told my purpose; that I came to see
The famous combat. With a scornful smile,
With taunting words and gestures he replied,
Mocking my youth; advised me to return
Back to my father's house, and in the ring
To dance with boys and girls. He added, too,
That I should see no combat: That no knight
Of Spain durst meet the champion of the Moors.
Incensed, I did indeed retort his scorn.
The quarrel grew apace, and I defied him
To a green hill, which rose amidst the plain,
An arrow's flight or farther from his post.
Alone we sped: alone we drew, we fought.

The Moorish captain fell. Enraged, his men
Flew to revenge his death. Secure they came,
Each with his utmost speed. Those who came first,
Single, I met and slew. More wary grown,
The rest together joined, and all at once
Assailed me. Then I had no hopes of life.
But suddenly a troop of Spaniards came
And charged my foes, who did not long sustain
The shock, but fled, and carried to their camp
That false report which thou, O king ! hast heard.

King. Now by my sceptre and my sword I swear
Thou art a noble youth. An angel's voice
Could not command a more implicit faith
Than thou from me hast gained. What thinkest thou, Hamet ?
Is he not greatly wronged ?

Ham. By Allah ! yes.
The voice of truth and innocence is bold,
And never yet could guilt that tone assume.
I take my leave, impatient to return,
And satisfy my friends that this brave youth
Was not the aggressor.——

(*Exit Hamet.*)

King. I expect no less from generous Hamet.
—Tell me, wondrous youth !

For much I long to know, what is thy name ?
Who are thy parents ? Since the Moor prevailed,
The cottage and the cave have oft concealed
From hostile hate the noblest blood of Spain ;
Thy spirit speaks for thee. Thou art a shoot
Of some illustrious stock, some noble house,
Whose fortunes with their falling country fell.

Youth. Alberto is my name. I draw my birth
From Catalonia ; in the mountains there
My father dwells, and for his own domains
Pays tribute to the Moor. He was a soldier ;
Oft I have heard him of your battles speak,
Of Cavadonga's and Olalle's field.
But ever since I can remember aught,
His chief employment and delight have been
To train me to the use and love of arms :
In martial exercise we passed the day ;
Morning and evening, still the theme was war.
He bred me to endure the summer's heat
And brave the winter's cold ; to swim across

The headlong torrent when the shoals of ice
 Drove down the stream; to rule the fiercest steeds
 That on our mountains run. No savage beast
 The forest yields that I have not encountered.
 Meanwhile my bosom beat for nobler game;
 I longed in arms to meet the foes of Spain.
 Oft I implored my father to permit me,
 Before the truce was made, to join the host.
 He said it must not be, I was too young
 For the rude service of these trying times.

King. Thou art a prodigy, and fillest my mind
 With thoughts profound, and expectation high.
 When in a nation, humbled by the will
 Of Providence, beneath a haughty foe,
 A person rises up, by nature reared,
 Sublime, above the level of mankind;
 Like that bright bow the hand of the Most High
 Bends in the watery cloud: He is the sign
 Of prosperous change and interposing Heaven.

X.—FROM GUSTAVUS VASA.—*Brooke.*

GUSTAVUS—ANDERSON—ARNOLDUS—OFFICERS—DALECARLIANS.

First Dalecarlian. Let us all see him!

Second Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

Third Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

Fourth Dale. Our general.

Fifth Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be found.

Sixth Dale. Or hands to wield them.

Seventh Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

Anderson. Do, my lord.

Gustavus. My countrymen!

First Dale. Ho! hear him!

Second Dale. Peace!

Third Dale. Peace!

Fourth Dale. Peace!

Gustavus. Amazement, I perceive, hath filled your hearts,
 And joy for that your lost Gustavus 'scaped
 Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths,
 Thus sudden, thus unlooked for, stands before ye.

As one escaped from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not because my sister's early innocence—
My mother's age now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side;
For them, Gustavus weeps not.

But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,
My widowed country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.

Anderson. Oh, they are villains, every Dane of them.
Practiced to stab and smile: to stab the babe,
That smiles upon them.

Arnoldus. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches, who, to fiends like these
In their dear liberty have bartered more
Than worlds will rate for?

Gust. O liberty, heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred liberty!
Winged from the summer's snare, from flattering ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdained the terms
Of empire offered at the hand of tyrants.
With thee I sought this favorite soil; with thee
These favorite sons I sought: thy sons, O Liberty!
For even amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-raftered cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gust. Are ye not marked, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not marked by all the circling world
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?

Why else have you, and your renowned forefathers,
From the proud summit of their glittering thrones,
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dared the bold infringement? What but liberty,
Through the famed course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

First Dale. No.

Second Dale. Never, never.

Third Dale. Perish all first.

Fourth Dale. Die all.

Gust. Yes, die by piecemeal!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph.
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye feared; to see, that even your foes
Do justice to your valor!—There they be,
The powers of kingdoms, summed in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And oh, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from opposition grows,
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Matched to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty, that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
And his large honors from eternal infamy?
What doubt we then?
Shall we, shall we stand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
O, yes, I read your lovely, fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld, we will rush on them—
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till every wave
Flee to its fountain?

And. On, lead us on, Gustavus ; one word more
Is but delay of conquest.

Gust. Take your wish.
He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnished. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our powers, and with the famed Olaus
Take the left route.—You, Eric, great in arms !
With the renowned Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down ; then wheel at once,
Confessed to view, and close upon the vale :
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
The invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy veterans,
Will pour directly forth, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confessed from every eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat high !
Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each singly equal to a host of foes.

XI.—FROM DOUGLAS.—*Home.*

LORD RANDOLPH—GLENALVON—NORVAL.

Glenalvon. His port I love : he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared. (*Aside.*)
Has Norval seen the troops ?

Norval. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talkest it well ; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.

Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration

Vents itself freely, since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir ; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But, mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veteran's of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honor ; seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth ;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled :
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn !

Glen. Yes ; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me,
What will become of you ?

Norv. If this were told !— (*Aside.*)
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Norv. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus ; but such as thee—

Norv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am—

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy ;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell
Is the vainglorious tale thou toldest to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valor,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

Norv. Villain, no more !
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause ;
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Lord Randolph. (*Enters.*) Hold ! I command you both !
the man that stirs

Makes me his foe.

Norv. Another voice than thine,
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my lord ; he's wondrous condescending !
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval !

Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. (*Sheathes his sword.*)

Lord Ran. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel ; then I judge betwixt you.

Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage ; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
Honor, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, but not dishonored !

Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice ;

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
 Now waves his banner o'er her frightened fields ;
 Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
 Repel the bold invader ; then decide
 The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Norv. And I. (*Exit Randolph.*)

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
 Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow ;
 Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment ;
 When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

XII.—FROM HALIDON HILL.—*Scott.*

DE VIPONT, A KNIGHT TEMPLAR—SWINTON AND GORDON, SCOT-
 TISH CHIEFS.

Swinton. De Vipont, thou lookest sad ?

Vipont. It is because I hold a Templar's sword,
 Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

Swinton. The blood of English archers—what can gild
 A Scottish blade more bravely ?

Vipont. Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,
 England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
 Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
 And field as free as the best lord his barony,
 Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
 Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute,
 Leading the van on every day of battle,
 As men who know the blessings they defend.—
 Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
 As men who have their portion in its plenty.
 No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness
 Veiled in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

Swinton. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
 Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,

Still follow to the field the Chieftain's banner,
And die in the defense on't.

Gordon. And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sad-built home, as free
As ever Southern had. They shall be happy !
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it !—
I have betrayed myself.

Swinton. Do not believe it.—
Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.— (*Exit Vipont.*)
Now will I counsel thee ;

The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being wedded to his order. But I tell thee,
The brave young Knight that hath no lady-love,
Is like a lamp unlighted ; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name ?

Gordon. Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan ?
The thought of thee and of thy matchless strength,
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And wouldst thou now know her's ?

Swinton. I would, nay, must.
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,
Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

Gordon. Nay, then, her name is—hark— (*Whispers.*)

Swinton. I know it well, that ancient northern house.

Gordon. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honor
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee—

Swinton. It did, before disasters had untuned me.

Gordon. O, her notes
Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
Knows the wild harpings of our native land ?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle ; rouse to merriment,
Or soothe to sadness ; she can touch each mood.

Princes and statesmen, chiefs renowned in arms,
And gray-haired bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

Swinton. You speak her talent bravely.

Gordon. Though you smile,
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she wakes ;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark,
Now leaving, now returning to the strain !
To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.
Methinks, I hear her now !—

Swinton. Blessed privilege
Of youth ! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
Listening to her harp !

XIII.—FROM CORIOLANUS.—*Shakspeare.*

CORIOLANUS—AUFIDIUS.

Coriolanus. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive
You disapprove my conduct.

Aufidius. I mean not to assail thee with the clamor
Of loud reproaches and the war of words ;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have performed
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected ;
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish ;
Thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge
Completely sated ; and to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman ;
Return, return ; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved ;

It still may be in danger from our arms :

Retire : I will take care thou mayest with safety.

Cor. With safety ?—Heavens !—and thinkest thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety ?—No : my safeguard

Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.—

O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fettered

By the strong chain of former obligation,

The safe, sure moment, to insult me.—Gods !

Were I now free, as on that day I was

When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,

This had not been.

Auf. Thou speakest the truth : it had not.

O, for that time again ! Propitious gods,

If you will bless me, grant it ! Know, for that,

For that dear purpose, I have now proposed

Thou shouldst return ; I pray thee, Marcius, do it ;

And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have cleared my honor in your council,

And proved before them all, to thy confusion,

The falsehood of thy charge ; as soon in battle

I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,

As quit the station they've assigned me here.

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians.

Cor. I do : Nay, more, expect their approbation,

Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace

As thou durst never ask ; a perfect union

Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,

In all her privileges, all her rights ;

By the just gods, I will.—What wouldest thou more ?

Auf. What would I more, proud Roman ? This I would—

Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves

Haunt and infest their nobler neighbors round them ;

Extirpate from the bosom of this land

A false, perfidious people, who, beneath

The mask of freedom, are a combination

Against the liberty of human kind ;—

The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.

Cor. The seed of gods.—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,—

'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared

By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,

But with respect, and awful veneration.—

Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,

There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.

Auf. I thank thy rage :—This full displays the traitor.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Carius Marcius : Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli ?

You lords, and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel of the war : but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory ;
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.

Cor. Hearest thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy !—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli ;
Alone I did it :—Boy !—But let us part ;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.

Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do ; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sore destruction ;
Quit then this hostile camp : once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.

Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more—thy tribe,
To use my lawful sword !—

XIV.—FROM THE MUTINY AT THE NORE.—*Jerrold.*

PARKER—MARY—CHILD.



Parker.—*Aye, look upon me, Mary.*

Scene.—Room in a cottage.

Mary. He comes—at every succeeding interview I fancy I perceive a deeper gloom upon his brow ; a more settled sorrow at his heart. Let me not complain, a brighter day may yet arrive. (*Enter Parker.*)

Parker. Mary ! my own loved Mary !

Mary. Oh, Richard, this meeting repays me for all the anxious hours passed in silence and in solitude.—Why, why is this ? Why do you turn your eyes from mine ?

Par. I—I cannot look upon you.

Mary. Not !

Par. When I remember that you were nursed by fortune, and every comfort strewn about your footsteps—were the idol of your household—sought by wealth and rank—when I remember this, and see you torn by my hands from every hope of life,—thrown a poor, outcast upon the unfeeling world, humiliated, broken-hearted, beggared—can you wonder if I blush to meet your eye ? can you marvel if, like a felon, I shrink beneath your gaze, ashamed to meet the victim I have made ?

Mary. Oh, Richard ! talk not so : do you think reproach

can spring from love like mine!—think you I regret the loss of wealth and those summer friends that clung while fortune shone?—oh, no! I am rich, rich in your love, and in our darling boy.

Par. My poor child—my William.

Mary. Oh! away with such reproaches—you have manly courage, Richard; add to it a woman's strength.

Par. A woman's strength!

Mary. Aye, the power of sufferance: you in the wild storm, or wilder battle, hang over the heaving billow or rush upon the sword—this—this is lion-hearted daring: but think you a sailor's wife has not a deeper courage, to listen to the roaring sea, to hear the minute gun, to read of battle and of shipwreck, yet with terror for her daring partner, to hush the whispering fear, and with a deep tranquillity of soul, confide in him who feeds the sparrow, and sustains the flower!—Mere courage is the attribute of beasts; patience, the sweet child of reason! stamps and dignifies the soul of man!

Par. My dear Mary! yes, thou wilt love me still.

Mary. Love you! though all the world conspired against you, though poverty and wounds had made you unjust to me, forgetful of yourself—though shame had scourged you.—(*He turns his head.*)—How now, Richard! husband!

Par. 'Tis nothing.

Mary. Nay, your color goes—the veins swell within your brow, and your lip works;—what, what have I said?

Par. Nothing, nothing, my poor wench.

Mary. Oh, it is not so! I have awakened some horrid thoughts that still shake and convulse you—tell me in mercy!

Par. Mary, I will—tell—you: you spoke of shame to a heart rightly endowed with feeling for its fellows! It is a kind of shame to see in silence wrong and outrage done to others.

Mary. True; but—

Par. I—I am a sailor aboard a king's ship; my mind may be as noble, my heart as stout as are the minds and hearts of those who strut upon the quarterdeck, and are my masters.—No matter, 'tis my fate that I obey them.

Mary. For heaven's sake, let not the violence of your temper betray you to acts of mutiny—have you not seen—

Par. Seen!—I have served the king seven years; in that time I have seen enough to turn the softest heart to stone, to make me look with eyes of lead upon the blackest violence—to make me laugh at virtue and feeling as words of a long forgotten tongue.—Seen!—I have seen old men, husbands and

fathers—men with venerable gray hairs, tied up, exposed, and treated like basest beasts—scourged, whilst every stroke of the blood-bringing cat may have cut upon a scar received in honorable fight !—I have seen this !—And what was the culprit's fault ? He may have trod too much on this or that side the deck ; have answered in a tone too high or too low, his beardless persecutor—no matter, the crime is mutinous, and the mariner must bleed for it.

Mary. Oh, Richard, and have you looked on scenes like these ?

Par. Looked on them !—looked !—listen, then judge whether the gloom upon my face is but the cast of a sickly fancy !—It tears my soul to shock thy delicate spirit, yet thou must know—that henceforth, in what I may do thy mind may justify me—dost hear me, Mary ?

Mary. I'll strive to do so.

Par. 'Tis now some four years since I had a friend, a sailor on board a king's ship ; his fate was something like to mine, for chance had given him an unsuccessful rival in love, to be his captain and his destroyer. I knew the victim—knew him !—But to my tale : the sailor was preferred, rare promotion to one of cultivated mind, to wait upon the steward, and do his lofty bidding. Time wore on—at length a watch was stolen ; suspicion lighted on my friend—he was charged—my heart swells and my head swims round—with the robbery !—Before the assembled crew, despite his protestations and his honest scorn, he was branded with the name of—thief.

Mary. Oh, heavens !

Par. Stript, and bound for brutal punishment—picture the horror, the agony of my friend, bleeding beneath the gloating eye of his late rival in a woman's love—picture his torment and despair, to feel, while the stripes fell like molten lead upon his back, that keener anguish, his rival's triumph—imagine what, what were his thoughts, what the yearnings of his swelling bosom towards his young wife and precious babe at home.

Mary. Oh, horrible !

Par. A short time after he thought to escape ; he trusted the secret of his flight to another and was betrayed—what followed then ? he was tried for desertion—condemned to death !—

Mary. Gracious powers !—and did they—

Par. Oh ! no, the judges were merciful—

Mary. Heaven bless them—

Par. Stay your benediction—they were merciful ! they did

not hang the man—'twould have been harsh they thought—the more so, as he who had stole the watch, touched by compunction, had confessed the theft, clearing the deserter of the crime he had been scourged for. Still discipline demanded punishment.—They did not hang the man—and thereby bury in the grave the remembrance of his shame—no—they mercifully sent him through the fleet.

Mary. The fleet !

Par. Listen, then wonder that men with hearts of throbbing flesh within them can look upon—much less inflict such tortures—they sentenced him to five hundred lashes, so many at the side of each vessel, whilst the thronging crew sat upon the yards and rigging, to hear the wretch's cries and look upon his opening wounds. What was the result ?—why he whom they had tied up, a suffering, persecuted man, they loosed, a raging tiger ! From that moment revenge took possession of his soul—he lived and breathed—consented to look on the day's blessed light only that he might have revenge.—'Twas I !

Mary. You, husband ! you ?

Par. Yes, Mary Parker, I—I am that wronged, that striped, heart-broken, degraded man.

Mary. Oh ! Richard !—Heaven, heaven have mercy on them.

Par. Amen ! mercy is heaven's attribute—revenge is man's.—~~Aye, look upon me, Mary ;~~ do you not blush to call me husband !

Mary. Oh ! talk not so.

Par. You must, for I feel degraded—a thing of scorn, and restless desperation, but the time is ripe, and vengeance—

Mary. Oh ! think not of it.

Par. Think not of it !—I only live upon the hope of coming retribution—think not of it—would you still embrace a striped, a branded felon ?

Mary. That stain is wiped away.

Par. No—but it shall be, and in blood.

Mary. In mercy, Richard.

Par. Hear me swear. (*Kneels.*)

(*Enter the child, who runs between father and mother.*)

Child. Dear, dear father !

Par. Ha ! be this the subject of my oath.—(*Puts his hand upon the child's head.*)—May this sweet child, the fountain of my hopes, become my bitterest source of misery—may all my joy in him be turned to mourning and disquiet—may he be a

reed to my old age—a laughter and a jest to my gray hairs—may he mock my dying agonies and spit upon my grave, if for a day, an hour, I seek not a most deep and bloody vengeance.—(*Voice of JACK ADAMS, heard without.*—Aboard the house, ahoy!)—A stranger's voice, we are disturbed—farewell, my love, I must aboard; tomorrow you shall hear news of me—I have promised my shipmates to bring William with me; he shall return when I do.

Mary. Promise then to be more calm, and let patience, Richard, patience counsel you. (*Exit.*)

Par. Farewell—now my child shall see his father's wronger at his feet.—Arlington, I come to triumph. (*Exit with child.*)

XV.—FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

BRUTUS—CASSIUS.

Street Scene.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony;
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: If I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil perhaps to my behavior;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;

Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear ;
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus ;
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or, if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout ; then hold me dangerous.

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it, that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death in the other ;

And I will look on Death indifferently :
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, help me, Cassius, or I sink.
Then, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear ; so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar ; and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried—Give me some drink, Titinius—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at sometime are masters of their fate :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded, more than your's ?
Write them together ; your's is as fair a name :
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed ;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?
Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
A whip-galled slave to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim :
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter : for this present,
I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear ; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

XVI.—FROM TAMERLANE.—*Rowe.*

OMAR—TAMERLANE.

Omar. Honor and fame (Bowing.)
 Forever wait the Emperor; may our prophet
 Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,
 And every day like this. The captive sultan,
 Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,
 Attends your sacred will.

Tamerlane. Let him approach.
 (*Enter Bajazet and other Turkish prisoners in chains, with a guard.*)

When I survey the ruins of this field,
 The wild destruction which thy fierce ambition
 Has dealt among mankind: (so many widows
 And helpless orphans has thy battle made,
 That half our eastern world this day are mourners :)
 Well may I, in behalf of heaven and earth,
 Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

Baj. Make thy demand of those that own thy power.
 Know I am still beyond it; and though fortune
 Has stripped me of the train and pomp of greatness,
 That outside of a king, yet still my soul,
 Fixed high, and on itself alone dependent,
 Is ever free and royal; and even now,
 As at the head of battle, does defy thee.
 I know what power the chance of war has given,
 And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,
 This after game of words, is what most irks me;
 Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all,
 Be it as it may.

Tam. Well was it for the world,
 When, on their borders, neighboring princes met,
 Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates
 Preventing wasteful war: such should our meeting
 Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard
 The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.
 Canst thou believe thy prophet, or what's more,
 That Power Supreme, which made thee and thy prophet,
 Will with impunity, let pass that breach
 Of sacred faith given to the royal Greek?

Baj. Thou pedant talker ! ha ! art thou a king
Possessed of sacred power, Heaven's darling attribute,
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets ?
I hate the Greek, (perdition on his name !)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As death does human nature, for destruction.

Tam. Causeless to hate, is not of human kind :
The savage brute that haunts in woods remote,
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveler,
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

Baj. Can a king want a cause, when empire bids
Go on ? What is he born for, but ambition ?
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,
The noble appetite which will be satisfied,
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

Tam. Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,
Since souls that differ so, by nature hate,
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

Baj. The noble fire that warms me does indeed
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleased we differ,
Nor think alike.

Tam. No : for I think like man ;
Thou, like a monster, from whose baleful presence
Nature starts back ; and though she fixed her stamp
On thy rough mass, and marked thee for a man,
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee,
As formed for her destruction.

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been ;
Honor and glory too, have been my aim ;
But though I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,
By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind :
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honor.

Baj. Prophet, I thank thee.
Confusion ! couldst thou rob me of my glory,
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise !
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have lived secure
In lazy peace, and with debating senates
Shared a precarious sceptre ; sat tamely still,

And let bold faction canton out thy power,
And wrangle for the spoils they robbed thee of;
Whilst I, (O blast the power that stops my ardor,)
Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alha,
My angry thunder on the frightened world.

Tam. The world! 'twould be too little for thy pride:
Thou wouldst scale heaven.

Baj. I would. Away! my soul
Disdains thy conference.

Tam. Thou vain, rash thing,
That, with gigantic insolence, has dared
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,
And mate with power Almighty, thou art fallen!

Baj. 'Tis false! I am not fallen from aught I have been!
At least my soul resolves to keep her state,
And scorns to make acquaintance with ill fortune.

Tam. Almost beneath my pity art thou fallen;
Since, while the avenging hand of Heaven is on thee,
And presses to the dust thy swelling soul,
Fool-hardy, with the stronger thou contendest.
To what vast heights had thy tumultuous temper
Been hurried, if success had crowned thy wishes!
Say, what had I to expect if thou hadst conquered?

Baj. Oh, glorious thought! Ye powers, I will enjoy it,
Though but in fancy: imagination shall
Make room to entertain the vast idea.
Oh! had I been master but of yesterday,
The world, the world had felt me; and for thee,
I had used thee, as thou art to me, a dog,
The object of my scorn and mortal hatred.
I would have caged thee for the sport of slaves.
I would have taught thy neck to know my weight,
And mounted from that footstool to the saddle,
Till thou hadst begged to die; and even that mercy
I had denied thee. Now thou knowest my mind,
And question me no farther.

Tam. Well dost thou teach me
What justice should exact from thee. Mankind,
With one consent, cry out for vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call to cut off this league-breaker,
This wild destroyer, from the face of earth.

Baj. Do it, and rid thy shaking soul at once
Of its worst fear.

Tam. Why slept the thunder
That should have armed the idol deity,
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,
To shake the soul of Tamerlane? Hadst thou an arm
To make thee feared, thou shouldst have proved it on me,
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,
When, through the tumult of the war, I sought thee,
Fenced in with nations.

Baj. Oh, blast the stars
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter!
Oh! could my sword have met thee!

Tam. Thou hadst then,
As now, been in my power, and held thy life
Dependent on my gift. Yes, Bajazet,
I bid thee live. So much my soul disdains
That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but Heaven.
Nay more; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be still a king, that thou mayst learn
What man should be to man.—
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service;
Nor will I use my fortune to demand
Hard terms of peace: but such as thou mayst offer
With honor, I with honor may receive.

XVII.—FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—*Shakspeare.*

ANTONY—VENTIDIUS.

Antony. They tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I traveled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downwards
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Ventidius. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.
(*Stands before him.*)

Ant. (*Starting up.*) Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt this answer? Who am I?

Vent. My Emperor; the man I love next Heaven.

Ant. Emperor! Why that's the style of victory.

The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh—

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favorest me, and speakest not half thou thinkest;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony—

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought! fled first, Ventidius.
Thou longest to curse me; I give thee leave.
I know thou camest prepared to rail.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Sure thou dreamest, Ventidius !

Vent. No, 'tis you dream ; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.

Up, up, for honor's sake ; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches, to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopped hands ; there's virtue in them ;
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them ?

Vent. I said, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither ;
There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why did they refuse to march ?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said ?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave ?

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults ; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra ;—she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you powers,
To whom you have entrusted human kind !
See Europe, Africa, Asia, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light worthless woman !

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love ! plain arrogance ! plain insolence !
Thy men are cowards ; thou, an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, has vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honor !

Vent. You may kill me ;
You have done more already ; called me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one ?

Vent. For showing you yourself.
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I need not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.—
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir,
Pray kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me.
Thou only lovest, the rest have flattered me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou knowest the way.

Vent. And will you leave this—

Ant. Prithee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honor;
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master:
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, come, follow me!

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more sublime;
You speak a hero, and you move like Mars.

Ant. O, thou hast fired me! My soul is up in arms!
And man's each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius's camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way! In vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield!

I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods!

For such another hour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;

Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May take fate to them; mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

XVIII.—FROM THE PEASANT BOY.—*Dimond.*

ALBERTI—JULIAN—MONTALDI—STEFANO—LUDOVICO—AMBROSE
—VINCENT—GUARDS, &c.

(*Enter Guards, conducting Julian—all the Characters follow, and a crowd of vassals—Alberti advances to the judgment seat.*)

Alb. My people!—the cause of your present assemblage too well is known to you. You come to witness the dispensations of an awful but impartial justice;—either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested in its foul career. Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself; yet fear not, but that it will be filled by nobleness and honor:—to Montaldi only, I resign it.

Jul. He my judge! then I am lost indeed. (*Aside.*)

Alb. Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct: this only will I say, should the scales of accusation and defense poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Mon. (*Ascending the seat.*) Your will and honor, are my only governors! (*Bows.*) Julian! stand forth! you are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman—the implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you. What have you to urge in vindication?

Jul. First, I swear by that power, whom vice dreads and virtue reverences, that no syllable but strictest truth shall pass

my lips ;—on the evening of yesterday, I crossed the mountain to the monastery of St. Bertrand—my errand thither finished, I returned directly to the valley. Rosalie saw me enter the cottage—soon afterwards, a strange outcry recalled me to the door ; a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye ; I raised it and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood ! consternation seized upon my soul—the next minute I was surrounded by guards, and accused of murder. They produced a weapon I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal ; confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle. Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends, and I have only this to add—I may become the victim of circumstance, but I never have been the slave of crime !

Mon. (*Smiling ironically.*) Plausibly urged—have you no more to offer ?

Jul. Truth needs but few words—I have spoken !

Mon. Yet bethink yourself—dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea ?

Jul. Alas ! I have none else to offer.

Mon. You say, on the evening of yesterday, you visited the monastery of St. Bertrand. What was your business there ?

Jul. With father Nicolo—to engage him to marry Rosalie and myself on the following morning.

Mon. A marriage too !—Well ! at what time did you quit the monastery ?

Jul. The bell for vesper-service had just ceased to toll.

Mon. By what path did you return to the valley ?

Jul. Across the mountain.

Mon. Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted ?

Jul. (*Recollecting.*) The wood of olives ?

Mon. Ha ! mark ! he hesitates—speak !

Jul. No ! my soul scorns to tell a falsehood—I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mon. Aye ! and pursuit was close behind. Stefano ! you seized the prisoner ?

Stef. I did. The bloody weapon bore his name—the mask and mantle were in his hands—confusion in his countenance, and every limb shaking with alarm.

Mon. Enough ! heavens ! that villainy so monstrous should inhabit with such tender youth ! I fain would doubt, and in

despite of reason, hesitate to give my sentence; but conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defense, a tale too wild for romance itself to sanction, I find from your admission, a damning chain of circumstance that confirms your criminality. The time at which you passed the wood, and the hour of the duke's attack, precisely correspond. Your attachment to Rosalie, presents the motive of your offense; burning with impatient love, knowing vanity to sway the soul of woman, and trusting to win its influence by the bribes of luxury, you sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveler that sudden wealth which honest labor could only by slow degrees obtain. Defeated in the dark attempt, you fled—pursuit was instant—your steps were traced—and at the very door of your cottage, you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted. Oh! wretched youth, I warn you to confess. Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul. My heart will burst—but I have spoken truth: yes,—heaven knows that I have spoken truth!

Mon. Then I must execute my duty. Death is my sentence.

Jul. Hold!—pronounce it not as yet!

Mon. If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul. (*With despairing energy.*) I call on Ludovico!
(*Ludovico steps forward with alacrity—Montaldi recoils with visible trepidation.*)

Lud. I am here!

Mon. And what can he unfold! only repeat that which we already know—I will not hear him—the evidence is perfect—

Alb. (*Rising with warmth.*) Hold!—Montaldi—Ludovico must be heard—to the ear of justice, the lightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mon. (*Confused.*) I stand rebuked—well—Ludovico, depose your evidence!

Lud. Mine was the fortunate arm appointed by heaven to rescue the duke—I fought with the assassin, and drove him beyond the trees into the open lawn—I there distinctly marked his figure, and from the difference in the height alone, I solemnly aver Julian cannot be the person.

Mon. This is no proof—the eye might easily be deceived—I cannot withhold my sentence longer—

Lud. I have further matter to advance. Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across his right hand—the

moonlight directed my blow, and showed me that the cut was deep and dangerous. Julian's fingers bear no such mark.

Mon. (*Evinced great emotion, and involuntarily drawing his glove closer over his hand.*) A wound—mere fable—

Lud. Nay, more—the same blow struck from off one of the assassin's fingers, a jewel; it glittered as it fell: I snatched it from the grass—I thrust it within my bosom, and have ever since preserved it next my heart: I now produce it—'tis here—a ring—an amethyst set with brilliants!

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*) What say you? an amethyst set with brilliants! even such I gave Montaldi. Let me view it!—

(*As Ludovico advances to present the ring to the duke, Montaldi rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.*)

Mon. Slave! resign the ring!

Lud. I will yield my life sooner!

Mon. Wretch! I will rend thy frame to atoms! (*They struggle with violence, Montaldi snatches at the ring, Ludovico catches his hand and tears off the glove—the wound appears.*)

Lud. Oh! God! murder is unmasked—the bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin! (*All rush forward in astonishment—Julian drops upon his knee in mute thanksgiving.*)

Mon. Shame! madness! hell!

Alb. Eternal providence! Montaldi a murderer!

Mon. Aye! accuse, and curse! idiots! dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! triumph not, Alberti—I trample on thee still! (*Draws a pogniard and attempts to destroy himself—the weapon is wrested from his hand by the guards.*)

Alb. Fiend! thy power to sin is past.

Mon. (*Delirious with passion.*) Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches, and my veins run with fire! disgraced, dishonored! oh! madness! I cannot bear it—save me—oh! (*Falls insensible into the arms of attendants.*)

Alb. Wretched man! bear him to his chamber—his punishment be hereafter. (*Montaldi is carried off.*)

Jul. Oh! my joy is too full for words!

Amb. My noble boy!

Vin. Rosalie shall reward him.

Alb. Yes, they are children of virtue! their happiness shall be my future care. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festival, on my domain. Heaven, with peculiar favor, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that howsoever in darkness guilt may veil

its malefactions from the eye of man, an omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still, with never-failing justice, confound the vicious, and protect the good!

Jul. The peasant boy, redeemed from fate,
Must here for mercy sue,
He dares not trust decrees of state,
Till ratified by you.

Alb. Then gentles! prithee grant our prayer,
Nor cloud the dawning joy,
“Not guilty!” by your hands declare,
And save the peasant boy!

XIX.—FROM DAMON AND PYTHIAS.—*Shiel.*

PHILISTIUS—DIONYSIUS—DAMOCLES—DAMON—SENATORS—
PROCLES—SOLDIERS.

First Senator. So soon warned back again!

Dionysius. So soon, good fathers.

My last despatches here set forth, that scarce
I had amassed and formed our gallant legions,
When, as by magic, word of the precaution
Was spirited to their camp—and on the word,
These Carthagenians took their second thought,
And so fell back.

Philistius. I do submit to you,
That out of this so happy consequence
Of Dionysius’s movement on the citadel,
Not only is his pardon for the act
Freely drawn forth, but we are called upon
Our thanks most manifestly to express
For such a noble service.

Dion. Good Philistius,
I am a soldier; yours and the state’s servant,
And claim no notice for my duty done
Beyond the doing it—and the best thanks
I merit, or can have, lie in the issue
Which has most happily resulted.

Damocles. Nay,
It rests in us to say so.

Phil. Dionysius,
The work which of this enterprise thou hast made,
Proves that our citadel, and its resources,
Have been misused and never so controlled
And ordered for our good, as by thyself;—
Therefore retain it, govern and direct it.—
Would the whole state were like the citadel!
In hot and angry times like these, we want
Even such a man.

Dam. I, from my heart, assent to
And second this proposal.

Dion. Most reverend fathers—

Dam. We pray thee silence, noble Dionysius!
All here do know what your great modesty
Will urge you to submit—but I will raise
This envious veil wherein you shroud yourself.
It is the time to speak; our country's danger
Calls loudly for some measure at our hands,
Prompt and decisive.

Damon. (*Without.*) Thou most lowly minion!
I'll have thee whipped for it, and by the head
Made less even than thou art. (*Enter Damon.*)

Phil. Who breaks so rude and clamorously in
To scare our grave deliberations?

Damon. A senator!—First let me ask you why
Upon my way here to sit down with you,
I have encountered in the open streets,
Nay, at the very threshold of your doors,
Soldiers and satellites arrayed and marshaled
With their swords out? Why have I been obstructed
By an armed bandit in my peaceful walk here,
To take my rightful seat in the senate house?
Why has a ruffian soldier privilege
To hold his weapon to my throat? A tainted,
Disgraced, and abject traitor, Procles? Who
Dared place the soldiers round the senate house!

Phil. I pray you, fathers, let not this rash man
Disturb the grave and full consideration
Of the important matter touching which
We spoke ere he rushed in.

Dam. I did require

To know from you, without a hand or head,
Such as to us hath been our Dionysius,
What now were our most likely fate?

Damon. The fate
Of freemen in the full; free exercise
Of all the noble rights that freemen love!
Free in our streets to walk; free in our councils
To speak and act.

Phil. I do entreat you, senators,
Protect me from this scolding demagogue,
And let us win your——

Damon. Demagogue, Philistius!
Who was the demagogue, when at my challenge
He was denounced and silenced by the senate,
And your scant oratory spent itself
In fume and vapor?

Dam. Silence, Damon, silence!
And let the council use its privilege.

Damon. Who bids me silence? Damocles, the soft
And pliant willow, Damocles!—But come,
What do you dare propose? Come, I'll be silent.—
Go on.

Phil. Resolve you then, is Dionysius
This head indeed to us? Acting for us—
Yea, governing, that long have proved we cannot,
Although we feign it, govern for ourselves?

Dam. Then who so fit, in such extremity,
To be the single pillar, on whose strength
All power should rest?

Phil. Ay, and what needs the state
Our crowded and contentious councils here?
And therefore, senators,—countrymen, rather,
That we may be wiser, and better ruled
Than by ourselves we are; that the state's danger
May be confronted boldly, and that he
May have but his just meed, I do submit
That forthwith we dissolve ourselves, and choose
A king in Dionysius.

Damon. King! a king?

First Sen. I do approve it.

Second Sen. Ay, and I.

Dam. And all!

Damon. And all! are all content?

A nation's right betrayed,
 And all content ! O slaves ! O parricides !
 O, by the brightest hope a just man has,
 I blush to look around and call you men !
 What ! with your own free willing hands yield up
 The ancient fabric of your constitution,
 To be a garrison, a common barrack,
 A common guard house, and for common cut throats !
 What ! will ye all combine to tie a stone
 Each to each other's necks, and drown like dogs
 Within the tide of time, and never float
 To after ages, or at best, but float
 A buoyant pestilence ? Can ye but dig
 Your own dark graves, creep into them, and die !

Third Sen. I have not sanctioned it.

Fourth Sen. Nor I.

Fifth Sen. Nor I.

Damon. O ! thanks for these few voices ! but alas !
 How lonely do they sound ! Do you not all
 Start up at once, and cry out liberty ?
 Are you so bound in fetters of the mind,
 That there you sit as if you were yourselves
 Incorporate with the marble ? Syracusans !—
 But, no ! I will not rail, nor chide, nor curse ye !
 I will implore you, fellow countrymen ;
 With blinded eyes, and weak and broken speech,
 I will implore you.—O ! I am weak in words,
 But I could bring such advocates before you ;—
 Your fathers' sacred images ; old men
 That have been grandsires ; women with their children,
 Caught up in fear and hurry, in their arms—
 And those old men should lift their shivering voices,
 And palsied hands—and those affrighted mothers
 Should hold their innocent infants forth, and ask,
 Could you make slaves of them ?

Phil. I dissolve the senate
 At its own vote and instance. (*Leaves his seat.*)

Dam. And all hail !
 Hail, Dionysius, king of Syracuse !

Dion. Is this the vote ?

Damon. There is no vote ! Philistius,
 Hold you your seat ; keep in your places, senators.

Dion. I ask, is this the vote ?

Phil. It is the vote,
My gracious liege and sovereign !

Damon. I say nay !
You have not voted, Naxillus, nor Petus—
Nor you, nor you, nor you.

Phil. In my capacity
As head and organ of the city council,
I do asseverate it is the vote !

(They all kneel to Dionysius, except Damon.)

Dion. I thank you, friends and countrymen, I thank ye !

Damon. O, all the gods, my country, O, my country !

Dion. And that we may have leisure to put on
With fitting dignity our garb of power,
We do now, first assuming our own right,
Command from this, that was the senate house,
Those rash, tumultuous men, who still would tempt
The city's peace with wild vociferation,
And vain contentious rivalry. Begone !

Damon. I stand
A senator within the senate house.

Dion. Traitor ! and dost thou dare me to my face ?

Damon. Traitor ! to whom ? to thee ?—O, Syracuse,
Is this thy registered doom ? To have no meaning
For the proud names of liberty and virtue,
But as some regal braggart sets it down
In his vocabulary ? And the sense,
The broad, bright sense that nature hath assigned them
In her infallible volume, interdicted
For ever from thy knowledge ; or if seen,
And known, and put in use, denounced as treasonable,
And treated thus ?—No, Dionysius, no !
I am no traitor ! But in mine allegiance
To my lost country, I proclaim thee one !

Dion. My guards there ! Ho !

Damon. What ! hast thou then invoked
Thy satellites already ? *(Enter Procles and soldiers.)*

Dion. Seize him !

(Damon rushes on Dionysius, and attempts to stab him.)

Damon. First,
Receive a freeman's legacy !—*(He is intercepted by Procles.)*
Dionysius,
Thy genius is triumphant, and old Syracuse
Bows her to the dust at last !—'Tis done ; 'tis over,
And we are slaves forever !

Dion. We reserve
This proud assassinating demagogue,
Who whets his dagger on philosophy,
For—an example to his cut throat school!—
The axe, and not the sword. Out of his blood
We'll mix a cement to our monarchy.—
Here do we doom him to a public death!

Damon. Death's the best gift to one who never yet
Wished to survive his country. Here are men
Fit for the life a tyrant can bestow!
Let such as these live on.

Dion. Hold thou there!
Lest having stirred our vengeance into wrath,
It reach unto those dearer than thyself.
Ha! have I touched thee, Damon? Is there a way
To level thee unto the feebleness
Of universal nature? What, no word?
Come, use thy time, my brave philosopher!
Soon will thy tongue cleave, an unmoving lump
Of thickest silence and oblivion,
And that same wide and sweeping hand of thine,
Used to the orator's high attitude,
Lie at thy side in inutility.
Thou hast few moments left!

Damon. I know thee well—
Thou art wont to use thy tortures on the heart,
Watching its agonizing throbs, and making
A science of that fell anatomy!
These are thy bloody metaphysics—this
Thy barbarous philosophy.—I own
Thou hast struck thy venom'd sting into my soul.
But while I am wounded, I despise thee still!
My wife! my child!—O, Dionysius,
Thou shouldst have spared me that!—Procles, lead on.

XX.—FROM ALASCO.—*Shee.*

ALASCO—CONRAD—MALINSKI—RIENSKI.

Riensi. Conrad, you are warm, and misconceive Malinski.
Engaged, as we are, in a noble cause,
Contention now were fatal to our hopes.

Conrad. Then let our conduct, like our cause, be noble.
I do not seek contention, gentlemen !
Nor will I turn me from an honest course,
To shun it.

Malinski. Conrad, I perceive your aim ;
'Tis to thwart me, that you would shield this Walsingham :
He is no friend of yours.

Con. No. If he were,
And you had marked him on your bloody scroll,
By heaven ! my sword had soon effaced the record.

Rien. Why, then, are you so forward to defend him ?

Con. Because I hate hypocrisy, and scorn
The artifice that covers base revenge.
Walsingham's a brave old soldier, and deserves
A better fate, than thus to be dispatched
By malice, in a muster roll of knaves.

Mal. Malice !

Con. Yes, malice. I do not wear a mask,
Nor play the patriot for my private ends.

Mal. Dare you insinuate—

Con. No, I assert.

Mal. What ?

Con. That you are a knave, Malinski.

Mal. A knave !

Con. Yes, to be a knave is promotion for a fool,
And you should thank me for the title.

Mal. Gods !

Shall I bear this insolence ! (*Draws—the rest interfere to prevent him.*)

Con. Nay, let him rage—
I have a specific here for his complaint, (*Draws.*)
That never failed me.

Rien. Gentlemen, for shame !
And Conrad, you—the soul of all our councils !
What discontents you, that in anger thus,
You flash upon your friends ?

Con. Then, to be plain,
I do not like this process we are engaged in.
I am a soldier ; and in way of trade,
Have seldom been thought squeamish with my foes,
When dealing face to face, and hand to hand ;—
But in this cold blood game of policy,
To play with lives like counters, and to sit

Like undertakers, measuring men for shrouds—
'Tis not a soldier's office !

Rien. These are scruples,
Fantastic honor starts in gallant minds ;
'Twere weakness to indulge them.—Count Alasco !

(*Enter Alasco.—They all rise.*)

Welcome, brave chief ! our sanction and our strength !
Your presence breathes new vigor in our hearts,
And winds up our intents at once to action.

Alasco. Brave friends and countrymen ! why late I come
Amongst you, and so long have stood aloof,
As one who seemed indifferent, or adverse
To the great cause that moves you, you have heard
Already from my friend. You will not doubt
My zeal, though tardy. 'Tis indeed most true,
I have not stirred you to this enterprise.
I would not idly mouth your wrongs, nor seek
To fire the train of fury in your hearts,
'Till injuries past sufferance, as past hope,
Should blaze the exploding vengeance on your foes,
And make it policy, as well as justice.
Revolt's a desperate game, that none should play,
Who feel they've aught to lose, which they prize more
Than liberty.

Rien. Noble Alasco ! we
Are resolved to die, or free our country.

Alas. O ! brave alternative, and worthy heroes !
(*They all draw their swords, and exclaim,*)
Alasco and our country !—liberty or death !

Alas. Then, since your hearts are wound up to this pitch,
And, edged with wrongs, your unsuborned swords
Have leaped their scabbards thus, behold ! at once
I pledge me to your purpose.

Yes, from this moment, do I here suspend
All private functions—supersede all claims—
All duties of my station and degree,
Which might disturb me in this glorious course,
And give myself up wholly to my country.

Mal. We will assert our freedom, and inflict
A signal vengeance.

(*Several voices heard.*) Yes, revenge and liberty.

Alas. Then let our liberty be our revenge.—
But now, my friends ! to business, for the time

Is critical.—His late defeat, I fear,
 Has startled Hohendahl to vigilance,
 And waked him to a danger he despised.
 Let each man muster all his force, and march
 In midnight silence to the appointed ground,
 Behind the abbey church. To-morrow's dawn
 Must see us in the field. If we surprise
 The castle, ere such succors shall arrive,
 As may defy our strength, we strike a blow,
 That sets wise speculation on our side,
 And wins at once the wavering multitude.

Mal. By heaven! we'll burn the castle to the ground,
 And in its ruins bury all its inmates.

Alas. Sir! let us fight like men, in the fair field.
 Strike, where our liberties demand the blow,—
 But spare, where only cowards would inflict it.

Mal. We may be too magnanimous, my lord,
 And in our lenity, betray our country.

Alas. Nay, do not hold that maxim! of all traitors,
 The worst is he, who stains his country's cause
 With cruelty; making it hideous in
 The general eye, and fearful to its friends.

Con. By Mars! that touches home. (*Aside.*)
 Then as our chief,

'Tis fit that you peruse this document.

(*Takes up a paper and presents it to Alasco.*)

Alas. What is its purport, Conrad?

Con. O! promotions!

The staff of a new corps of skeletons—
 A kind of scarecrow company!—to serve
 In shrouds and winding sheets.—

Alas. (*Reading.*) What! a proscription?—Colonel Walsingham!

Con. Yes, yes! you'll find some friends upon the list.

Rien. Conrad! your humor lacks discretion here.

Mal. There is not a man among us but may plead
 A spirit smarting from some grievous wrong,
 To justify his vengeance.

Alas. Sir, what wrong
 Procured the honored name of Walsingham,
 A place on such a list?

Mal. He is an Englishman!

Alas. Yes, and his virtues well sustain a name
 Long dear to freedom.

Mal. He is a heretic !
Foe to our faith, our freedom, and our country.
But—he has a handsome daughter.

Alas. Sir, beware !
That lady's name is not to be profaned
By vulgar mouths, nor mingled with the sounds,
That from a ruffian's tongue would stimulate
To murder.

Mal. Murder !

Con. Never flinch, man ! no !

Alas. (*Looking round with indignation.*) And have you
all combined in this foul compact ?
All signed and sealed this instrument of blood ?
Are we met here, in dark conspiracy
To club our mite of malice and revenge—
For each with cunning cowardice to graft
His private wrongs upon the public stock,
And make the state his champion ?

Rien. Noble Alasco !
If we through over zeal, have erred in this,
You are our chief, and may annul our purpose.

Alas. (*Tearing the paper.*) Then, thus I use my privilege !
sacred powers !

I thought I had joined me to a noble band.

Rien. And such, we dare assert, our deeds shall prove us

Alas. Away ! you will crouch like slaves, or kill like cow-
ards.—

What ! you have swords ! by heaven you dare not use them !
A sword is the brave man's weapon—you mistake
Your instruments—knives—daggers best become you !
Heavens ! am I leagued with cut throats and assassins ?
With wretches, who at midnight lurk in caves,
To mark their prey, and meditate their murders ?
Well then ! to your office—if you must stab,
Begin with me ;—here—here, plant all your daggers !
Much rather would I as your victim die,
Than live as your accomplice.

Rien. Spare us, my lord !
Nor press this past endurance ; your reproof
Has sunk into our hearts, and shamed away
All passions but for freedom, and our country.

Alas. Your country's freedom ! say your own discharge
From wholesome rule and honest industry !—

You mean immunity for blood and spoil ;—
The privilege of wild riot and revenge ;—
The liberty of lawless depredation.

Con. (*Advancing earnestly.*) O ! brave friends !
Or let me close this breach, or perish in it !
For 'tis a gap that's wide enough for ruin.
Come ! let us clear our honor, and our cause,
At once, from this foul taint ; let each man here,
Who bears a patriot's heart, draw forth his sword,
And on that hallowed cross, the soldier holds
An emblem of his faith, defense, and service,
Swear to repress all promptings of revenge,
All private interests, ends, and enmities ;
And as he hopes for honor, fame, or safety,
Seek alone his country's weal, and freedom.
(*The chiefs all draw their swords, kneel down and kiss the hilt.*)

Rien. We swear—and as our hearts are in the oath,
So may our wishes prosper !

Alas. (*Kneels also.*) Record it, heaven !
And in a cause so just, vouchsafe thy guidance. (*They all rise.*)
This solemn sanction, Conrad, reassures me.
Now, once again, I pledge me to your fortunes.
My friends, your hands !

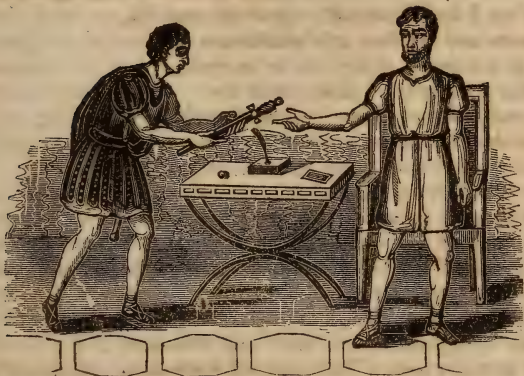
Whate'er of comment harsh, in heat has passed,
To chafe, or wound one generous spirit here,
Your candor, sirs, will in its cause excuse.

Rien. The fault is ours—we own it, and our swords
To-morrow shall redeem it on the foe.

Alas. Then to our work like men, who are fit for liberty !
Fierce in the field as tigers for our rights,
But when the sword is sheathed, the friends of peace,
And firm, for law and justice.

XXI.—FROM CATO.—*Addison.*

CATO—PORTIUS—LUCIUS—JUBA—MARCIA.



Portius.—You know, I'd rather die than disobey you.

Scene.—A Chamber.

(*Cato, solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture ; in his hand, Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul ; a drawn sword on the table by him.*)

Cato. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality ?
 Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror,
 Of falling into nought ! Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass ?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me :
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy ;
 But when, or where ?—This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures ;—this must end them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me ?
 This lethargy that creeps through all my senses ?
 Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favor her,
 That my awakened soul may take her flight,
 Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An offering fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them,
 Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.

(Enter Portius.)

But, ha ! who's this ? my son ! Why this intrusion ?
 Were not my orders that I would be private ?
 Why am I disobeyed ?

Portius. Alas, my father !

What means this sword, this instrument of death ?
 Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear.

Por. Oh, let the prayers, the entreaties of your friends,
 Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me ? Wouldst thou give me up
 A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands ?

Retire, and learn obedience to a father,

Or know, young man——

Por. Look not thus sternly on me ;

You know, I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well ! again I'm master of myself.
 Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue ; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port,
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.—

Por. (Kneeling.) Oh, Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father !
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so ? Be not displeased,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul !

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

(Embracing him.)

Weep not, my son, all will be well again ;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succor Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou mayest rely upon my conduct.

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends ; see them embarked,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.—

(Exit Cato.)

(Enter Marcia.)

Oh, Marcia ! Oh, my sister ! still there's hope
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace.—He has despatched me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. *(Exit.)*

Marcia. Oh, ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose ;
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams ; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind that goodness is your care !

(Enter Lucius.)

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man !
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father ;

Some power invisible supports his soul,
 And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
 A kind, refreshing sleep is fallen upon him :
 I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
 In pleasing dreams ; as I drew near his couch,
 He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.

Marcia. His mind still labors with some dreadful thought.

(*Enter Portius.*)

Por. Oh, sight of wo !

Oh, Marcia, what we feared is come to pass !

Cato has fallen upon his sword——

Luc. Oh, Portius,

Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,

And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've raised him up,

And placed him in his chair ; where, pale and faint,
 He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
 Demands to see his friends. His servants, weeping,
 Obsequious to his order, bear him hither !—

Marcia. Oh, Heaven ! assist me in this dreadful hour,
 To pay the last sad duties to my father !

(*Cato brought on, in a chair.*)

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar !

Luc. Now is Rome fallen indeed !

Cato. Here set me down——

Portius, come near me.—Are my friends embarked ?

Can any thing be thought of for their service ?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain——

Oh, bend me forward !—Oh, when shall I get loose

From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow !

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in

On my departing soul. Alas ! I fear

I've been too hasty !—Oh, ye powers, that search

The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not—

The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh ! (*Dies.*)

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed

A Roman breast—Oh, Cato ! oh, my friend !

Thy will shall be religiously observed.

But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,

And lay it in his sight, that it may stand

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath :

Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

(*Exeunt.*)

XXII.—FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

BRUTUS—CASSIUS.

Tent Scene.

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this :
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardinians ;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !—

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is it possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ! ay, more.—Fret till your proud heart break !
Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it doth split you : for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better ;
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ;
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder bolts !
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not.—Still you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O ! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus's mine, richer than gold !
If thou needest a Roman's, take it forth.
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Stike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;

Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

XXIII.—FROM ALFRED THE GREAT.—*Thompson.*

ALFRED—DEVON.

Alfred. How long, O ever gracious heaven, how long
Shall war thus desolate this prostrate land?
All, all is lost—and Alfred lives to tell it!
His cities laid in dust! his subjects slaughtered,
Or into slaves debased; the murderous foe
Proud and exulting in the general shame!—
Are these things so? and he without the means
Of great revenge! cast down below the hope
Of succoring those he weeps for! O despair!
O grief of griefs!

Devon. Old as I am, my liege,
In rough war hardened, and with death familiar,
These eyes have long forgot to melt with softness:
But O, my gracious master, they have seen—
All pitying heaven!—such sights of ruthless rage,
Of total desolation.—

Alfred. O my people!
O ruined England!—Devon, those were blest
Who died before this time. Ha! and those robbers,
That violate the sanctity of leagues,

The reverend seal of oaths ; that basely broke,
 Like mighty ruffians, on the hour of peace,
 And stole a victory from men unarmed,
 Those Danes enjoy their crimes ! Dread vengeance ! son
 Of power and justice ! come, arrayed in terrors,
 Thy garments red with blood, thy keen sword drawn,
 O come, and on the heads of faithless men
 Pour ample retribution ! men whose triumph
 Upbraids eternal justice.—But no more :
 Submission is heaven's due.—I will not launch
 Into the dark abyss, where thought must drown.
 Proceed, my lord ; on with the mournful tale
 My griefs broke off.

Devon. From yonder heath crowned hill,
 This island's eastern point, where in one stream
 The Thone and Parrot roll their blending waves,
 I looked, and saw the progress of the foe,
 As of some tempest, some devouring fire,
 That ruins without mercy where it spreads
 The riches of the year ; the golden grain,
 That liberal crowned our plains, lies trampled wide
 By hostile feet, or rooted up : and waste
 Deforms the broad highway. From space to space,
 Far as my straining eye could shoot its beam,
 Trees, cottages, and castles, smoke to heaven
 In one ascending cloud. But, oh, for pity !
 That way, my lord, where yonder verdant height
 Declining slides into a fruitful vale,
 Unsightly now, and bare ; a few poor hinds,
 Gray haired and thinly clad, stood and beheld
 The common ravage ; motionless and mute,
 With hands to heaven upraised, they stood and wept—
 My tears attended theirs.—

Alfred. If this sad sight
 Could pain thee to such anguish, what must I,
 Their king and parent, feel !—It is a torment
 Beyond their strength of patience to endure.
 Why end I not at once, this wretched being ?
 The means are in my hand.—But shall a prince
 Thus poorly shroud him in the grave from pain,
 And sense of shame ? The madman, nay, the coward
 Has often dared the same. A monarch holds
 His life in trust for others. I will live then ;
 Let heaven dispose the rest.

Devon. Thrice noble Alfred,
And England's only hope, whose virtues raise
Our frail mortality, our human dust,
Up to angelic splendor and perfection ;
With you to bear the worst of ills, the spoil
Of wasteful war, the loss of life or freedom,
Is happiness, is glory.

Alfred. Ah, look round thee :
That mud-built cottage is thy sovereign's palace.
Yon hind, whose daily toil is all his wealth,
Lodges and feeds him. Are these times for flattery,
Or call it praise ? Such gaudy attributes
Would misbecome our best and proudest fortunes.
But what are mine ? what is this high praised Alfred ?
Among ten thousand wretches most undone.
That prince who sees his country laid in ruins,
His subjects perishing beneath the sword
Of foreign rage, who sees, and cannot save them,
Is but supreme in misery.

Devon. My liege,
Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself or his own virtue. Be of comfort ;
We can but die at last. Till that hour comes,
Let nobler anger keep our hopes alive.
A sudden thought, as if from heaven inspired,
Darts on my soul. Yon castle is still ours,
Though close begirt and shaken by the Danes.
In this disguise, my chance of passing on,
Of entering there unknown, is promising,
And wears a lucky face. 'Tis our last stake,
And I will play it like a man, whose life,
Whose honor hangs upon a single cast.
Meanwhile, my lord—

Alfred. Ha ! Devon, thou hast roused
My slumbering virtue. I applaud thy thought,
The praise of this brave daring shall be thine ;
The danger shall be common. We will both
Strait tempt the Danish camp, and gain this fort,
To animate our brothers of the war,
Those Englishmen who yet deserve that name.
And here, eternal justice ! if my life
Can make atonement for them, King of kings !
Accept thy willing victim. On my head

Be all their woes. To them be grace and mercy.
Come on, my noble friend.

Devon. Ah, good my liege !
What fits a private valor, and might grace
The simple soldier's courage, would proclaim
His general's rashness. You are England's king :
Your infant children, and your much loved queen ;
Nay, more, the public weal, ten thousand souls,
Whose hope you are, whose all depends on you,
Forbid this enterprise. 'Tis nobler virtue
To check this ardor, to reserve your sword
For some great day of known and high import ;
That to your country, to the judging world,
Shall satisfy all hazards you may run.
This trial suits but me.

Alfred. Well, go, my friend ;
If thou shalt prosper, thou wilt call me hence
To head my people, from their fears recovered.
May that good angel who inspired thy thought,
Throw round thy steps a veil of cloudy air,
That thou mayest walk invisible and safe. (*Exit Devon.*)
He is gone—and now, without a friend to aid me,
I stand alone, abandoned to the gloom
Of my sad thoughts.—Said I without a friend ?
Oh blasphemous distrust ! have I not thee,
All powerful Friend and Guardian of the righteous,
Have I not thee to aid me ? Let that thought
Support my drooping soul. (*Exit.*)

Scene Second.

ALFRED—DEVON.

Alfred. My friend returned !
O welcome, welcome ! but what happy tidings
Smile in thy cheerful countenance ?

Devon. My liege,
Your troops have been successful.—But to heaven
Ascend the praise ! For sure the event exceeds
The hand of man.

Alfred. How was it, noble Devon ?

Devon. You know my castle is not hence far distant.
Thither I sped, and, in a Danish habit,

The trenches passing, by a secret way
Known to myself alone, emerged at once
Amid my joyful soldiers. There I found
A generous few, the veteran hardy gleanings
Of many a hapless fight. They with a fierce
Heroic fire inspirited each other ;
Resolved on death, disdaining to survive
Their dearest country.—“ If we fall,” I cried,
“ Let us not tamely fall like cowards !
No : let us live—or let us die, like men !
Come on, my friends : to Alfred we will cut
Our glorious way ; or, as we nobly perish,
Will offer to the genius of our country
Whole hecatombs of Danes.”—As if one soul
Had moved them all, around their heads they flashed
Their flaming falchions.—“ Lead us to those Danes !
Our country !—vengeance !”—was the general cry.
Straight on the careless drowsy camp we rushed,
And rapid, as the flame devours the stubble,
Bore down the heartless Danes. With this success
Our enterprise increased. Not now contented
To hew a passage through the flying herd,
We, unremitting, urged a total rout.
The valiant Hubba bites the bloody field,
With twice six hundred Danes around him strewed.

Alfred. My glorious friend ! this action has restored
Our sinking country.—
But where, my noble cousin, are the rest
Of our brave troops ?

Devon. On the other side the stream,
That half encloses this retreat, I left them.
Roused from the fear, with which it was congealed
As in a frost, the country pours amain.
The spirit of our ancestors is up,
The spirit of the free ! and with a voice
That breathes success, they all demand their king.

Alfred. Quick let us join them, and improve their ardor.
We cannot be too hasty to secure
The glances of occasion.

XXIV.—FROM BRUTUS.—*Payne.*

BRUTUS—CENTURION—VALERIUS—TITUS—COLLATINUS—LIC-
TORS—GUARDS—PEOPLE.

Scene 1.—A Street in Rome.

(*Enter Brutus and Collatinus, as consuls, followed by lictors, guards, and people.*)

Brutus. You judge me rightly, friends. The purpled robe,
The curule chair, the lictor's keen-edged axe,
Rejoice not Brutus ;—'tis his country's freedom :
When once that freedom shall be firmly rooted,
Then, with redoubled pleasure, will your consul
Exchange the splendid miseries of power,
For the calm comforts of a happy home. (*Enter Centurion.*)

Centurion. Health to Brutus !
Shame and confusion to the foes of Rome !

Bru. Now, without preface, soldier, to your business.

Cent. As I kept watch at the Quirinal gate,
Ere break of day, an armed company
Burst on a sudden through the barrier guard,
Pushing their course for Ardea. Straight alarmed,
I wheeled my cohort round, and charged them home :
Sharp was the conflict for a while, and doubtful,
Till, on the seizure of Tarquinia's person,
A young patrician——

Bru. Hah ! patrician ?

Cent. Such
His dress bespoke him, though to me unknown.

Bru. Proceed !—what more ?

Cent. The lady being taken,
This youth, the life and leader of the band,
His sword high waving in the act to strike,
Dropt his uplifted weapon, and at once
Yielded himself my prisoner.—Oh, Valerius,
What have I said, that thus the consul changes ?

Bru. Why do you pause ? Go on.

Cent. Their leader seized,
The rest surrendered. Him, a settled gloom
Possesses wholly ; nor, as I believe,

Hath a word passed his lips, to all my questions
Still obstinately shut.

Bru. Set him before us. *(Exit Centurion.)*

Valerius. Oh, my brave friend, horror invades my heart.

Bru. Silence. Be calm.

Val. I know thy soul,
A compound of all excellence, and pray
The mighty gods to put thee to no trial
Beyond a mortal bearing.

Bru. No, they will not—
Nay, be secure, they cannot. Pray thee, friend,
Look out, and if the worst that can befall me
Be verified, turn back.
Thou canst excuse this weakness,
Being thyself a father. *(Valerius returns.)*
Since it must be so,
Do your great pleasure, gods! Now, now it comes!
(Enter Titus, guarded.)

Titus. My father,—give me present death, ye powers!

Cent. What have I done! art thou the son of Brutus?

Tit. No—Brutus scorns to father such a son!
Oh, venerable judge, wilt thou not speak?
Turn not away; hither direct thine eyes,
And look upon this sorrow-stricken form.
Then to thine own great heart remit my plea,
And doom as nature dictates.

Val. Peace, you'll anger him—
Be silent and await! Oh, suffering mercy,
Plead in a father's heart, and speak for nature!

Bru. Come hither, Collatinus. The deep wound
You suffered in the loss of your Lucretia,
Demanded more than fortitude to bear:
I saw your agony—I felt your wo—

Collatinus. You more than felt it;—you revenged it too.

Bru. But, ah, my brother consul, your Lucretia
Fell nobly, as a Roman spirit should—
She fell a model of transcendent virtue.

Col. My mind misgives. What dost thou aim at, Brutus?

Bru. *(Almost overpowered.)* That youth—my Titus—was
my age's hope—
I loved him more than language can express—
I thought him born to dignify the world.

Col. My heart bleeds for you—he may yet be saved—

Bru. (Firmly.) Consul, for Rome I live, not for myself.
 I dare not trust my firmness in this crisis,
 Warring against every thing my soul holds dear!
 Therefore return without me to the senate—
 I ought not now to take a seat among them—
 Haply my presence might restrain their justice.
 Look that these traitors meet their trial straight,
 And then despatch a messenger to tell me
 How the wise fathers have disposed of——go!

Tit. A word for pity's sake. Before thy feet,
 Humbled in soul, thy son and prisoner kneels.
 Love is my plea; a father is my judge;
 Nature my advocate!—I can no more:
 If these will not appease a parent's heart,
 Strike through them all, and lodge thy vengeance here!

Bru. Break off! I will not, cannot hear thee further.
 The affliction nature hath imposed on Brutus,
 Brutus will suffer as he may.
 Lictors, secure your prisoner. Point your axes
 To the senate.—On!

(Exit all but Brutus. After a pause of restless agony,)
 Like a lost, guilty wretch, I look around
 And start at every footstep, lest it bring
 The fatal news of my poor son's conviction!—
 Oh Rome, thou little knowest—no more. It comes.

(Enter Valerius.)

Val. My friend, the senate have to thee transferred
 The right of judgment on thy son's offense.

Bru. To me?

Val. To thee alone.

Bru. What of the rest?

Val. Their sentence is already passed:
 Even now, perhaps, the lictor's dreaded hand
 Cuts off their forfeit lives.

Bru. Sayest thou the senate have to me referred
 The fate of Titus?

Val. Such is their sovereign will.
 They think you merit this distinguished honor.
 A father's grief deserves to be revered:
 Rome will approve whatever you decree.

Bru. And is his guilt established beyond doubt?

Val. Too clearly.

Bru. (*With a burst of tears.*) Oh ye gods! ye gods!
(*Collecting himself.*) Valerius!

Val. What wouldst thou, noble Roman?

Bru. 'Tis said thou hast pulled down thine house, Valerius,
The stately pile that with such cost was reared.

Val. I have, but what doth Brutus thence infer?

Bru. It was a goodly structure: I remember
How fondly you surveyed its rising grandeur.—
With what a—fatherly—delight you summoned
Each grace and ornament, that might enrich
The—child—of your creation—till it swelled
To an imperial size, and overpeered
The petty citizens, that humbly dwelt
Under its lofty walls, in huts and hovels,
Like emmets at the foot of towering Etna:
Then, noble Roman, then, with patriot zeal,
Dear as it was, and valued, you condemned
And leveled the proud pile; and, in return,
Were by your grateful countrymen surnamed,
And shall to all posterity descend,—
Poplicola.

Val. Yes, Brutus, I conceive
The awful aim and drift of thy discourse—
But I conjure thee, pause! thou art a father.

Bru. I am a Roman consul! What, my friend,
Shall no one but Valerius love his country
Dearer than house, or property, or children?
Now, follow me;—and in the face of heaven—
See, see good Valerius, if Brutus
Feel not for Rome as warmly as Poplicola. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Interior of a Temple.

(*Brutus seated on the tribunal.*)

Bru. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day,
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors, who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains—but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs,
And direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat,—is a deed so black,

That my foiled tongue refuses it a name. (*A pause.*)

There is one criminal still left for judgment.

Let him approach. (*Enter Titus, guarded.*)

Pris-on-er—(*The voice of Brutus falters and is choked, and he exclaims with violent emotion.*)

Romans! forgive this agony of grief—

My heart is bursting—nature must have way—

I will perform all that a Roman should—

I cannot feel less than a father ought: (*He becomes more calm.*)

Well, Titus, speak—how is it with thee now?

Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?

Tit. Father! I call the powers of heaven to witness,

Titus dares die, when you have so decreed.

The gods will have me.

Bru. They will, my Titus;

Nor heaven, nor earth can have it otherwise.

The violated genius of thy country

Rears its sad head, and passes sentence on thee!

It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordained

To fix the reeling spirits of the people,

And settle the loose liberty of Rome.

'Tis fixed;—oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee!

So fixed thy death, that 'tis not in the power

Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe!—Oh, heavens!—then must I fall so basely?

What, shall I perish like a common felon?

Bru. How else do traitors suffer?—Nay, Titus, more:

I must myself behold thee meet this shame of death,—

With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,—

See thy head taken by the common axe.—

All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—

Without a groan, without one pitying tear.

Tit. Die like a felon?—ha! a common felon!—

But I deserve it all:—yet here I fail:—

This ignominy quite unmans me!

Oh, Brutus, Brutus! must I call you father,

Yet have no token of your tenderness,

No sign of mercy? not even leave to fall

As noble Romans fall, by my own sword?

Father, why should you make my heart suspect

That all your late compassion was dissembled?

How can I think that you did ever love me?

Bru. Think that I love thee by my present passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
 These sighs, that strain the very strings of life;
 Let these convince you that no other cause
 Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Tit. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty!
 I now submit with calmness to my fate.
 Come forth, ye executioners of justice—
 Come, take my life,—and give it to my country!

Bru. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
 Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
 The sovereign magistrate of injured Rome,
 Bound by his high authority, condemns
 A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
 Go—meet thy death with a more manly courage
 Than grief now suffers me to show in parting;
 And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
 No more. Farewell! eternally farewell!—

Tit. Oh, Brutus! oh, my father!
 Farewell, for ever.

Bru. For ever.

Lictors, attend!—conduct your prisoner forth!

Val. (*Rapidly and anxiously.*) Whither!

(*All the characters bending forward in great anxiety.*)

Bru. To death! (*All start.*) When you do reach the spot
 My hand shall wave the signal for the act.
 Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

(*Titus is conducted out by the lictors.*)

Poor youth! thy pilgrimage is at an end!
 A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
 Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
 No thought of man can fathom. Justice now
 Demands her victim! A little moment
 And I am childless.—One effort, and 'tis past—

(*Waves his hand.*)
 Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free. (*Brutus falls.*)

XXV.—FROM THE COUNT OF NARBONNE.—*Jephson.*

COUNT—AUSTIN—THEODORE.

Austin. I do believe thee very barbarous;
 Nay, fear thy reason touched; for such wild thoughts,

Such bloody purposes, could ne'er proceed
From any sober judgment ; yet thy heart
Will sure recoil at this.

Count. Why, think so still ;
Think me both ruffian-like and lunatic ;
One proof, at least, I'll give of temperate reason—
Not to be baited from my fixed design
By a monk's ban or whining intercession.

Aust. Thou canst not mean to do it ?

Count. Trust thine eyes.
Thybalt ! bring forth the prisoner ; bid my marshal
Prepare an axe. The ceremony is short ;
One stroke, and all is past. Before he die,
He shall have leave to thank your godliness,
For speeding him so soon from this bad world.

Aust. Where is the right, the law, by which you doom him ?

Count. My will is law !

Aust. A venerable law !

The law by which the tiger tears the lamb,
And kites devour the dove. A lord of France,
Dressed in a little delegated sway,
Strikes at his sovereign's face, while he profanes
His functions trusted for the general good.

Count. I answer not to thee.

Aust. Answer to heaven ;
When called to audit in that sacred court,
Will that supremacy accept thy plea,
“I did commit foul murder, for I might ?”

Count. Soar not too high ; talk of the things of earth,
I'll give thee ear. Has not thy penitent,
Young Isabel, disclosed her passion to thee ?

Aust. Never.

Count. Just now, her coldness to my son,
You said, bespoke her heart pre-occupied.
The frail and fair make you their oracles ;
Pent in your close confessionals, you sit,
Bending your reverend ears to amorous secrets.

Aust. Scoffer, no more ! stop thy licentious tongue !
Turn inward to thy bosom, and reflect.—

Count. That is, be fooled. Yet will I grant his life
On one condition.

Aust. Name it.

Count. Join my hand
To Isabel.

Aust. Not for the world.

Count. He dies.

(*Enter Theodore, guarded.*)

Come near, thou wretch ! When called before me first,
With most unwonted patience I endured
Thy bold avowal of the wrong thou didst me ;
A wrong so great, that, but for foolish pity,
Thy life that instant should have made atonement ;
But now, convicted of a greater crime,
Mercy is quenched : therefore, prepare to die.

Theo. I was a captive long amongst infidels,
Whom falsely I deemed savage, since I find
Even Tunis and Algiers, those nests of ruffians,
Might teach civility to polished France,
If life depends but on a tyrant's frown.

Count. Out with thy holy trumpery, priest ! delay not ;
Or, if he trusts in Mahomet, and scorns thee,
Away with him this instant.

Aust. Hold, I charge you !

Theo. The turbaned misbeliever makes some show
Of justice in his deadly processes ;
Nor drinks the sabre blood, thus wantonly,
Where men are valued less than nobler beasts.
Of what am I accused ?

Count. Of insolence ;
Of bold, presumptuous love, that dares aspire
To mix the vileness of thy sordid lees
With the rich current of a baron's blood.

Aust. My heart is touched for him. Much injured youth,
Suppress awhile this swelling indignation ;
Plead for thy life.

Theo. I will not meanly plead ;
Nor, were my neck bowed to his bloody block,
If love is my crime, would I disown my love.

Count. Then, by my soul, thou diest !

Theo. And let me die :
With my last breath I will bless her. My spirit, free
From earth's encumbering clogs, shall soar above thee.
Anxious, as once in life, I'll hover round her,
Teach her new courage to sustain this blow,
And guard her, tyrant ! from thy cruelty.

Count. Ah! give me way!

Aust. Why, this is madness, youth:
You but inflame the rage you should appease.

Theo. He thinks me vile. It is true, indeed, I seem so:
But though these humble weeds obscure my outside,
I have a soul disdains his contumely;
A guiltless spirit that provokes no wrong,
Nor from a monarch would endure it, offered:
Uninjured, lamb-like; but a lion, roused.
Know too, injurious lord, here stands before thee,
The equal of thy birth.

Count. Away, base clod!
Obey me, slaves. What, all amazed with lies?

Aust. Yet hear him, Narbonne: that ingenuous face
Looks not a lie. Thou saidst thou wert a captive.—
Turn not away; we are not all like him.

Theo. My story's brief. My mother and myself,
(I then an infant,) in my father's absence,
Were on our frontiers seized by Saracens.

Count. A likely tale! a well devised imposture!
Who will believe thee?

Aust. Go on; say all.

Theo. To the fierce bashaw, Hamet,
That scourge and terror of the Christian coasts,
Were we made slaves at Tunis.

Aust. Ha! at Tunis?
Seized with thy mother? Lives she, gentle youth?

Theo. Ah! no, dear saint; fate ended soon her woes,
In pity ended! On her dying couch,
She prayed for blessings on me.

Aust. Be thou blessed!
Oh! fail not, nature, but support this conflict!
It is not delusion, sure. It must be he.
But one thing more; did she not tell thee, too,
Thy wretched father's name?

Theo. The lord of Clarinsal.
Why dost thou look so eagerly upon me?
If yet he lives, and thou knowest Clarinsal,
Tell him my tale.

Aust. Mysterious Providence!

Count. What is this? the old man trembles and turns pale!
(*Aside.*)

Theo. He will not let his offspring's timeless ghost

Walk unappeased : but on this cruel head
Exact full vengeance for his slaughtered son.

Aust. Oh ! Giver of all good ! Eternal Lord !
Am I so blessed, at last, to see my son ?

Theo. Let me be deaf for ever, if my ears
Deceive me now ! Did he not say his son ?

Aust. I did, I did ! let this, and this, convince thee.
I am that Clarinsal ; I am thy father.

Count. Why works this foolish moisture to my eyes ?
Down, nature ! what hast thou to do with vengeance ? (*Aside.*)

Theo. Oh, sir ! thus bending, let me clasp your knees ;
Now, in this precious moment, pay at once
The long, long debt of a lost son's affection.

Count. Destruction seize them both ! Must I behold
Their transports, ne'er perhaps again to know
A son's obedience, or a father's fondness ? (*Aside.*)

Aust. Dear boy ! what miracle preserved thee thus,
To give thee back to France ?

Theo. No miracle,
But common chance. A warlike bark of Spain
Bore down, and seized our vessel as we roved
Intent on spoil, (for many a time, alas !
Was I compelled to join their hated league,
And strike with infidels.) My country known,
The courteous captain sent me to the shore ;
Where vain were my fond hopes to find my father ;
It was desolation all ; a few poor swains
Told me, the rumor ran he had renounced
A hated world, and here, in Languedoc,
Devoted his remains of life to heaven.

Aust. They told thee truth ; and heaven shall have my
prayers,
My soul poured out in endless gratitude,
For this un hoped, immeasurable blessing.

Count. Thus far, fond man ! I have listened to the tale ;
And think it, as it is, a gross contrivance,
A trick, devised to cheat my credulous reason,
And thaw me to a woman's milkiness.

Aust. And art thou so unskilled in nature's language,
Still to mistrust us ? Could our tongues deceive,
Credit, what ne'er was feigned, the genuine heart :
Believe these pangs, these tears of joy and anguish.

Count. Or true, or false, to me it matters not.

I see thou hast an interest in his life,
 And by that link I hold thee. Wouldst thou save him,
 (Thou knowest already what my soul is set on,)
 Teach thy proud heart compliance with my will :
 If not—but now no more. Hear all, and mark me,
 Keep special guard that none, but by my order,
 Pass from the castle. By my hopes of heaven,
 His head goes off who dares to disobey me !
 Farewell ! if he be dear to thee, remember.

(Exit.)

Aust. If he be dear to me ? My vital blood !
 Image of her my soul delighted in,
 Again she lives in thee ! Yes, it was that voice,
 That kindred look, raised such strong instinct here,
 And kindled all my bosom at thy danger.

Theo. But must we bear to be thus tamely cooped
 By such insulting, petty despotism ?
 I look to my unguarded side in vain :
 Had I a sword—

Aust. Think not of vengeance now ;
 A mightier arm than thine prepares it for him.
 Pass but little space, we shall behold him
 The object of our pity, not our anger.
 Yes, he must suffer ; my rapt soul foresees it ;
 Empires shall sink, the ponderous globe of earth
 Crumble to dust, the sun and stars be quenched !
 But, oh ! Eternal Father ! of thy will,
 To the last letter, all shall be accomplished.

Theo. So let it be ! But if his pride must fall,
 Ye saints, who watch o'er loveliness and virtue,
 Confound not with his crimes her innocence !
 Make him alone the victim ; but with blessings,
 Bright and distinguished, crown his beauteous daughter,
 The charming Adelaide, my heart's first passion !

Aust. Oh ! most disastrous love. My son, my son,
 Thy words are poniards here. Alas ! I thought,
 (So thought the tyrant, and for that he raged,)
 The vows exchanged between Isabel and thee,
 Thwarted the issue of his wild designs.

Theo. I knew not Isabel, beyond a moment
 Passed in surprise and haste.

Aust. Oh ! had malignant fortune toiled to blast him,
 Thus had she snared him in this fatal passion !
 And does young Adelaide return thy love ?

Theo. Blessed powers! she does! How can you frown and hear it?

Her generous soul, first touched by gratitude,
Soon owned a kinder, warmer sympathy.
Soft as the fanning of a turtle's plumes,
The sweet confession met my enraptured ears.

Aust. What can I do? Come near, my Theodore:
Dost thou believe my affection?

Theo. Can I doubt it?

Aust. Think what my bosom suffers, when I tell thee,
It must not, cannot be.

Theo. My love for Adelaide!

Aust. Deem it delicious poison; dash it from thee:
Thy bane is in the cup.

Theo. Oh! bid me rather
Tear out my throbbing heart; I'd think it mercy,
To this unjust, this cruel interdiction.
That proud, unfeeling Narbonne, from his lips
Well might such words have fallen; but thou, my father.—

Aust. And fond, as ever owned that tender name.
Not I, my son, not I prevent this union:
To me it is bitterness to cross thy wish;
But nature, fate, and heaven, all, all forbid it.
We must withdraw where heaven alone can hear us:
Then must thou stretch thy soul's best faculties,
Call every manly principle to steel thee,
And to confirm thy name, secure thy honor,
Make one great sacrifice of love to justice.

(*Exeunt.*)

XXVI.—FROM THE VESPERS OF PALERMO.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

MONTALBA—PROCIDA—RAIMOND—FIRST SICILIAN—SECOND
SICILIAN—GUIDO—SICILIANS.

Scene.—A chapel, and a monument, on which is laid a sword.

Montalba. And know you not my story?

Procida. In the lands
Where I have been a wanderer, your deep wrongs
Were numbered with our country's; but the tale

Came only in faint echoes to mine ear.

I would fain hear it now.

Mont. Oh ! what lovely dreams
Rose on my spirit, when after long years
Of battle and captivity, I spurred
My good steed homewards. There were tears and smiles,
But all of joy !—And there were bounding steps,
And clinging arms, whose passionate clasp of love
Doth twine so fondly round the warrior's neck,
When his plumed helm is doffed. Hence, feeble thoughts !
I am sterner now, yet once such dreams were mine !

Raimond. And were they realized ?

Mont. Youth ! ask me not,
But listen !—I drew near my own fair home ;
There was no light along its walls, no sound
Of bugle pealing from the watch tower's height
At my approach, although my trampling steed
Made the earth ring ; yet the wide gates were thrown
All open.—Then my heart misgave me first,
And on the threshold of my silent hall
I paused in fear. I called—my struggling voice
Gave utterance to my wife's, my children's names ;
They answered not—I roused my failing strength,
And wildly rushed within—and they were there.

Rai. And was all well ?

Mont. Aye, well ! for death is well,
And they were all at rest !—I see them yet,
Pale in their innocent beauty, which had failed
To stay the assassin's arm !

Rai. Oh ! righteous heaven !
Who had done this ?

Mont. Who !

Proc. Canst thou question, who ?
Whom hath the earth to perpetrate such deeds,
In the cold-blooded revelry of crime,
But those whose yoke is on us ?

Rai. Man of wo !
What words have pity for despair like thine ?

Mont. Pity ! fond youth !

Proc. Pity !—For woes like these,
There is no sympathy but vengeance.

Mont. None !
Therefore I brought you hither, that your hearts

Might catch the spirit of the scene ! Look round !
 We are in the awful presence of the dead ;
 Within yon tomb they sleep, whose gentle blood
 Weighs down the murderer's soul.—They sleep ! but I
 Am wakeful o'er their dust !—I laid my sword,
 Without its sheath, on their sepulchral stone,
 As on an altar ; and the eternal stars,
 And heaven, and night, bore witness to my vow,
 No more to wield it save in one great cause—
 The vengeance of the grave !—And now the hour
 Of that atonement comes ! (*He takes the sword from the tomb.*)

Rai. My spirit burns !
 And my full heart almost to bursting swells.
 Oh ! for the day of battle !

Proc. Raimond ! they
 Whose souls are dark with guiltless blood, must die ;
 But not in battle !

Rai. How, my father !

Proc. No !

Look on that sepulchre, and it will teach
 Another lesson. Childless Montalba ?

Mont. Call on that desolate father, in the hour
 When his revenge is nigh.

Proc. Are we all met ?

Sicilians. All, all !

Proc. I knew a young Sicilian, one whose heart
 Should be all fire. On that most guilty day,
 When with our martyred Conradin, the flower
 Of the land's knighthood, perished ; he, of whom
 I speak, a weeping boy, whose innocent tears
 Melted a thousand hearts that dared not aid,
 Stood by the scaffold, with extended arms,
 Calling upon his father, whose last look
 Turned full on him its parting agony.
 That father's blood gushed o'er him !—and the boy
 Then dried his tears, and with a kindling eye,
 And a proud flush on his young cheek, looked up
 To the bright heaven.—Doth he remember still
 That bitter hour ?

Second Sicilian. He bears a sheathless sword !
 Call on the orphan when revenge is nigh.

Proc. Thou, too, come forth,
 From thine own halls an exile !—Dost thou make

The mountain-fastnesses, thy dwelling still,
While hostile banners, o'er thy rampart walls,
Wave their proud blazonry ?

First Sicilian. Even so. I stood
Last night before my own ancestral towers
An unknown outcast, while the tempest beat
On my bare head—what recked it ?—There was joy
Within, and revelry : the festive lamps
Were streaming from each turret, and gay songs,
In the stranger's tongue made mirth. They little deemed
Who heard their melodies !—but there are thoughts
Best nurtured in the wild ; there are dread vows
Known to the mountain-echoes.—Procida !
Call on the outcast when revenge is nigh.

Proc. Our band shows gallantly—but there are men
Who should be with us now, had they not dared
In some wild moment of festivity
To give their full hearts way, and breathe a wish
For freedom !—and some traitor—it might be
A breeze perchance—bore the forbidden sound
To Eribert—so they must die—unless
Fate, who at times is wayward, should select
Some other victim first !—But have they not
Brothers or sons amongst us ?

Guido. Look on me !
I have a brother, a young high-souled boy,
And beautiful as a sculptor's dream, with brow
That wears, amidst its dark rich curls, the stamp
Of inborn nobleness. In truth, he is
A glorious creature !—But his doom is sealed
With theirs of whom you spoke ; and I have knelt,—
Aye, scorn me not ! 'twas for his life—I knelt
E'en at the viceroy's feet, and he put on
That heartless laugh of cold malignity
We know so well, and spurned me.—But the stain
Of shame like this, takes blood to wash it off,
And thus it shall be canceled !—Call on me,
When the stern moment of revenge is nigh.

Proc. I call upon thee now ! The land's high soul
Is roused, and moving onward, like a breeze,
Or a swift sunbeam kindling nature's hues
To deeper life before it. In his chains,
Te peasant dreams of freedom !—aye, 'tis thus

Oppression fans the imperishable flame
With most unconscious hands.—

When slavery's cup

O'erflows its bounds, the creeping poison, meant
To dull our senses, through each burning vein
Pours fever, lending a delirious strength
To burst man's fetters—and they shall be burst!
Now, before

The majesty of yon pure heaven; whose eye
Is on our hearts, whose righteous arm befriends
The arm that strikes for freedom; speak! decree
The fate of our oppressors.

Mont. Let them fall

When dreaming least of peril!—When the heart,
Basking in sunny pleasure, doth forget
That hate may smile, but sleeps not.—Hide the sword
With a thick veil of myrtle, and in halls
Of banqueting, where the full wine-cup shines
Red in the festal torch-light, meet we there,
And bid them welcome to the feast of death.

Rai. Must innocence and guilt perish alike?

Mont. Who talks of innocence?

When hath their hand been stayed for innocence?
Let them all perish!—heaven will choose its own.
Why should their children live?—The earthquake whelms
Its undistinguished thousands, making graves
Of peopled cities in its path—and this
Is heaven's dread justice—aye, and it is well!
Why then should we be tender, when the skies
Deal thus with man?—what, if the infant bleed?
Is there not power to hush the mother's pangs?
What, if the youthful bride perchance should fall
In her triumphant beauty?—Should we pause,
As if death were not mercy to the pangs
Which make our lives the records of our foes?
Let them all perish!—And if one be found
Amidst our band, to stay the avenging steel
For pity, or remorse, or boyish love,
Then be his doom as theirs! (*A pause.*)

Why gaze ye thus?

Brethren, what means your silence?

Gui. Be it so!

If one amongst us stay the avenging steel

For love or pity, be his doom as theirs !

Pledge we our faith to this !

Rai. (*Rushing forward indignantly.*) Our faith to this !

No ! I but dreamt I heard it !—Can it be ?

My countrymen, my father !—Is it thus

That freedom should be won ?—Awake ! Awake

To loftier thoughts !—Lift up, exultingly,

On the crowned heights, and to the sweeping winds,

Your glorious banner !—Let your trumpet's blast

Make the tombs thrill with echoes ! Call aloud,

Proclaim from all your hills, the land shall bear

The stranger's yoke no longer !—What is he

Who carries on his practiced lip a smile,

Beneath his vest a dagger, which but waits

Till the heart bounds with joy, to still its beatings ?

That which our nature's instinct doth recoil from,

And our blood curdle at.—Aye, yours and mine—

A murderer !—Heard ye ?—Shall that name with ours

Go down to after days ?—Oh, friends ! a cause

Like that for which we rise, hath made bright names

Of the elder time as rallying-words to men,

Sounds full of might and immortality !

And shall not ours be such ?

Mont. Fond dreamer, peace !

Fame ! what is fame ?—Will our unconscious dust

Start into thrilling rapture from the grave,

At the vain breath of praise ?—I tell thee, youth,

Our souls are parched with agonizing thirst,

Which must be quenched, though death were in the draught :

We must have vengeance, for our foes have left

No other joy unblighted.

Proc. Oh ! my son,

The time is past for such high dreams as thine.

Thou knowest not whom we deal with. Knightly faith

And chivalrous honor, are but things whereon

They cast disdainful pity. We must meet

Falseness with wiles, and insult with revenge.

Rai. Many a land

Hath bowed beneath the yoke ; and then arisen,

As a strong lion rending silken bonds,

And on the open field, before high heaven,

Won such majestic vengeance, as hath made

Its name a power on earth.—Aye, nations own

It is enough of glory to be called
The children of the mighty, who redeemed
Their native soil—but not by means like these.

Mont. I have no children.—Of Montalba's blood
Not one red drop doth circle through the veins
Of aught that breathes!—Why, what have I to do
With far futurity? My spirit lives
But in the past.—Away! when thou dost stand
On this fair earth, as doth a blasted tree
Which the warm sun revives not, then return,
Strong in thy desolation: but, till then,
Thou art not for our purpose; we have need
Of more unshrinking hearts.

Rai. Montalba, know,
I shrink from crime alone. Oh! if my voice
Might yet have power amongst you, I would say,
Associates, leaders, be avenged! but yet,
As knights, as warriors!

Mont. Peace! have we not borne
The indelible taint of contumely and chains?
We are not knights and warriors.—Our bright crests
Have been defiled and trampled to the earth.
Boy! we are slaves—and our revenge shall be
Deep as a slave's disgrace.

Rai. Why, then, farewell.
I leave you to your counsels. He that still
Would hold his lofty nature undebased,
And his name pure, were but a loiterer here. (*Exit Raimond.*)

Proc. He's gone!—why, let it be!
I trust our Sicily hath many a son
Valiant as mine.—Associates! 'tis decreed
Our foes shall perish. We have but to name
The hour, the scene, the signal.

Mont. It should be
In the full city, when some festival
Hath gathered throngs, and lulled infatuate hearts
To brief security. Then may we mix
With the flushed revelers, making their gay feast
The harvest of the grave.

Proc. There are noblemen
Sentenced to die, for whom we fain would purchase
Reprieve with other blood.

Mont. Be it then the day
Preceding that appointed for their doom.

Gui. My brother, thou shalt live !—Oppression boasts
No gift of prophecy !—It but remains
To name our signal, chiefs !

Mont. The vesper-bell.

Proc. Even so, the vesper-bell, whose deep-toned peal
Is heard o'er land and wave.—The vesper-bell !
That sound shall wake the avenger ; for 'tis come,
The time when power is in a voice, a breath,
To burst the spell which bound us.—But the night
Is waning, with her stars, which, one by one,
Warn us to part. Friends, to your homes !—your homes ?
That name is yet to win.

XXVII.—FROM PIZARRO.—*Sheridan.*

ALONZO—SENTINEL—ROLLA.

Scene.—A dungeon—Alonzo in chains—the Sentinel walking near.

Alonzo. For the last time, I have beheld the shadowed
ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my
cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the
stars. For the last time, oh, sun ! (and soon the hour,) I shall
behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of
morn, to glittering dew-drops. Then comes my death, and in
the morning of my day, I fall, which—no, Alonzo, date not the
life which thou hast run, by the mean reckoning of the hours
and days which thou hast breathed : a life spent worthily should
be measured by a nobler line ; by deeds, not years. Then
wouldst thou murmur not, but bless Providence, which in so
short a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading
blessings, to the helpless and oppressed ! Though sinking in
decrepid age, he prematurely falls, whose memory records no
benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long,
who have lived virtuously.—(*Looking out.*)—Surely, even now,
thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the
east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the
coming dawn ; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer
to thee, Power Supreme ! shall be for my wife and child !

Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace ; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless. (*Enters his cell.*)

Sentinel. Who's there ? answer quickly ! who's there ?

Rolla. (*Within.*) A friar comes to visit your prisoner.

(*Rolla enters, disguised as a monk.*)

Rol. Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon ?

Sen. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not. (*Stopping him with his spear.*)

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were thy brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate ?

Sen. He dies at sunrise.

Rol. Ha ! then I am come in time.

Sen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak to him.

Sen. Back, back. It is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat thee, but for one moment.

Sen. Thou entreatest in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sen. Away !—wouldst thou corrupt me ? Me ! an old Castilian ! I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier ! hast thou a wife ?

Sen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children ?

Sen. Four—honest, lively boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them ?

Sen. In my native village ; even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife ?

Sen. Do I love them ! God knows my heart—I do.

Rol. Soldier ! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land. What would be thy last request ?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh ! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate, and

should there be told—thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife, what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sen. How!

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in. (*Shoulders his spear and walks away.*)

Rol. Oh, holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom, thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her breast, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently!—Yes, now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo! Alonzo! my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo—rise.

Al. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, (*Returning from the cell,*) I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo—know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's. (*Takes off his disguise.*)

Al. Rolla! my friend! (*Embraces him.*) Heavens!—how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit—

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words: this disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle: it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now take it, thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla—

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me? No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me; or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain, standing alone amid the sandy desert. Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Thou art—a husband and a father—the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life. Go! go, Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend; I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her thou'st sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death? For be assured the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. Oh God!

Rol. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfillment. And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee, no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence; and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost forever.

Al. Oh, Rolla! thou distractest me!

Rol. Begone! A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me; I will treat with Pizarro, as for surrender and submission; I shall gain time, no doubt, while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo! Even now I hear thy frantic wife, poor Cora, call thee! Haste, Alonzo!—Haste!—Haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend?

Al. Oh! my preserver! (*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek.—Go! I am rewarded. (*Throwing a friar's garment over Alonzo.*) There, conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven! I return to save, or perish with thee! (*Exit.*)

Rol. (*Looking after him.*) He has passed the outer porch—he is safe! he will soon embrace his wife and child! Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of Truth! if I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there! (*Lifting his hands to heaven.*)—Assuredly we shall meet again; there, possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love and friendship—on earth, imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. (*Retires into the cell.*)

XXVIII.—FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.—*Scott.*

KING JAMES—RODERIC DHU.



Roderic.—*And, Saxon—I am Roderic Dhu.*

Scene.—A rock, with a watch-fire burning near it. A Scotch Highlander—Roderic Dhu—wrapped in his tartan, is discovered sleeping by it.

(Enter King James, in a warrior's garb.)

Roderic. *(Grasping his sword and springing on his feet.)*
Thy name and purpose, Saxon?—Stand!

James. A stranger.

Rod. What dost thou require?

James. Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.

Rod. Art thou a friend to Roderic?

James. No.

Rod. Thou durst not call thyself his foe?

James. I dare to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.

Rod. Bold words! But, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim;
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,

Who ever cared where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain ?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou comest a secret spy.

James. They do, by heaven ! Come Roderic Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And, let me but till morning rest,
I'll write the falsehood on their crest.

Rod. If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bearest the belt and spur of knight.

James. Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.

Rod. Enough, enough ; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

*(They sit down and eat together, and in a few minutes the
soldier continues the conversation.)*

Rod. Stranger, I am to Roderic Dhu,
A clansman born, a kinsman true ;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne ;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand ;
But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And Stranger is a holy name.
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Myself will guide thee on the way,
Through watch and ward till break of day,
As far as Coilantogle ford ;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.

James. I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given.

Rod. Why seek these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderic Dhu ?

James. Brave man, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side.
Yet sooth to tell, though nought I dread,
I dreamed not now to claim its aid.

When here but three days since I came,
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill.
 Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war;
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.

Rod. Yet, why a second venture try ?

James. A warrior thou, and ask me why ?
 Perhaps I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A knight's free footsteps far and wide ;
 A falcon flown, a grey-hound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid ;
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,
 The danger's self is lure alone.

Rod. Thy secret keep ; I urge thee not,
 Yet, ere again you sought this spot,
 Say, heard you not of lowland war,
 Against Clan Alpine raised by Mar ?

James. No, by my word ; of bands prepared
 To guard King James's sports I heard ;
 Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
 This muster of the Mountaineer,
 Their pennons will abroad be flung.
 Which else in Doune had peaceful hung.

Rod. Free be they flung ! for we are loath
 Their silken folds should feed the moth.
 Free be they flung ! as free shall wave
 Clan Alpine's pine in banner brave.
 But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
 Bewildered in the mountain game,
 Whence the bold boast, by which we know
 Vich Alpine's vowed and mortal foe ?

James. Warrior, but yester morn, I knew
 Nought of thy chieftain, Roderic Dhu,
 Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
 The chief of a rebellious clan,
 Who in the regent's court and sight,
 With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.

Yet this alone should from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.

Rod. (*Frowning, and both rising hastily.*)
And heardst thou why he drew his blade ?
Heardest thou, that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderic's vengeance on his foe ?
What recked the chieftain, if he stood
On highland heath or Holy Rood ?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
Though it were in the court of heaven.

James. Still it was outrage ; yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due ;
The young king mewed in Sterling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then thy chieftain's robber life,
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
His flocks and harvest reared in vain—
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul conflict borne.

Rod. Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
O'er waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes, and groves between ;
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael.
The Saxons came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now ? see rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer, or household bread ;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,
" To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore !
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must do the rest."
Pent in this fortress of the north,
Thinkest thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey ?

Ay, by my soul ! while on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;
 While of ten thousand herds, there strays
 But one along yon river's maze—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
 Where live the mountain chiefs, who hold
 That plundering lowland field and fold,
 Is aught but retribution due ?—
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderic Dhu.

James. And if I sought,
 Thinkest thou no other could be brought ?
 What deem ye, of my path way-laid,
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ?

Rod. As a reward to rashness due ;
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.

James. Well, let it pass ; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride.
 Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen
 In peace ; but, when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain in lady's bower,
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel chieftain and his band.

Rod. Have then thy wish. (*He whistles, and soldiers rush
 in on all sides.*) How sayest thou now ?
 These are Clan Alpine's warriors true ;
 And, Saxon—I am Roderic Dhu.
 (*King James starts back a little, then draws his sword and pla-
 ces his back against the rock.*)

James. Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base, as soon as I.
 (*Roderic waves his hand, and the soldiers retire.*)

Rod. Fear not, nay, that I need not say,
 But doubt not aught from mine array.

Thou art my guest, I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford.
So move we on ; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderic Dhu.
Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine shall discharge his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Will lead thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard ;
Then man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

James. I ne'er delayed
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death ;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved ;
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?

Rod. No, stranger, none !

James. Nay, first to James at Sterling go.
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the king shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That to thy native holds restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.

Rod. Thy rash presumption now shall rue
The homage named to Roderic Dhu.
He yields not, he, to man nor fate—
Thou addest but fuel to my hate !
My clansmen's wrongs demand revenge.
Not yet prepared ! by Heaven ! I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair. (*Pointing to a braid on James's breast.*)

James. I thank thee, Roderic, for the word ;
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword.
I had it from a frantic maid,
By thee dishonored and betrayed ;
And I have sworn the braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, begone !
I heed not that my strength is worn—
Thy word's restored ; and if thou wilt,
We try this quarrel, hilt to hilt.

XXIX.—FROM PIZARRO.—*Sheridan.*

PIZARRO—VALVERDE—LAS CASAS—ALMAGRO—DAVILLO—
GOMEZ—OROZEMBO.

Pizarro. Alonzo ! the traitor ! How I once loved that man !
His noble mother intrusted him, a boy, to my protection.
(*Elvira walks about pensively in the back ground.*) At my
table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked
his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Oft-
en had I talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we
struggled with—what perils we surmounted ! When landed
with a slender host upon an unknown land—then, when I told
how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day by day, did thin
our ranks ; amid close pressing enemies, how still undaunted, I
endured and dared—maintained my purpose and my power, in
despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till, with my faithful
few remaining, I became at last victorious !—When, I say, of
these things I spoke, the youth Alonzo, with tears of wonder
and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear his soul's
ambition owned no other leader.

Valverde. What could subdue attachment so begun ?

Piz. Las Casas.—He it was, with fascinating craft and
canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new
enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to
forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

Val. Yes, the traitor left thee, joined the Peruvians, and
became thy enemy, and Spain's.

Piz. But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win
me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my deter-

mined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice, and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

Val. They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

Piz. But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropped upon my bosom, fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe; then, profiting by the lessons he had gained in wronged Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new allies, that soon he forced me—ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it!—in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

Val. But the hour of revenge is come.

Piz. It is; I have returned—my force is strengthened, and the audacious boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

(*Trumpets without.*)

(*Enter Las Casas, Almagro, Davillo, and soldiers.*)

Las Casas. Pizarro, we attend thy summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow soldiers, at length the hour has arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise, and long enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice: if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

Almagro. Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our soldiers murmuring. Battle! battle!—then death to the armed, and chains for the defenseless.

Davillo. Death to the whole Peruvian race!

Las C. Merciful Heaven!

Alm. Yes, general, the attack, and instantly! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our sufferings, and scorn our force.

Las C. Alonzo!—Scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. 'Tis fit Las Casas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

Alm. We are.

Dav. All!—Battle! battle!

Las C. Is, then, the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete?—Battle!—gracious Heaven! Against whom?

Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate ! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed : a people who, children of innocence ! received you as cherished guests—with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes : you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonor. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as gods you were received ; as fiends you have acted.

Piz. Las Casas !

Las C. Pizarro, hear me !—hear me, chieftains !—And thou, All-powerful, whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—oh ! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will ! Do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race !—But hush, my sighs—fall not drops of useless sorrow !—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance. All I entreat is, send me once more to those you call your enemies.—Oh ! let me be the messenger of penitence from you : I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.

Piz. Close this idle war of words : time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle ?

Alm. We are.

Las C. Oh, men of blood ! I was anointed, not to curse, but to bless my countrymen : yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy. No ! I curse your purpose, homicides ! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell disunion, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects, and betray your hopes ! On you and your children be the peril of the innocent blood, which shall be shed this day ! I leave you, and for ever ! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself ; with tigers and with savage beasts commune ; and when at length we meet before the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, O then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now. (*Exit.*)

Piz. (*Turning to Almagro.*) Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given

to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

(*Enter Gomez.*)

Alm. How! Gomez, what bringest thou?

Gomez. On yonder hill, among the palm trees, we have surprised an old cacique: escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting: yet his lips breathed nothing but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us. (*Gomez leaves the tent, and returns conducting in Orozembo, in chains, and guarded.*) What art thou, stranger?

Orozembo. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers?

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Madman! Tear out his tongue, or else—

Oro. Thou'lt hear some truth.

Dav. (*Showing his poniard.*) Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

Oro. (*After surveying Davillo contemptuously—then turning to Pizarro.*) Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious!—This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity, perhaps, might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong hold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name your reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer!—Wealth! I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chief treasure I do bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost.

Gom. Obdurate Pagan ! How numerous is your army ?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp ?

Oro. It has no weak part—on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children ?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo ?

Oro. Know him ! Alonzo ! Know him ! Our nation's benefactor ! The guardian angel of Peru !

Piz. By what has he merited that title ?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command ?

Oro. I will answer that ; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army ; in war, a tiger, chased by the hunter's spear ; in peace, more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him ; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness ; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage ! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

(Retires, to confer with Valverde.)

Oro. Thou hadst better not ! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble !

Oro. Beardless robber ! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man ? Why before thee, thou less than man !

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike !

Oro. Strike, Christian ! Then boast among thy fellows—I too have murdered a Peruvian !

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee ! *(Stabs him.)*

Piz. *(Rushing forward.)* Hold !

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults ?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured ?

Oro. True ! Observe, young man, *(To Davillo,)* thy unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack ; and thou thyself hast lost the opportunity of a useful lesson ; thou mightest thyself have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have in-

flicted torments ; and with what patience virtue would have borne them. (*Orozembo is borne off, dying.*)

Piz. Away !—Davillo ! if thus rash a second time—

Dav. Forgive the hasty indignation which—

Piz. No more—our guard and guides approach. (*Soldiers cross from right to left.*) Follow me, friends—each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's God shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito. (*Exit.*)

XXX.—FROM THE BENEVOLENT JEW.—*Cumberland.*

SIR STEPHEN BERTRAM—FREDERICK BERTRAM—CHARLES RATCLIFFE—SAUNDERS—SHEVA, THE JEW—JABAL.

Scene 1.—An apartment in the house of Sir Stephen Bertram.

(*Enter Frederick Bertram and Charles Ratcliffe.*)

Charles. Well met, Frederick.

Frederick. I wish I could say so.

Char. Why, what's the matter now ?

Fred. I have no good news to tell you.

Char. I don't expect it ; you are not made to be the bearer of good news : knavery engrosses all fortune's favor, and fools run up and down with the tidings of it.

Fred. You are still a philosopher.

Char. I cannot tell that, till I am tried by prosperity : it is that which sets our failings in full view ; adversity conceals them.—But, come, discuss : tell me in what one part of my composition the ingenious cruelty of fortune can place another blow ?

Fred. By my soul, Charles, I am ashamed to tell you, because the blow is now given by a hand I wish to reverence. You know the temper of Sir Stephen Bertram ; he is my father, therefore I will not enlarge upon a subject that would be painful to us both. It is with infinite regret I have seen you, (nobly descended, and still more nobly endowed,) earning a scanty maintenance at your desk, in his counting-house : it is a slavery you are now released from.

Char. I understand you ; Sir Stephen has no further commands for me. I will go to him and deliver up my keys.

(*Going.*)

Fred. Have patience for a moment. Do you guess his reasons for this hasty measure ?

Char. What care I for his reasons, when I know they cannot touch my honor !

Fred. Oh, Charles, my heart is penetrated with your situation ! What will become of those beloved objects ?

Char. Why, what becomes of all the objects misery lays low ? They shrink from sight, and are forgotten.—You know I will not hear you on this subject : 'twas not with my consent you ever knew there were such objects in existence.

Fred. I own it ; but in this extremity, methinks you might relax a little from that rigid honor.

Char. Never ; but, as the body of a man is braced by winter, so is my resolution by adversity. On this point only can we differ. Why will my friend persist in urging it ?

Fred. I have done.—You have your way.

Char. Then, with your leave, I'll go to your father.

Fred. Hold ! Here comes one that supersedes all other visitors—old Sheva, the rich Jew, the merest muckworm in the city of London. How the old Hebrew casts about for prodigals to snap at !—I'll throw him out a bait for sport.

Char. No ; let him pass ; what sport can his infirmities afford ?

(*Enter Sheva.*)

Sheva. The goot day to you, my young master ! How is it with your health, I pray ? Is your fader, Sir Stephen Bertram, and my very goot patron, to be spoken with ?

Fred. Yes, yes, he is at home, and to be spoken with, under some precaution, Sheva ; if you bring him money, you would be welcome.

Sheva. Ah ! that is very goot. Moneys is welcome every where.

Fred. Pass on, pass on ! no more apologies. Good man of money, save your breath to count your guineas. (*Exit Sheva.*) That fellow would not let his shadow fall upon the earth, if he could help it.

Char. You are too hard upon him. The thing is courteous.

Fred. Hang him ! he'll bow for half a crown. His carcass

and its covering would not coin into a ducat, yet he is a moving mine of wealth.

Char. You see these characters with indignation : I contemplate them with pity. I have a fellow-feeling for poor Sheva : he is as much in poverty as I am, only it is poverty of another species : he wants what he has ; I have nothing, and want every thing. Misers are not unuseful members of the community ; they act like dams to rivers, hold up the stream, that else would run to waste ; and make deep water where there would be shallows.

Fred. I recollect you were his rescuer ; I did not know you were his advocate.

Char. 'Tis true, I snatched him out of jeopardy. My countrymen, with all their natural humanity, have no objection to the hustling of a Jew. The poor old creature was most roughly handled.

Fred. What was the cause ?

Char. I never asked the cause. There was a hundred upon one ; that was cause enough for me to make myself a second to the party overmatched.—I got a few hard knocks, but I brought off my man.

Fred. The synagogue should canonize you for the deed.

(*Sheva returns.*)

Sheva. Aha ! there is no business to be done ; there is no talking to your fader. He is not just now in the sweetest of all possible tempers. Any thing, Mr. Bertram, wanted in my way ?

Fred. Yes, Sheva, there is enough wanted in your way, but I doubt it is not in your will to do it.

Sheva. I do always do my utmost for my principals : I never spare my pains when business is going : be it ever such a trifle, I am thankful. Every little helps a poor man like me.

Fred. You speak of your spirit, I suppose, when you call yourself a poor man. All the world knows you roll in riches.

Sheva. The world knows no great deal of me. I do not deny but my moneys may roll a little ; but for myself, I do not roll at all. I live sparingly, and labor hard ; therefore I am called a miser—I cannot help it ; an uncharitable dog—I must endure it ; a bloodsucker, an extortioner, a Shylock. Hard names, Mr. Frederick ; but what can a poor Jew say in return, if a Christian chooses to abuse him ?

Fred. Say nothing, but spend your money like a Christian.

Sheva. We have no abiding place on earth, no country, no home; every body rails at us, every body flouts us, every body points us out for their maygame and their mockery. If your play writers want a butt or a buffoon, or a knave, to make sport of, out comes a Jew, to be baited and buffeted through five long acts, for the amusement of all goot Christians. Cruel sport!—merciless amusement! Hard dealings for a poor stray sheep of the scattered flock of Abraham! How can you expect us to show kindness, when we receive none?

Char. (*Advancing.*) That is true, friend Sheva! I can witness. I am sorry to say there is too much justice in your complaint.

Sheva. Bless this goot light! I did not see you—'tis my very goot friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, as I live.—Give me your pardon. I should be sorry to say in your hearing, that there is no charity for the poor Jews. Truly, sir, I am under very great obligations to you for your generous protection t'other night, when I was mobbed and maltreated; and, for aught I can tell, should have been massacred, had not you stood forward in my defense. Truly, sir, I bear it very thankfully in my remembrance; truly I do; yes, truly.

Fred. Leave me with him, Charles; I'll hold him in discourse whilst you go to my father. (*Exit Charles.*)

Sheva. Oh! it was a goot deed, very goot deed, to save a poor Jew from a pitiless mob; and I am very grateful to you, worthy Mr.—Ah! the gentleman is gone away: that is another thing.

Fred. It is so, but your gratitude need not go away at the same time; you are not bound to make good the proverb—"Out of sight, out of mind."

Sheva. No, no, no! I am very much obliged to him, not only for my life, but for the moneys and the valuables I had about me; I had been hustled out of them all, but for him.

Fred. Well, then, having so much gratitude for his favors, you have now an opportunity of making some return to him.

Sheva. Yes, yes, and I do make him a return of my thanks and goot wishes very heartily. What can a poor Jew say more? I do wish him all goot things, and give him all goot words.

Fred. Good words, indeed! What are they to a man who is cast naked upon the wide world, with a widowed mother and a defenseless sister, who look up to him for their support?

Sheva. Goot lack, goot lack! I thought he was in occupations in your fader's counting-house.

Fred. He was, and from his scanty pittance, piously supported these poor destitutes: that source is now stopped, and as you, when in the midst of rioters, was in want of a protector, so is he, in the midst of his misfortunes, in want of some kind friend to rescue him.

Sheva. Oh dear, oh dear! this world is full of sadness and of sorrow; miseries upon miseries! unfortunates by hundreds and by thousands, and poor Sheva has but two weak eyes to find tears for them all.

Fred. Come, come, Sheva, pity will not feed the hungry, nor clothe the naked. Ratcliffe is the friend of my heart: I am helpless in myself; my father, though just, is austere in the extreme; I dare not resort to him for money, nor can I turn my thoughts to any other quarter for the loan of a small sum in this extremity, except to you.

Sheva. To me! goot lack, to me! What will become of me? What will Sir Stephen say? He is full of moneys, but then again, he is a close man, very austere, as you say, and very just, but not very generous.

Fred. Well, well, let me have your answer.

Sheva. Yes, yes, but my answer will not please you without the moneys; I shall be a Jewish dog, a baboon, an imp of Beelzebub, if I don't find the moneys, and when my moneys is all gone, what shall I be then? An ass, a fool, a jack-a-dandy!—Oh dear! Oh dear! Well, there must be conditions, look you.

Fred. To be sure: security twice secured; premium and interest, and bond and judgment into the bargain. Only enable me to preserve my friend; give me that transport, and I care not what I pay for it.

Sheva. Mercy on your heart! what haste and hurry you are in! How much did you want? One hundred pounds, did you say?

Fred. More than one, more than one.

Sheva. Ah! poor Sheva! More than one hundred pounds; what! so much as two hundred? 'tis a great deal of moneys.

Fred. Come, friend Sheva, at one word—three hundred pounds.

Sheva. Mercies defend me, what a sum!

Fred. Accommodate me with three hundred pounds; make your own terms; consult your conscience in the bargain, and I will say you are a good fellow. Oh! Sheva! did you but know the luxury of relieving honor, innocence, and beauty, from distress!

Sheva. Oh! 'tis great luxury, I dare say, else you would not buy it at so high a price. Well, well, well! I have thought a little, and if you will come to my poor cabin in Duke's place, you shall have the moneys.

Fred. Well said, my gallant Sheva! Shall I bring a bond with me to fill up?

Sheva. No, no, no; we have all those in my shop.

Fred. I don't doubt it: all the apparatus of an usurer. (*Aside.*) Farewell, Sheva! be ready with your instruments, I care not what they are: only let me have the money, and you may proceed to dissection as soon after as you please. (*Exit.*)

Sheva. Heigho! I cannot choose but weep. Sheva, thou art a fool. Three hundred pounds, by the day, how much is that in the year?—Oh dear, oh dear! I shall be ruined, starved, wasted to a watch-light. Bowels, you shall pinch for this: I'll not eat flesh this fortnight: I'll suck the air for nourishment: I'll feed upon the steam of an alderman's kitchen, as I put my nose down his area.—Well, well! but soft, a word, friend Sheva! Art thou not rich, monstrous rich, abominably rich? and yet thou livest on a crust. Be it so! thou dost stint thine appetites to pamper thine affections; thou dost make thyself to live in poverty, that the poor may live in plenty. Well, well! so long as thou art a miser only to thine own cost, thou mayest hug thyself in this poor habit, and set the world's contempt at naught.

(*Enter Charles Ratcliffe, not noticing the Jew.*)

Char. Unfeeling, heartless man, I've done with you. I'll dig, beg, perish, rather than submit to such unnatural terms! I may remain: my mother and my sister must be banished to a distance. Why, this Jew, this usurer, this enemy to our faith, whose heart is in his bags, would not have used me thus—I'll question him. Sheva!

Sheva. What is your pleasure?

Char. I do not know the word.

Sheva. What is your will, then? Speak it.

Char. Sheva!—You have been a son—you had a mother—dost remember her?

Sheva. Goot lack, goot lack! do I remember her!—

Char. Didst love her, cherish her, support her?

Sheva. Ah me! ah me! it is as much as my poor heart will bear to think of her. I would have died—

Char. Thou hast affections, feelings, charities—

Sheva. I am a man, sir; call me how you please.

Char. I'll call you Christian; then, and this proud merchant, Jew.

Sheva. I shall not thank you for that compliment.

Char. And hadst thou not a sister, too?

Sheva. No; no sister, no broder, no son, no daughter; I am a solitary being, a waif on the world's wide common.

Char. And thou hast hoarded wealth, till thou art sick with gold, even to plethora. Thy bags run over with the spoils of usury, thy veins are glutted with the blood of prodigals and gamesters.

Sheva. I have enough; something, perhaps, to spare.

Char. And I have nothing, nothing to spare but miseries, with which my measure overflows. By heaven, it racks my soul to think that those beloved sufferers should want, and this thing so abound! (*Aside.*) Now, Sheva, now, if you and I were out of sight of man, benighted in some desert, wild as my thoughts, naked as my fortune, should you not tremble?

Sheva. What should I tremble for?—You could not harm a poor, defenseless, aged man?

Char. Indeed, indeed, I could not harm you, Sheva, whilst I retained my senses.

Sheva. Sorrow disturbs them: yes, yes, it is sorrow. Ah me, ah me! poor Sheva in his time has been driven mad with sorrow.—'Tis a hard world.

Char. Sir, I have done you wrong. You pity me, I'm sure you do: those tones could never proceed but from a feeling heart.

Sheva. Try me, touch me, I am not made of marble.

Char. No, on my life you are not.

Sheva. Nor yet of gold extorted from the prodigal: I am no shark to prey upon mankind. What I have got, I have got by little and little, working hard and pinching my own bowels.—I could say something; it is in my thought; but no, I will not say it here. This is the house of trade; that is not to my purpose. Come home with me, so please you; 'tis but a little walk, and you shall see what I have shown to no man—Sheva's real heart: I do not carry it in my hand. Come, I pray you, come along. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Sheva's house.

(Jabal discovered.—Enter Sheva and Charles Ratcliffe.)

Sheva. So, so, so! What's here to do with you? Why are you not at your work?—Jabal, a cup of cold water—I am very thirsty.

Jabal. Are you not rather hungry too, sir?

Sheva. Hold your tongue, puppy! Get about your business: and, here, take my hat, clean it carefully; but mind you do not brush it; that will wear off the nap.

Jabal. The nap, indeed! There is no shelter for a flea.

(Exit.)

Sheva. Aha! I am tired. I beg your pardon, Mr. Ratcliffe. I am an old man. Sit you down, I pray you; sit you down, and we will talk a little. *(Jabal brings a glass of water.)* So, so, that is right. Water is goot. Fie upon you, Jabal; why do you not offer the glass to my guest, before me?

Jabal. Lord love him! I'd give him wine, if I had it.

Sheva. No, no, it is goot water; it is better than wine: wine is heating, water is cooling; wine costs moneys, water comes for nothing. Your goot health, sir! Oh! 'tis delicious, it is satisfying: I was very empty before; my stomach was craving; now I am quite content. Go your ways, Jabal; go your ways. *(Exit Jabal.)* Sir, I have nothing to ask you to but that water, which you would not drink: 'twas very goot water, notwithstanding. Ah! Mr. Ratcliffe, I must be very saving now. I must pinch close.

Char. For what? Are you not rich enough to allow yourself the common comforts of life?

Sheva. Oh yes, oh yes! I am rich, to be sure. Mercy on me, what a world of moneys should I now have, if I had no pity in my heart! But it melts, and melts, or else—oh! dear me, what a heap it would have been!

Char. Pardon me, sir, if I say there are some seeming contradictions in your character, which I cannot reconcile. You give away your money, it should seem, with the generosity of a prince, and I hear you lament over it in the language of a miser.

Sheva. That is true, that is very true: I love my moneys, I do love them dearly; but I love my fellow-creatures a little better.

Char. Seeing you are so charitable to others, why can't you spare a little to yourself!

Sheva. Because I am angry with myself for being such a baby, a child, a chicken. Your people do not love me ; what business have I to love your people ? I am a Jew ; my fathers, up to Abraham, all were Jews. Merciless mankind, how have you persecuted them ! My family is all gone, it is extinct ; my very name will vanish out of memory when I am dead. I pray you, pardon me, I am very old, and apt to weep ; I pray you, pardon me.

Char. I am more disposed to subscribe to your tears, than to find fault with them.

Sheva. Well, well, well, 'tis natural for me to weep when I reflect upon their sufferings and my own. Sir, you shall know—but I won't tell you my sad story : you are young and tender-hearted, it is all written down—you shall find it with my papers at my death.

Char. Sir, at your death ?

Sheva. Yes.—Sure I must die some time or other. Though you have saved my life once, you cannot save it always. I did tell you, Mr. Ratcliffe, I would show you my heart. Sir, it is a heart to do you all possible good whilst I live, and to pay you the debt of gratitude, when I die. I believe it is the only one I owe to the pure benevolence of my fellow creatures.

Char. I am sorry you have found mankind so ungrateful.

Sheva. Not so, not so ; I might perhaps have found them grateful, if I had let them know their benefactor. I did relieve their wants, but I did not court their thanks : they did eat my bread, and hooted at me for a miser.

(*Enter Jabal.*)

Jabal. A gentleman, who says his name is Bertram, waits to speak with you. I fancy he comes to borrow money, for he looks wondrous melancholy.

Sheva. Hold your tongue, knave ; what is it to you what he comes for ?

Jabal. I'm sure he does not come for a dinner, for he has not brought it with him.

Sheva. I pray you, Mr. Ratcliffe, pass out that way. I would not have you both meet. (*Exit Ratcliffe.*) Admit Mr. Bertram. (*Exit Jabal.*)

(*Re-enter Jabal, introducing Frederick, then crosses behind, and exit.*)

Sheva. You are welcome, Mr. Bertram : our business may quickly be dispatched. You want three hundred pounds ; I have made shift to scrape that sum together, and it is ready for you.

Fred. Alas, Sheva! since last I saw you, I am so totally undone, that it would now be robbery to take your money. My father has expelled me from his house.

Sheva. Why? for what cause?

Fred. I have married—

Sheva. Well, that is natural enough.

Fred. Married without his knowledge.

Sheva. So did he without yours. What besides?

Fred. Married a wife without a farthing.

Sheva. Ah! that is very silly, I must say.

Fred. You could not say so, did you know the lady.

Sheva. That may be; but I do not know the lady: you have not named her to me.

Fred. The sister of Charles Ratcliffe.

Sheva. Ah! to Miss Ratcliffe? Is it so? And she is goot and lovely; but she has no moneys; and that has made your fader very angry with you?

Fred. Furious, irreconcilable.

Sheva. Why, truly, moneys is a goot thing; and your fader is not the only man in England that does think so. I confess I am very much of his mind in respect to moneys.

Fred. I know you are; therefore, keep your money, and good morning to you.

Sheva. Hold, hold, be not so hasty! If I do love my moneys, it may be because I have it in my power to tender them to you.

Fred. But I have said I never can repay you, whilst you are in this world.

Sheva. Perhaps I shall be content to be repaid when I am out of it—I believe I have a pretty many post obits of that sort upon the file.

Fred. I do not rightly understand you.

Sheva. Then pray have a little patience till I am better understood.—Sir Stephen had a match for you in view?

Fred. He had.

Sheva. What was the lady's fortune?

Fred. Ten thousand pounds.

Sheva. That is a goot round sum; but you did not love her, and you do love your wife.

Fred. As dearly as you love your money.

Sheva. A little better, we will hope, for I do lend my moneys to my friend. For instance, take these bills; three hundred pounds.—What ails you? They are goot bills, they are

bank—oh! that I had a sack full of them! They will hire you very pretty lodging, and you will be very happy with your pretty wife. I pray you, take them. Why will you be so hard with a poor Jew, as to refuse him a good bargain, when you know he loves to lay his moneys out to profit and advantage?

Fred. Are you in earnest? You astonish me.

Sheva. I am a little astonished too, for I did never see a man so backward to take moneys: you are not like your fader. I am afraid you are a little proud.

Fred. You shall not say so. I accept your generous tender.

Sheva. I wish it was ten thousand pounds, then your good fader would be well content.

Fred. Yes; of two equal fortunes, I believe he would be good enough to let me take my choice.

Sheva. Oh! that is very kind: he would give you the preference when he had none himself.

Fred. Just so; but what acknowledgment shall I give you for these bills?

Sheva. None, none; I do acknowledge them myself with very great pleasures in serving you, and no small pains in parting from them. I pray you, make yourself and pretty wife comfortable with the moneys, and I will comfort myself, as well as I can, without them. Ah! poor Sheva! when thou art a beggar-man, who will take pity of thee?—Well, well, no matter! Now I must take a little walk about my business—I pray you, pardon my unpoliteness.

Fred. No apology: I am gone. Farewell, Sheva! Thou a miser! thou art a prince! (*Exit.*)

Sheva. Jabal! open the door. (*Exit.*)

Scene 3.—Sir Stephen Bertram's House.

(*Enter Sir Stephen Bertram, and Saunders.*)

Sir S. Well, Saunders, what news have you been able to collect of my undutiful son?

Saun. I have not seen Mr. Bertram, but I am told he has settled himself in very handsome lodgings, and is gone to remove his lady to them.

Sir S. His lady, do you call her? Can you find no fitter term? Where should he get the means to settle? He was not furnished with them by me; who else will do it? If he attempts to raise money upon expectancies, be it at their peril who are fools enough to trust him: no prudent man will be his

bubble. If I were sure that was his practice, I should hold it matter of conscience to advertise against his debts.

Saun. Perhaps there may be some persons in the world, who think you will not always hold out against an only son.

Sir S. Then let those persons smart for their opinion. They little know the feelings of an injured father: they cannot calculate my hopes, my disappointments, my regret! He might have had a lady with an ample fortune. A wife without a shilling is—but what avails complaint? Could you learn nothing further, who supplies him, who holds him up?

Saun. I hear that he had money of your broker, Sheva.

Sir S. That must be false intelligence. He will as soon make gold by transmutation, as wring it from the gripe of that old usurer. No, no, Sheva is too wary, too much a Jew, to help him with a shilling.

Saun. Yet I was so informed by his own servant, Jabal. He says, Mr. Bertram came to old Sheva's house by appointment; that he overheard their whole conversation, in which your son very honorably stated the utter ruin your displeasure had brought upon him, and would have refused the money, but that old Sheva forced it upon him.

Sir S. It mocks all belief; it only proves, that Sheva, the most inveterate miser in existence, has a fellow Jew for his servant, one of the completest liars in creation.

Saun. I am apt to give him credit for the fact, notwithstanding.

Sir S. Then give me leave to say, you have more faith than most men living. Was I to give so much credit, Mr. Saunders, I should soon stop.

Saun. I am not quite so fixed in my persuasion of old Sheva's character, as you are. In his dealings, all the world knows he is punctually honest; no man's character stands higher, in the Alley; and his servant tells me, though he starves himself, he is secretly very charitable to others.

Sir S. Yes, this you may believe, if you are disposed to take one Jew's word for another Jew's character. I am obstinate against both; and if he has supplied the money, as I am sure it must be on usurious principles, as soon as ever I have the old miser in my reach, I will wring either the truth from his lips, or the life out of his carcass.

(*Enter Sheva.*)

Sheva. How does my worthy master? I am your very humble servant, goot Sir Stephen Bertram. I have a little pri-

vate business to impart to you, with your goot leave, and if your leisure serves.

Sir S. Leave us, if you please. (*Exit Saunders.*)

Sheva. Aha! I am very much fatigued. There is a great throng and press in the offices at the Bank, and I am aged and feeble.

Sir S. Hold, sir. Before I welcome you within these doors, or suffer you to sit down in my presence, I demand to know, explicitly, and without prevarication, if you have furnished my son with money secretly, and without my leave?

Sheva. If I do lend, ought I not to lend it in secret? If I do not ask your leave, Sir Stephen, may I not dispose of my own moneys according to my own liking? But if it is a crime, I do wish to ask you who is my accuser? that, I believe, is justice every where; and in your happy country I do think it is the law likewise.

Sir S. Very well, sir; you shall have both law and justice. The information comes from your own servant, Jabal. Can you controvert it?

Sheva. I do presume to say, my servant ought not to report his master's secrets; but I will not say he has not spoken the truth.

Sir S. Then you confess the fact.

Sheva. I humbly think there is no call for that; you have the information from my footboy. I do not deny it.

Sir S. And the sum—

Sheva. I do not talk of the sum. Sir Stephen, that is not my practice; neither, under favor, is my footboy my cashier. If he be a knave, and listen at my key-hole, the more shame his; I am not in the fault.

Sir S. Not in the fault! Wretch, miser, usurer! You never yet let loose a single guinea from your gripe, but with a view of doubling it at the return. I know what you are.

Sheva. Indeed! it is more than I will say for myself. I pray you, goot Sir Stephen, take a little time to know my heart, before you rob me of my reputation. I am a Jew, a poor defenseless Jew; that is enough to make me miser, usurer. Alas! I cannot help it.

Sir S. No matter: you are caught in your own trap. I tell you now, my son is ruined, disinherited, undone. One consolation is, that you have lost your money.

Sheva. If that be a consolation, you are very welcome to it. If my moneys are lost, my motives are not.

Sir S. I'll never pay one farthing of his debts. He has offended me for life ; refused a lady with ten thousand pounds, and married a poor miss without a doit.

Sheva. Yes, I do understand your son is married.

Sir S. Do you so ? By the same token I understand you to be a villain.

Sheva. Aha ! that is a very bad word ; villain. I did never think to hear that word from one who says he knows me. I pray you, now, permit me to speak to you a word or two in my own defense. I have done great deal of business for you, Sir Stephen ; have put a pretty deal of moneys in your pocket by my pains and labors ; I did never wrong you of one sixpence in my life ; I was content with my lawful commission ; how can I be a villain ?

Sir S. Do you not uphold the son against the father ?

Sheva. I do uphold the son, but not against the fader ; it is not natural to suppose the oppressor and the fader one and the same person. I did see your son struck down to the ground with sorrow, cut to the heart ; I did not stop to ask whose hand had laid him low ; I gave him mine, and raised him up.

Sir S. You ! you to talk of charity !

Sheva. I do not talk of it : I feel it.

Sir S. What claim have you to generosity, humanity, or any manly virtue ? Which of your money-making tribe ever had a sense of pity ? Show me the terms on which you have lent this money, if you dare ! Exhibit the dark deed, by which you have meshed your victim in the snares of usury ; but be assured, I'll drag you to the light, and publish your base dealings to the world. (*Catches him by the sleeve.*)

Sheva. Take your hand from my coat ; my coat and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together. There, there ! be patient. Moderate your passions, and you shall see my terms : they are in little compass : fair dealings may be comprised in few words.

Sir S. If they are fair, produce them.

Sheva. Let me see, let me see ! Ah ! poor Sheva ! I do so tremble, I can hardly hold my papers. So, so ! Now I am right. Aha ! here it is.

Sir S. Let me see it.

Sheva. Take it. (*Gives a paper.*) Do you not see it now ? Have you cast your eye over it ? Is it not right ? I am no more than broker, look you. If there is a mistake, point it out, and I will correct it.

Sir S. (Reads.) Ten thousand pounds, invested in the three per cents money, of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram.

Sheva. Even so. A pretty tolerable fortune for a poor disinherited son, not worth one penny.

Sir S. I'm thunderstruck!

Sheva. Are you so? I was struck too, but not by thunder. And what has Sheva done to be called villain? I am a Jew, what then? Is that a reason none of my tribe should have a sense of pity? You have no great deal of pity yourself, but I do know many noble British merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuse your tribe.

Sir S. I am confounded and ashamed; I see my fault, and most sincerely ask your pardon.

Sheva. Goot lack, goot lack! that is too much. I pray you, goot Sir Stephen, say no more; you will bring the blush upon my cheek, if you demean yourself so far to a poor Jew, who is your very humble servant to command.

Sir S. Did my son know Miss Ratcliffe had this fortune?

Sheva. When ladies are so handsome, and so goot, no generous man will ask about their fortune.

Sir S. 'Tis plain I was not that generous man.

Sheva. No, no; you did ask about nothing else.

Sir S. But how in the name of wonder, did she come by it?

Sheva. If you did give me moneys to buy stock, would you not be much offended were I to ask you how you came by it?

Sir S. Her brother was my clerk. I did not think he had a shilling in the world.

Sheva. And yet you turned him upon the world, where he has found a great many shillings. The world, you see, was the better master of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I will humbly take my leave. You wished your son to marry a lady with ten thousand pounds; he has exactly fulfilled your wishes: I do presume you will not think it necessary to turn him out of doors, and disinherit him for that.

Sir S. Go on, I merit your reproof. I shall henceforward be ashamed to look you or my son in the face.

Sheva. To look me in the face, is to see nothing of my heart; to look upon your son, and not to love him, I should have thought had been impossible. Sir Stephen, I am your very humble servant.

Sir S. Farewell, friend Sheva! Can you forgive me?

Sheva. I can forgive my enemy; much more, my friend.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—Sheva's house.

(Enter Sir S. Bertram, Frederick Bertram, and Sheva.)

Fred. This, father, this is the man. My benefactor—all mankind's. The widow's friend, the orphan's father, the poor man's protector, the universal philanthropist.

Sheva. Hush, hush! you make me hide my face.

(Covers his face with his hands.)

Fred. Ah, sir! 'tis now too late to cover your good deeds. You have long masked your charities beneath this humble seeming, and shrunk back from actions princes might have gloried in. You must now face the world, and transfer the blush from your own cheeks to theirs, whom prejudice had taught to scorn you. For your single sake we must reform our hearts, and inspire them with candor toward your whole nation.

Sheva. Enough, enough! more than enough! I pray you, spare me: I am not used to hear the voice of praise, and it oppresses me: I should not know myself if you were to describe me: I have a register within, in which these merits are not noted. Simply, I am an honest man, no more; fair in my dealings, as my good patron here, I hope, can witness.

Sir S. Ah! now the mystery's solved. The ten thousand pounds were yours; give them to Ratcliffe; I am ashamed of my own conduct; am satisfied with my son's; above all, I have seen his sweet Eliza, and she will derive nothing from fortune, where nature has given so much.

Sheva. That is a noble speech; but money does not lessen merit, at least not always, as I hope, for Mr. Ratcliffe's sake, for he is heir of all that I possess.

Sir S. I trust that Mr. Ratcliffe will remember to whom he owes this happiness, and emulate his benefactor's virtues.

Fred. The treasure that integrity has collected, cannot be better lodged than in the hands of honor.

Sir S. It is a mine of wealth.

Sheva. Excuse me, good Sir Stephen; it is not a mine, for it was never out of sight of those who searched for it. The poor man did not dig to find it; and where I now bestow it, it will be found by him again. I do not bury it in a synagogue, or any other pile; I do not waste it upon vanity, or public works; I leave it to a charitable heir, and build my hospital in the human heart.

(Exeunt.)

XXXI.—FROM THE FARMER'S STORY.—*Bernard.*

LOCKWOOD, ORIGINALLY A YOUNG FARMER, NOW A REDUCED GAMESTER—MARY, HIS WIFE—DERBY, A GAMESTER AND CONFEDERATE—RUT, HIS FORMER SERVANT—BRISTLES, A POOR TRAVELING PAINTER—RYLAND, AN EMIGRANT RETURNED FROM CANADA.



Mrs. Lockwood.—Stephen! Stephen! it is my dying prayer.

Scene.—A cottage, exhibiting the greatest poverty and decay. Lockwood asleep on a low bed. Mrs. Lockwood seated at table, with some sewing in her lap. A written paper on the table beside the candle.

Mrs. Lockwood. He is still asleep! but there's such a strange look in his face, he can't be happy. He has again been disappointed. I can see before he speaks that we are destined to sink lower in this gulf of misery. (*Pausing.*) Last night we parted with the last shilling of our money, and to-day he went to London to borrow some. We have not paid our quarter's rent, and here's a notice that we must quit this roof to-morrow—this, the third shelter we have removed to since we left our costly house in London—and so poor a one, I thought we could not lose it. Oh, what a change from the cottage we had once! that home which he despised—where every face came in as a fresh beam of sunshine, and not a sound could fall upon the ear, but it had the lightness of a song, or the softness of a blessing.

Lockwood. (*Waking.*) Mary!

Mrs. L. Yes, Stephen.

Lock. Some water!

Mrs. L. I am sorry I have nothing else to give you.

Lock. Do I blame you?

Mrs. L. I have been trying to do a little needle work in your absence, to take to a milliner's.

Lock. And how much would you earn, were you to work your fingers to the bone?

Mrs. L. Why, enough to buy us some food, Stephen—you know we have had nothing since the morning.

Lock. True.

Mrs. L. But tell me, Stephen, did you succeed to-day? You went to beg a trifling loan from some of the gentlemen who used to dine with us.

Lock. And I obtained what I deserved.

Mrs. L. And that was—

Lock. Insult! mockery!

Mrs. L. Stephen!

Lock. What? because they had honored me so far as to eat my dinners, and win my money afterwards, was I to expect that they'd give me back enough, even to keep my lips from shriveling?

Mrs. L. Then you have brought no money for the rent?

Lock. Not a farthing.

Mrs. L. And to-morrow we must go out upon the heath?

Lock. Yes, Mary—like the wind that sweeps it.

Mrs. L. (*Giving way to tears.*) Stephen, this is a sad change to those who have known the comforts and the credit of a home. But I won't complain. I do believe Heaven means it as a mercy; for now, Stephen, you will think of going down to Littleburn. My uncle's door is open to us: you know he has twice written to us, to come to him.

Lock. And would you have me go back to our village, and be pointed out as the proud worm who aspired above his station, and was trod down deeper into his proper mire. Mary, I'd die first! Besides, where's my revenge on our destroyer?

Mrs. L. You have been revenged, Stephen. Do you forget that evening, when all was discovered, and you wounded him?

Lock. My usual fortune! Had I killed the villain, I should have been compensated.

Mrs. L. Oh, don't talk in that way, Stephen—the time may

come, when he will wish that you had killed him. It is true, he has been the cause of all our sufferings, but he has not robbed us of our faculties, nor of the spring that's in our hearts; and if I could but hope, Stephen, that the trials of the past would urge you to seek a better independence for the future—

Lock. Mary, the past has schooled me, and I am willing to exert myself; but I have a friend—a true friend left, who has a plan in view to get back all my property from Mortlake.

Mrs. L. Indeed!

Lock. Yes, Mary. Derby has assured me, that within a month, we shall be restored to ease and comfort.

Mrs. L. And by what means?

Lock. That you shall know hereafter. He has promised to be out with me this evening, to tell me its first step. He has also promised to bring us money, for the rent.

Mrs. L. Indeed!

Lock. So set your heart at rest. I have slept so long, it must be near the time. Ah! there is a footstep coming to the door—'tis he!

(Derby opens the door, and comes in, in a riding coat, booted and spurred.)

Derby. Lockwood, good evening.

Lock. Mary, you may leave us.

Mrs. L. Shall I disturb you if I sit here at my work?

Lock. You can work in the next room—take the light with you. *(Mary takes up the light, and approaches him.)*

Mrs. L. Stephen!

Lock. *(Turning on her.)* Will you obey me? *(She goes out.)* Well, Derby, what news?

Der. The worst—Mortlake has set off for Paris.

Lock. Ha!

Der. Some rascal has put him up to our design, and given our revenge a six months' holiday.

Lock. *(Pausing.)* And I have waited for this day, through suffering and through want, with my wife's cheek whitening by my side, and a fever like a serpent eating at my heart.

Der. I share your feeling, Lockwood, for we are partners in misfortune—have both been stripped and thrown into a ditch, by the same highwayman.

Lock. Death to the villain!

Der. So say I; but as we can't follow him, we must be content to sit down and bear our fortune 'till he comes back.

Lock. Not I—revenge is a luxury I can afford no longer.

Der. What do you mean?

Lock. I have been settling in a slough for the last two months, but with the mad hope of dragging him down with me. He is gone—what have I to do but sink?

Der. You saw Charlcote this morning—he gave you something—

Lock. Some excellent advice.

Der. And Harding—

Lock. He heard I had a complaint, and was afraid to catch it. Derby, you are the only friend I have on earth. I told you how I was circumstanced to-day—look at this paper—
(*Showing the notice.*)

Der. My friend, I am ashamed to say it, but the five pounds I meant to lend you, I have lost. I was drawn into play, after dinner, and—

Lock. (*Sinking into a chair.*) Well, well—it is decreed!

Der. What's decreed?

Lock. Starvation!—Look in that closet.

Der. I can see nothing in this hovel but what should give a man of your ability determination. (*Mrs. Lockwood appears.*) Lockwood, we are both in the last strait of necessity. We have shared the same misfortunes, and should share the means of beating them. Have you spirit enough to join me if I propose a plan to relieve us from our present exigency?

Lock. Do you put that question to a man who wants a meal?

Der. Then listen. As I came down here by the coach, I sat next a farmer, who appeared to be returning home from Smithfield, with the profits of his Monday's sale.

Lock. Well!

Der. I saw his pocket-book—I am convinced it held a hundred pounds. He alighted at the inn close by, and took a bed there—I have done the same. I soon broke ground with him, and we agreed to sup together. Now if this fellow could be induced to play—

Lock. You would win from him?

Der. The supply we want.

Lock. But what if he refuse?

Der. Then we have but one resource. We are to sleep in a double-bedded room, the window of which looks out upon the heath. That window I could put open as soon as he was asleep, and—

Lock. You wouldn't steal his money?

Der. Not I—but by the help of a ladder you might borrow a few pounds. Surely you would have honor enough to return it to him, when in better circumstances.

Lock. I am afraid, Derby, my nerves are not so steady—

Der. Come, come—they were just now as hard as iron.

Lock. We shall be detected!

Der. Where's the danger? Suspicion, if it come at all, must fall on me.

Lock. I will think of it.

Der. Take a turn with me upon the heath, and see the window.

Lock. In a few minutes—my head just now—

Der. Then I'll wait for you outside. Remember, it is our only chance. It may give us not only what will meet our wants, but win us fortunes.

(He goes out. Stephen sinks into a chair. Mary comes forward with the candle, which she puts on the table.)

Mrs. L. Stephen!

Lock. Mary!

Mrs. L. What has Mr. Derby said to you?

Lock. Why he has asked me to go with him to the inn, and—

Mrs. L. Join him in a robbery!

Lock. Mary!

Mrs. L. Is this his plan to restore our peace and comfort?

Lock. He—he sees the distress we are in, and—

Mrs. L. And would relieve it by making you become a felon!

Lock. He is my friend, whatever are his errors.

Mrs. L. Your friend? Great Heaven! am I mad or dreaming? Is it my own husband that I listen to—is this the man I went up to the altar with, and swore to love and honor?

Lock. You are eloquent, madam, but I am starving.

Mrs. L. You are changed, Stephen, or you would not call me eloquent. Oh, as you hope for peace here or hereafter, think what you would do! What has supported you through all your trials hitherto, but the thought, that, suffer as you might, you had not injured others—and would you part with the blessing of that thought? would you become the very thing you have scorned—

Lock. Leave me! *(Turning from her.)*

Mrs. L. *(Seizing his hand, and falling at his feet.)* Ste-

phen, I cannot leave you—my life is on your lips! I have loved you dearly hitherto, because I have revered you. Would you tell me that my love must cease? I have borne the hand of want with a light heart—for, suffer as we might, we were not stained with crime—and I could hope for better days, and will you rob me of that only, only consolation?

Lock. Mary, you know how I am driven to it!

Mrs. L. But think, dear Stephen—think if we have grown poor through folly, are we to grow rich through crime? This man whom you would rob, is poor, perhaps, and struggling—his parents or children dependent on his labor—and would you lay your hands on that man's money? Is all forgot that you once loved and revered? Our dear parents' looks—our lesson at their knees—the graves they lie in, and the peaceful words we have read upon their tombs—

Der. (*Calling.*) Lockwood!

Lock. (*Rousing from the abstraction into which he has fallen.*) He calls!

Mrs. L. Stephen! Stephen! is my voice a stranger to you?

Lock. It will not move me! (*Struggling with her.*)

Mrs. L. It is my dying prayer!

Lock. It comes too late! (*Struggling with her.*)

Mrs. L. (*Springing on her feet.*) He leads you to a scaffold!

Lock. Be it so—he will rid me of a burden! (*He throws her off, and rushes out.—She supports herself by a chair.*)

Mrs. L. It is decreed! The life which rose so sunnily, must set in shame! the honest man, whom all men's eyes have greeted, must pass away into the shadow of a prison. Oh, is there no way yet to save him? I will follow his misleader, and tell him that the first step he takes in this design, he must plant upon my bosom. No, no—long fasting has robbed me of the little strength I had, and I must lie down—here—(*Falls on the ground. Rut opens the door, with a basket in his hand.*)

Rut. Misses Lockwood! I say, misses! (*Sees her.*) La, bless us! what be that on the floor? (*Runs to her.*) Misses! misses! what do ee do here?

Mrs. L. Is that you, Robin?

Rut. Ees. Whys be ee ill?

Mrs. L. Very ill—ill of existence.

Rut. Come, come—take a drop o' wine; here be plenty in the basket. (*Reaching a bottle from it.*)

Mrs. L. Wine! where did you get it?

Rut. Dont'ee talk—drink. Now let me lift ee up into a chair. (*He lifts her up.*)

Mrs. L. Tell me, what sent you here?

Rut. Why didn't I tell ee I'd come out to see ee as soon as I had got into my new place. Well, master, you must know, had a dinner-party yesterday, and as the good things were coming down from table, says I to cook, "My misses once had as good a house as this, and now she'd be thankful for a servant's dinner"—so she, being a kind-hearted soul, packed up a basket full, and—

Mrs. L. Blessings—blessings on you, Robin—you have saved me from the grave!

Rut. Come, come, misses—dont'ee take on so; better times are coming—I'm sure they be. Take another sup of wine.

Mrs. L. (*Rousing.*) Wine! no, no! what have I been doing! drinking—feasting, while Stephen has had nothing since the morning! Ah! if he knew that this relief was here, it would keep him from his ruin, for it is want only, which drives him on to it. Run—run, Robin, in search of your old master. Stay. I am strong, now—I'll go myself. (*She totters towards the door.—Bristles opens it.*)

Bristles. I beg pardon—does Mr. Lockwood live here?

Rut. Ees.

Bris. Ees! surely I know that voice! it is my old friend—"A Bit of Rustic Life," in fine preservation.

Mrs. L. You inquired, sir, for Mr. Lockwood?

Bris. Yes, madam—pray excuse me; I really didn't know you.

Mrs. L. I don't wonder, sir; times have changed with us so much lately, that—

Bris. I know—you want resuscitation—so have the best originals. I am happy to be the bearer of a piece of news which, despite your present dust and darkness, will give you a new countenance.

Mrs. L. What do you mean, sir?

Bris. I have come to tell you something of an old friend of yours—Mr. Ryland, who went out to Canada.

Mrs. L. Is he alive? is he well? when did you hear from him?

Bris. Why, about five minutes ago.

Mrs. L. Speak—speak, sir! You must be sure that the news you bring me—

Bris. Ought to come out like a streak of lightning in a

storm scene. Then, to be direct, madam, only last week he arrived in England.—I met him to-day in town, coming from the door of my old patron. He had been down to your village in search of you, and I, having heard of your whereabouts, offered to become his pilot. (*Ryland appears.*)

Mrs. L. And when—when did he say he would be with us?

Bris. Why, as soon, madam, as you are ready to receive him.

Mrs. L. Does he wait to be invited?

Ryland. (*Advancing.*) No, Mary, he is here!

Mrs. L. Mark! (*Screaming, and falling into his arms.*)

Ryl. Mary—dear Mary—look up! speak to me!

Bris. There's a group! Now I should like to sketch them, only I'm afraid the colors would run.—I should cry upon it.

Ryl. Mary! Mary! have I come four thousand miles to pain you in this way?

Mrs. L. Pain! Oh, that all my pain were like it! We were afraid that you were dead. It is long since we have heard from you.

Ryl. I know, Mary—but the reason was, that I intended coming to England, many months ago. Now, tell me, what has been the cause of all this change? When I look around me, I want a thousand tongues to satisfy my wonder.

Mrs. L. Dear Mark, it is a long and sad story, and before I begin it, I should like you to see Stephen. Robin, you will run after him—you'll find him near the inn.

Rut. Ees.

Ryl. The inn! That's where I got down from the coach—I've taken a bed there.

Mrs. L. (*With a scream.*) You!

Ryl. Yes.

Mrs. L. Merciful powers!

Ryl. Why, what's the matter?

Mrs. L. (*Recovering herself.*) Nothing—nothing. You will go, Robin?

Ryl. But I can't wait this delay; you must tell me every thing. Here is a room—my friend, here, will excuse us.

Mrs. L. Well, well—

Rut. But, misses, you may as well take the basket with you. Muster Ryland has been so long upon the water, perhaps he'd like a leetle wine. (*Ryland leads Mary off. Rut follows with basket.*)

Bris. What a wretched hovel ! It looks like one of Rembrandt's "Interiors,"—fitted up with a sinking bed and a sign board. Wouldn't make a bad inn for a German forest. (*Rut returns.*)

Rut. Well, only to think of Muster Ryland coming back from Canada !

Bris. Ah, you thought he'd been gnawed by the Tuscaroras. Well, my friend, how are you going on ?

Rut. Why, about ten miles a day.

Bris. Oh, I see—a bit of carriage plaster. How well your color stands, and you are in a pretty good frame. I suppose you've got a tidy situation.

Rut. Ees—must be tidy, 'cause I be wanted in the drawing room.

Bris. The drawing room ! One would think you were connected with the fine arts. Good wages, I suppose, and vails ?

Rut. Ees ; though I'd rather they'd be handkerchiefs. But, Muster Bristles, what be you about ?

Bris. Why, I'm about to emigrate. The success of humbug in this country is too great to be endured. A man of quiet unobtrusive genius can't get a chance. Only last week I sent a picture to the exhibition, and, because it was a sky piece, they said distance would improve it, and shoved it out of sight.

Rut. Lauks !

Bris. No, no ; the new world for me—there I'll found a school of my own—something in the way of Guido—only let me get to work there, and see how I'll improve the features of the country.

Rut. Ees.

Bris. Not that I mean to confine myself to painting. I partake the inventive spirit of the age. I have got at this moment about forty plans, that will make the fortune of any country that I patronize.

Rut. And what be they ?

Bris. Why, one scheme is, to convert a negro population into whites, by steeping them in lime pits—there's an idea ; then I've got a tunnel from Cape Horn to the Cape of Good Hope, with a spiral staircase to land you at St. Helena—that's not bad. But my master plan is, a "grand atmospheric suspension balloon communication."

Rut. Deary me, what a long team of words !

Bris. I'll explain it—you know that the world turns round ?

Rut. I never zeed it.

Bris. But it does though—once a day, like an overfed lap dog. Now look at my fist—(*His right hand,*)—that's the globe—here's England, (*Touching one side of it,*) and here's America, (*Touching the other.*) Now you see if a balloon goes up from America, (*Raising his left hand from his right,*) say at nine in the morning, and stands still, whilst the world keeps turning, (*Turning his right hand,*) about four in the afternoon, it may drop down upon England—so—do you twig? (*Dropping his left hand down upon his right.*)

Rut. Ees.

Bris. Then I'll book you as a share holder. Half a million shares, fifty pounds each, half a crown deposit; come pay your deposit. (*Enter Mrs. Lockwood, with Ryland.*)

Mrs. L. Not gone, Robin?

Rut. I beg pardon, misses—I'll run there as fast as a bill of the play. (*Goes out.*)

Bris. Mr. Ryland, can I do any thing for you at the inn?

Ryl. Be good enough to say, that I shall not be in till late—of course you'll sleep there, and go to town with me in the morning.

Bris. Very good, sir; meanwhile I'll take a walk upon the heath—I hear there's a man hanging there in chains—want a subject for a picture vastly—wish some blackguard would commit a robbery to night, and let me take him—what details—moon light—man on horseback—Jerry Abershaw—Old Bailly—new drop—good night! (*Goes out.*)

Ryl. Mary, your history reminds me of some of the night scenes I have witnessed in the western woods, an evening calm and shining, deeping into a broad mass of shadow. Let us hope that a better day is coming. But where stays Stephen?

Mrs. L. I am surprised myself; it's true he went out with a friend, and—(*Pausing,*)—business may detain him—Mark, you must suffer me to run for him?

Ryl. As you please, Mary, but I hope he won't be long; I have been up two nights on the road, and I'm afraid he may mistake my weariness for apathy.

Mrs. L. Dear brother, why not lie down till he comes in. Here's a bed, a very poor one, it's true, but soft enough for weary limbs, and a heart like yours, Mark. Now, no objections; if we find you asleep, we'll give you ten minutes to refresh yourself. (*She takes up her bonnet, and goes out.*)

Ryl. My poor, misguided, justly chastened, brother. Who, after this, shall say that the hand of destiny does not trace, in

strong characters, the proud man's warning. I am very tired, but I can't lie down at such a moment, and yet I am likely to fall asleep. No, no, my heart will keep awake; that has a quick ear, and will rouse me at the first creak of his footstep. (*He throws himself upon the bed, turns once or twice and falls asleep, drawing his left arm partly across his face. Derby and Lockwood enter the cottage, the latter in deep abstraction.*)

Der. Can you account for this—our bird flown, and they don't know at the inn when he will be back.

Lock. What do you now purpose?

Der. Why, play is out of the question; we have nothing to trust to, but the ladder and the window.

Lock. And where are we to get the ladder?

Der. I saw one in a farmer's yard close by; but have you nothing in this house you could use in lieu of it? (*Going up to the bed—starts back.*) Lockwood, see, there's a man upon your bed!

Lock. (*Turning.*) What say you?

Der. And fast asleep.

Lock. How came he there?

Der. That's a question.

Lock. (*Striking open the door.*) Mary! she is gone!

Der. The house empty. (*Approaching Ryland closely, drops his voice.*) By heavens! is it possible! Lockwood, it is he!

Lock. Who?

Der. The very man we seek.

Lock. And on my bed! I must rouse him.

Der. Stay, stay! I see it all. He has reeled in here drunk, and driven out your frightened wife in search of you. Could any thing be more fortunate?

Lock. How so?

Der. Why hasn't the game we've been pursuing, run into our hands?

Lock. Derby, you wouldn't have me rob a stranger under my own roof?

Der. I am not aware of any moral difference in roofs—a church's may be more sacred, a tavern's less so—this, I should say, is a happy medium.

Lock. Well, well—do as you please.

Der. Do as I please—it's for you to do—haven't we agreed that the safety of this attempt depends on your becoming its instrument?

Lock. But if I rifle him, of course he wakes and struggles?

Der. And you want something to defend yourself with? Here, here is a dirk. (*Takes one from his bosom.*) I can trust its use to your discretion. I'll watch by the door outside, and if you want assistance, you can call me. Now, Lockwood, be a firm man for five minutes, and you may make us rich ones for the remainder of our lives. (*He goes out at door. Lockwood stands rooted to the spot, with the dirk in his hand.*)

Lock. And has it come to this? I am to lay my hand on that man's bosom, perhaps upon his throat! Hunger has goaded me, friends have maddened me still more. But can I do that act; can I lift the Arab's knife against the stranger, and renounce the Arab's honor? No, no; sunken, seared, degraded as I am, I am not fallen low enough for that. (*Flings away the dirk, then turns with vehemence to the bed.*) Rise, sir, rise, and leave my house; I know not who you are, or why you came here. Evil is my portion, but I will not die with your curse upon my brain! (*Ryland rises.*)

Ryl. Stephen!

Lock. (*Staggering back with mingled horror and surprise.*) What do I see!

Ryl. (*Advancing to him.*) My brother!

Lock. (*Sinking down on one knee, and holding him off with a gaze of vacancy.*) Father of mercies!

Ryl. Why, why do you look so? speak so? why do you keep me from you? Is this my welcome, after three years' absence?

Lock. (*Taking his hand, and still gazing at him in a stupor.*) No, no; give me your hand, Mark; let me feel if it be really you.

Ryl. (*Aside.*) Great powers! his brain is shaken. Stephen, Mary has told me every thing—your trials, your vicissitudes—how near you were upon the point of becoming—

Lock. (*In a low voice.*) My brother's murderer!

Ryl. Stephen, when I came to England, I little thought to see this scene; but my business is now told in a few words. Since we parted, I have become a wealthy man. The farm I bought has doubled in its value. I want assistance to bring it into cultivation. Will you return with me? (*Mrs. Lockwood appears at the door.*)

Lock. What say you?

Ryl. England can no longer be a home for you; it has witnessed your prosperity, and your disgrace. Taught by the

penalties of your ambition, will you resume a life of honest independence—will you atone, in the new world, for your errors in the old?

Lock. (Rising and falling on Ryland's shoulder.) Mark! (Mary runs forward.)

Lock. (Turning quickly, and embracing her.) Mary! (Derby comes from door hastily.)

Der. Now, Lockwood, have you done it?

Lock. (Taking the hand of Mary, and of Ryland, and pressing them to his heart.) You have come too late, sir; I am once more an honest man.

(The Curtain falls.)

XXXII.—FROM THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.—

Dimond.

COUNT DE VALMONT—BARON LONGUEVILLE—FLORIAN, THE FOUNDLING—BERTRAND, VALET TO LONGUEVILLE—L'CLAIR, VALET TO FLORIAN—GASPARD, AN OLD DOMESTIC—SANGUINE AND LENOIR, BRAVOES IN THE PAY OF LONGUEVILLE—GERALDINE, NIECE TO DE VALMONT—ROSABELLE, HER WOMAN—MONICA, AN OLD FEMALE PEASANT—EUGENIA, THE UNKNOWN FEMALE—DOMESTICS—PEASANTS.

Scene 1.—A Hall in the Chateau de Valmont.

(Enter Bertrand, in agitation, followed by Longueville.)

Bertrand. Forbear, my lord!

Longueville. Hypocrite! has your hand been exercised thus long in blood—

Bert. My lord: remember—

Long. Yes, villain! You too, had best remember a solemn oath!

Bert. (Shuddering.) Ay, ay! it was an oath of horror! Well, then—the brave, kind-hearted Florian—yes—he dies!

Long. Then only may your master be esteemed to live.

Bert. But whence this hatred to an unoffending youth?

Long. Fool!

Bert. Can nothing but his blood appease your enmity?

Long. Nothing: 'tis for Florian, De Valmont's heiress is reserved, with those estates for which my impatient soul has paid a dreadful earnest!

Bert. Fatal avarice! For those did the sacrificed Eugenia—

Long. Wretch! dare not repeat that name! Mark me! this night, Florian returns—two of my trusty blood-hounds watch the road—I command your presence, too. (*Exit.*)

Bert. Miserable man!

(*Enter Rosabelle, behind, who taps his shoulder.*)

Rosabelle. Mr. Bertrand!

Bert. (*Starting.*) Ah! Rosabelle—

Ros. Why, Mr. Bertrand, I fear me you are ill.

Bert. Oh, no—I am well—quite well—never better.

Ros. Then you are out of spirits.

Bert. You mistake—I am all happiness—ha! ha! all joy!

Ros. Ah! because chevalier Florian returns—oh! to see him once again in safety—

Bert. (*Involuntarily.*) Ah! would to heaven we might!

Ros. Can there be any doubt?—Surely, you are weeping!

Bert. No, 'tis a momentary pain. At night, Rosabelle, you shall see me jovial—we'll dance together—aye, and sing—then—ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Ros. What new spleen has bewitched the man?

Geraldine. (*Without.*) Rosabelle.

Ros. Here, my lady—in the hall.

(*Enter Geraldine.*)

Ger. Girl! here, remove these knots—I hate their fashion.

Ros. Yet they are the same your ladyship commended yesterday.

Ger. Then 'tis the color of my robe offends me—never did I look so ill before.

Ros. Now, in my poor judgment, you rarely have looked better.

Ger. Out, simpleton!

Ros. Your charms will shine bright enough, lady, to dazzle a soldier's eye.

Ger. Ah! no, Rosabelle—Florian's traveled eyes will despise the wild, untutored Geraldine.

Ros. What! my own beautiful and high-born mistress—despised by a foundling—

Ger. Hush! the mystery of Florian's birth is his misfortune, but cannot be his reproach. The brave man's laurel blooms with as fresh an honor in the poor peasant's cap, as when it circles princely brows.

Ros. I confess the chevalier is a proper gallant for any woman. Ay, and so is the chevalier's man.

Ger. Girl, if from the turret-top, at distance, you espy the hastening travelers, turn, swift as thought, and call me to partake your watch! (*Exit.*)

Ros. I'm sure I shall know L'Clair a mile off, by the saucy toss of his head.

SONG—ROSABELLE.

Oh! come away! my soldier boy,
From war to peace incline thee;
Thy laurel, time shall ne'er destroy,
But love with roses twine thee.

Come, come away,
Love chides thy stay,
Oh! prithee come, my soldier! (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—De Valmont's Chamber.

(*Noise of singing without.*)

CHORUS.

Sing farewell to labor,
Blow pipe and beat tabor,
Fly care far away—
In light band advancing,
Let music and dancing
Proclaim holiday.

(*Enter De Valmont, who rings violently.—Enter Gaspard.*)

De Val. So! am I heard! old man? To what strange dwelling have I been borne while sleeping?

Gas. Alack! your lordship is in your own fair castle.

De Val. You tell me wonders!—Knave! drive the rabble from my gate.

Gas. Well-a-day! who could have foreseen this anger? My good lord! 'tis but your tenantry rejoicing—

De Val. Ungenerous wretches! I am miserable! Quick! quick! drive them from my gate. (*Stamping.*)

Gas. (*Frightened.*) I am gone, my lord! I am gone.

De Val. Hold! Do not dismiss them harshly—I would have them indulge their gayety, but I cannot bear to hear it.

Gas. My beloved master! (*Exit.*)

De Val. All hearts rejoicing—every peasant!—their lord alone devoted to despair! Well, well! your own appointed hour, just heaven!

(*Re-enter Gaspard.*)

Gas. I've sent them hence—mass, I had nigh forgotten—young madam Geraldine waits to see your lordship.

De Val. Admit her! (*Exit Gaspard.*) My gentle one! my desolate orphan maid!

(*Enter Geraldine.*)

Ger. (*Embracing him.*) Ah, my dear, dear uncle! Florian returns to us—are not you happy, uncle?

De Val. You, it seems, my Geraldine, are really happy; you love my adopted Florian.

Ger. Love! fie, uncle!

De Val. Suppose I should offer this Florian to you as a husband.

Ger. (*Looking down.*) I never presume to dispute my dear uncle's commands.

De Val. Little equivocator! do you not wish to become his wife?

Ger. Indeed, I never yet have asked my heart that question.

De Val. But if Florian married any other woman, would you not hate the object of his preference?

Ger. Ah, uncle, you have my secret.

De Val. My excellent, ingenuous child! Florian and Geraldine are destined for each other!

Ger. Dear, dear uncle! what delightful visions your words conjure up to my imagination.

De Val. Enthusiast! you contemplate the ocean in a calm, nor dream how frightfully a tempest may reverse the picture.

Ger. Ambitious pride may tremble at the storm, but true love, uncle, never can be wrecked.

De Val. (*With agitation.*) Girl, girl! wouldst thou find happiness—die! seek it in the grave—ah, dear loved objects of my soul! what are ye now? ashes—ashes! my brain's on fire! (*Rushes out.*)

Ger. Uncle! listen to your Geraldine!

(*De Valmont suddenly returns, and embraces Geraldine.*)

De Val. Geraldine! dear child, forgive me! oh! pity and forgive the infirmities of grief.

Ger. Ah, sir! (*Attempts to kneel.*)

De Val. (*Preventing her, and kissing her forehead.*) Bless

you, my innocent child ! My happiness is lost forever, but I can pray for yours. (*Breaks from her and exit.*)

Ger. My dear, loved uncle !

(*Enter Rosabelle.*)

Ros. Oh, my lady, such news ; he's arrived, he's in the hall.

Ger. My Florian ?

Ros. No, lady, not your Florian ; but my L'Clair.

L'Clair. (*Without.*) Here's a set of rascals ! No discipline !

(*Enter L'Clair.*)

Your ladyship's devoted servant, ever in the foremost rank !

Ger. You are welcome from the wars ; L'Clair, fame has spoken of you, in your absence.

L'C. Fie ! my lady, you disorder me at the first charge.

Ger. Your master, L'Clair, where is he ?

L'C. Ah ! poor gentleman, he's in the rear guard ; but he will arrive before midnight.

Ger. Midnight ! so late ? and the sky seeming to predict a tempest.

L'C. Why, as your ladyship remarks, the clouds are making a sort of forced march : but a storm is the mere trifling of nature, in a soldier's estimation.

Ger. You have often been employed upon dangerous service, L'Clair ?

L'C. Hey, I protest, your ladyship must excuse me there : a man has so much the appearance of boasting, when he becomes the reporter of his own achievements ; I beg leave to refer your ladyship to the gazettes.

Ger. Ha ! ha ! your delicacy shall be respected, L'Clair ; Rosabelle, be it your care to make the defender of his country welcome. At midnight ! Oh, hasten on your flight, dark-winged hours ! (*Exit.*)

L'C. There, you hear, young woman ! you are to make the defender of his country welcome.

Ros. I'll do my best—what service can I lend you first ?

L'C. Dress my wounds.

Ros. Wounds ! gramercy ! I never should have guessed you had any.

L'C. Deep, desperate,—here ! (*Pressing his heart.*) Here, Rosabelle ! 'Tis an old hurt. Must I expire ? Rosabelle, prithee, be my surgeon.

Ros. Well ! what salve will you try first ?

L'C. Lip salve, you gipsy ! (*Kisses her.*)

Ros. Now, shame on you, master soldier ! was this taught you by the wars ?

L'C. Yes, saluting is one of the first lessons in a soldier's trade.

Ros. Hey, keep your hands off—you have taught me enough of the manual exercise already ; but say, now, were you indeed so great a hero as you told my lady ?

L'C. Pshaw ! I didn't tell her half, my modesty forbade ; but for thee, my pretty Rosabelle—

Ros. Ay, with me, I'm certain your modesty will be no obstacle.

L'C. None, for while I gaze upon the face of an angel, the old scratch himself can't put me out of countenance.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—A Wood, stage dark, thunder and lightning.

(*Enter Longueville and Bertrand, the latter masked.*)

Long. Come, sir, to your post ! What ? tremble !

Bert. I do indeed ; the storm is terrible.

Long. Where have you placed the braves ?

Bert. Hard by—just where the horse-road sinks into a hollow—

Long. Hush ! a footstep ! who passes there ?

(*Enter Sanguine.*)

Sanguine. Sanguine !

Long. Wherefore, and parted from your fellow ?

Sang. I left him in the hollow. Just now, a horse without a rider, burst through the thicket ; the very same young Florian rode, when we dogged him from the inn.

Bert. Merciful God ! thou hast preserved him !

Long. Villain ! you may find your transports premature ! Quick ! bestow yourselves on either side !

Bert. (*Catching his arm.*) Yet, my lord, reflect.

Long. (*Throwing him off.*) Recollect your oath.

Bert. (*Desperately.*) Yes, yes, it must be written on my memory in blood. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—A forest.

(*Enter Florian.*)

Florian. A plague upon all dark nights, foul ways, and runaway horses ! A mettlesome madcap, to start at the lightning,

and plunge with me head over heels in the brushwood. In scrambling out of that thicket, I certainly turned wrong, and have missed my road. How to regain it? death! I could as soon compose an almanac, as find a clue to this puzzle. What if I exercise my lungs and call for help? Oh, there's scarcely a chance of being heard—well, 'tis my forlorn hope, and shall e'en have a trial. Holloa! holloa! holloa! (*A whistle.*) Huzzah! somebody whistles from the right! Kind lady fortune! (*Another whistle.*) Ha! answered from the left, too! Lucky fellow! where are you, my dear boys—where are you? (*A vivid flash of lightning displays the figure of a masked bravo, Sanguine, with an unsheathed poniard.*) Ha! a man, armed and masked! Perhaps some ruffian! 'sdeath! I am defenseless; my pistols were left in the saddle!

Sang. (*Advancing.*) Who called?

Flor. If I return no answer, in the darkness I may retreat unseen. (*He creeps to the left.*)

Sang. Speak! where are you?

(*Enter Lenoir, from the opposite side.*)

Lenoir. Here! (*Thunder.*)

Flor. God! (*He recedes and strikes his hand against a hollow tree.*) Ha! a tree! (*He glides into it, at the very instant the two braves meet.*)

Sang. (*Raising his poniard.*) Die!

Len. Hold! 'tis I—your comrade!

Sang. Why did you not answer before?—Hark!

(*Enter Bertrand.*)

Bert. Hist! Sanguine! Lenoir!

Sang. Here! both of us.

Bert. Why did you whistle?

Sang. In answer to your call—you hallooed to us.

Bert. When?

Sang. But now—a minute back.

Bert. I never spoke.

Sang. I'll swear I heard a voice—no doubt then but 'twas—

Bert. From what quarter did the cry proceed?

Sang. I thought it sounded hereabouts; but the storm kept such a confounded patter—

Bert. Well, let us take the left hand path; and if we hear the call repeated—

Sang. Ay! our daggers meet all questions with a keen reply. (*Exeunt.*)

Flor. (*Coming from the tree.*) Eternal Providence, what

have I heard? Murderers then are upon the watch for me! No, no—not for me; I never yet offended a human being. Ha! unless my eyes are cheated, a friendly light now peeps out through yonder coppice. (*Looking out.*) Perhaps some woodman's hut, with a fresh faggot just crackling on the hearth! Oh, for a seat in such a chimney corner. (*Whistle.*) I hear you, gentlemen; a pleasant ramble to you. Adieu—space be between us! Yours is a left-handed destiny—I'll seek mine to the right. (*Exit.*)

Scene 5.—A Cottage—a light burning.

(*Enter Monica, on a crutch, and carrying a basket.*)

Mon. Praise to the virgin! my old limbs have reached their resting place at last. What a tempest! (*Strikes against the door.*) Ho! there—within—open quickly. (*A female wildly drest, appears.*)

Mon. Ah, my poor Silence! thou hast watched for me, I'll warrant. Well, well, if I shiver now, a cup of warm rhenish will soon make me glow again. (*Exeunt into the cottage.*)

(*Enter Florian, running, and out of breath.*)

Flor. I'm right, by all the household gods! 'twas no goblin of the fen that twinkled to deceive! Oh, blessings on this hospitable looking cot! but hold! just now I was on the point of shaking hands with a cut-throat; who knows, but here I may introduce myself upon visiting terms with his family? I'll reconnoiter. (*Steps to the casement on tiptoe.*) I protest, a vastly neat creditable sort of mansion! Ha! by all my hopes, a woman! Enough, here will I fix my tent. Whenever doubts and fears perplex a man, the form of woman strikes upon his troubled spirit like the rainbow stealing out of clouds—the type of beauty and the sign of hope! (*He knocks.*) She comes, she comes. (*The female, on seeing Florian, recoils.—He catches her hand, and detains her.*) My dear madam! no alarm, for heaven's sake! You have thieves in your neighborhood, but, upon my soul, I don't belong to their fraternity. No, madam, I have lost myself in the forest—the storm rages, and I entreat the hospitality of this roof for the remainder of the night! (*The female surveys him with suspicion.*) I fear 'tis my misfortune to be disbelieved—nay, then, let my dress declare my character. (*Opens his cloak.*) Behold! I am a soldier! (*The female shrieks, and darts away into the wood.*)

(*Calling.*) Madam ! my dear madam ! only hear me, madam ! She's gone ! absolutely vanished ! Certainly I must have changed my face, when I lost my road—no scarecrow could have terrified the poor woman more. What's to be done ? If I follow her, I shall but increase her terrors, and my own difficulties. I'll enter the cottage, and wait her return.

(*Exit into the cottage.*)

Scene 6.—The interior of the Cottage.

Flor. All solitary and silent—faith, my situation here is somewhat whimsical. Well, I'm left in undisturbed possession, and that's a title in law, if not in equity. (*Takes off his cloak, and hangs it on a chair.*) Yes, this shall be my barrack for the night.

(*Enter Monica.*)

Mon. There, my garments are changed—

Flor. Ha ! another woman ! but old, by the mother of the graces !

Mon. A stranger !

Flor. Not an impertinent one, I trust. One, who in the darkness of the storm, having missed his road, craves of your benevolence a shelter for the night. You shall be soon convinced I am no dangerous guest.

Mon. Nay, you have told me your necessity, and that's a sufficient claim to every comfort my little cabin can afford. Pray, sir, take a seat. Here, my good Silence ! Ah, I do not see— (*Looking anxiously round.*)

Flor. I am afraid, my good madam, you miss one of your family. It was my misfortune to drive a female out of your house at the moment I entered it. But not intentionally, I protest !

Mon. Ah, I comprehend—you wear the habit of a soldier, sir—and my poor Silence never can abide to look upon that dress.

Flor. Indeed ? that's rather a singular antipathy for a female. May I inquire, is she a daughter of yours ?

Mon. Not by blood, sir ! she is the child of misfortune.—You look fatigued, sir ; let me recommend this flask of rhenish : pray drink, sir, 'twill do you good ; it always does me good.

Flor. Madam, since you are so pressing—my best services to you ! A very companionable sort of old gentlewoman, this.

(*Aside.*) I protest, madam, I feel myself interested for this unfortunate ; is her history a secret ?

Mon. Oh, not a secret, but quite a mystery.—Another draught of wine, sir.

Flor. Madam, you will pledge me. And now for the mystery.

Mon. Well, sir, about sixteen years ago, there came a rumor to our village, of a wild woman, that had been caught in the woods. She was brought round the country as a show. Well, sir, this wild woman was the very creature you beheld but now. She was in truth a piteous object. Yet there was a something so noble and so gentle in her air, that my curiosity was lost at once in pity. My heart swelled to see the gracious image of our Maker so degraded. My tears started. Would you believe it, sir ? the poor desolate statue felt the trickling drops. She cast herself at my feet, and cried out, “Angel of compassion ! save me from disgrace !” I raised the forlorn one to my arms ; her keepers yielded their claims to my entreaties. I led the unfortunate to my dwelling, and I love her with the affection of a real parent.

Flor. By heavens ! I reverence your feelings ! In truth, ’tis a melancholy story.

Mon. Yes, sir ! and melancholy stories make people dry ; so let me recommend another cup of wine !

Flor. Madam ! I can’t refuse the challenge.—(*Aside.*) The old lady certainly designs to send me under the table. But pray, madam, have you never discovered the cause of her distress ?

Mon. Never. I do not even know her name, but call her Silence, because her voice is heard so rarely. The thick woods about, I fear, remind her too much of her former wild way of life. Sometimes she wanders in them half the night.

Flor. Are you not fearful of her safety ? These woods are full of danger ; within this half hour, I myself have encountered three ruffians, lurking for their prey.

Mon. Ruffians ! young gentleman ? Blessed Mary, save us ! Well, well, I fear not for my child. Poverty is the mother of ills, but her offspring generally respect each other. Come, sir, finish the flask. (*Rises.*)

Flor. Kind hostess ! I am bounden to you ever ! (*Rises, and fills his glass.*) Here’s woman, admired when we are happy, but in our adversity, adored. (*Drinks.*)

Mon. (*Courtesying.*) Sweet sir, down to the very ground I return your gallantry.

Flor. Hist! don't I hear footsteps in the wood? Swift! help me swift to bar the door!

Mon. Ah! 'tis forced already! (*Two bravoës spring upon Florian. Bertrand seizes the woman.*)

Mon. Murder! murder!

Bert. Silence, or you die!

(*Florian struggles, and falls upon one knee.*)

Flor. Is it plunder that you seek? What is your purpose with me? Speak!

Sang. Learn it by this! (*Raises his dagger.*)

Bert. Hold! Not here; drag him to the wood!

Flo. Inhuman villains! by your souls' best hope—I charge you—I implore you—

Bert. (*Stamping and casting Monica from him.*) Towards the wood! follow me!

(*A female enters, and passes exactly opposite to Bertrand; his limbs shake, and he reels backward.*)

Bert. Support me, ah, save me, or I die!

(*The bravoës fly to Bertrand, the female crosses to Florian, and spreads her wild drapery before him, in the attitude of protection.*)

Bert. Look, look, she rises from the grave! Heaven itself forbids the deed! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 7.—A Room in the Chateau.

(*Enter Longueville and Bertrand.*)

Long. Traitor! Florian has arrived!—Every way I have been betrayed.

Bert. Hear me, my lord! As I have life, so have I spoken truly; the grave yawned to forbid the blow—I saw—I distinctly saw—it was Eugenia!

Long. Villain! still would you deceive me?

Bert. Ah, my lord, you would deceive yourself. I swear it was Eugenia!

(*Enter De Valmont, conversing with Florian and Geraldine.*)

Long. We are interrupted, quick! change those ruffled features into smiles, quick!

De Val. My boy, your preservation was indeed a miracle.

Long. Florian! a thousand welcomes. Tell me—can it be possible you were assailed last night by ruffians in the wood?

Flor. Yes, my dear baron, yes ! but let us banish gloomy retrospections.

De Val. Not so—these men of blood shall be pursued to justice.

Long. Be that my task. (*To Florian.*) Should you recognize their persons ?

Flor. Positively, no—their disguises were impenetrable.

Ger. But their voices, Florian ? you heard them speak ?

Flor. True, sweet Geraldine ; but their accents were not framed like thine, to touch the ear but once, yet vibrate on the memory forever.

Long. Indulge my curiosity ; how were you preserved ?

Flor. Well, baron, since you force me to act the hero in my own drama, thus runs my story :—I was defenseless, helpless, hopeless :—two sturdy knaves had mastered my struggling arms, and the dagger of a third gleamed against my throat, when suddenly a female form appeared before us ; in an instant, as if by magic, the murderers relaxed their hold, shuddered, recoiled, uttered cries, and fled the spot ; the female, mute and motionless, remained.

Bert. (*To Longueville.*) You mark !

Long. Silence !

Flor. Cowardice is ever found the mate of cruelty. This stranger was doubtless regarded by the villains as a preternatural agent. She proved, however, a mere mortal, frail and palpable as ourselves.

Bert. God ! living !

Long. (*Bertrand draws behind.*) Whence came this woman ? what was she ?

Flor. Alas ! the most pitiable object in nature—an unhappy maniac. She resides at the same cottage where I found shelter from the storm.

Bert. (*As if electrified.*) Direct me, heaven ! (*He glides out, unobserved.*)

Long. Were not any other circumstances linked with this adventure ?

Flor. None of consequence ; but I suspect one of the ruffians was known to this wretched woman.

Long. Florian ! it is necessary this woman should be interrogated. Not a moment must be lost—I will myself visit this cottage instantly. (*Exit.*)

Ger. Uncle, recollect it is to be at noon exactly.

Flor. And what at noon, dear Geraldine ?

De Val. Florian, you are destined to be our hero in peace, as well as war. My niece has planned a little fête—

Ger. Fie, uncle! you have betrayed my secret; as a due punishment, I impose upon you to appear at our fête in person.

De Val. What a demand! I, who never—

Ger. Nay, if it be only for a minute—I cannot be denied.

De Val. Well, you reign a fairy sovereign for the day.

Ger. There's my kindest uncle!—Florian, I warn you, beware, I have the power to punish.

Flor. And to reward also.

Ger. Ah! at least I have the inclination: it will be your own fault, if Geraldine refuses a boon, when Florian is the suitor.

(*Exit.*)

Flor. Lovely Geraldine! Ah, sir, is she not admirable?

De Val. The last fond wish left clinging to this heart, is Geraldine's felicity. I shall endeavor to secure it, by uniting her in marriage with a worthy object.

Flor. Sir, marriage, did you say? gracious heavens! marriage?

De Val. What! does the idea of Geraldine's marriage afflict you?

Flor. I am not such an ingrate—her happiness is the prayer of my soul.

De Val. (*After a pause.*) Florian, draw yourself a seat. (*Florian presents a chair to the count, and then seats himself.*) You behold me, such as I have seemed, even from your infancy—a suffering, broken-hearted man.—I once possessed a heart for enterprise, an arm for achievement. Grief, not time, has palsied those endowments. Like the eaglet, rushing from his nest against the sun, I entered upon life.

Flor. Ah, that malignant clouds should obscure so bright a dawn!

De Val. My spirit panted for a career of arms: at the age of twenty, I embraced the cause of my religion and my king. Then, Florian, it was, I welcomed love! a first, a last, and eternal passion!

Flor. Oh, sir, desist—these recollections shake your mind too strongly.

De Val. No, let me proceed, Florian! I wooed and won an angel—a lovely infant blessed our union. My felicity seemed perfect! Now, Florian, mark! My country a second time called me to her battles; I left my kinsman, Longueville, to guard the dear ones of my soul—I was wounded and made

prisoner—a rumor of my death prevailed through France. I trembled lest Eugenia should receive the tale, and flew to prevent her terrors.—Oh! oh! the blood now curdles round my heart—the wolves of war had rushed upon my slumbering fold—my wife—my infant—I trampled on their ashes!

Flor. Tremendous hour! so dire a shock might paralyze a Roman firmness.

De Val. Florian, there is a grief that never found its image yet in words. I prayed for death; I plunged into the deepest solitudes. At the close of a sultry day, I entered a forest at the foot of the Cevennes. On the sudden, a faint and feeble moan pierced my ear; and, lo! a desolate infant, left to perish in the wilderness! It was famishing! I raised it to my breast; its little arms twined feebly round my neck. Florian, thou wert heaven's gracious instrument to reclaim a truant to his duties! Eighteen years have followed that event.

Flor. Sir, those years shall not pass forgotten. An orphan's blessing wafts their eulogy to heaven. (*He casts himself at De Valmont's feet.*)

De Val. Rise, young man! your virtues have repaid my cares. Florian, let Geraldine become your wife—be you hereafter the protector of my people.

Flor. Merciful powers! I! the child of accident and mystery—a wretched foundling!—I!—

De Val. Young man, fortune forbade you to inherit a name, but she has granted you a prouder boast; you have founded one. Your marriage shall receive my blessing. Farewell. (*Exit suddenly.*)

Flor. Heard I aright? Yes, he pronounced it, “Geraldine is thine.” Earth's gross substantial touch is felt no more—I mount in air, and rest on sunbeams! Oh, if I dream now, royal Mab! abuse me ever with thy dear deceits! (*Enter L'Clair.*)

L'C. So, captain! you are well encountered. I have sad forebodings that our shining course of arms is threatened with eclipse.

Flor. How now, my doughty squire—what may be our present jeopardy?

L'C. Ah, captain, the sex—the dear, enchanting sex; captain, heroes are but men, men but flesh, and flesh but weakness.

Flor. Knave! I am to be married; varlet, wish me joy.

L'C. Certainly, captain, I do wish you joy: for when a man has once determined upon matrimony, he acts wisely to

collect the congratulations of his friends beforehand. May I take the freedom to inquire the lady?

Flor. L'Clair, the peerless, priceless Geraldine.

L'C. Peerless, I grant the lady, but as to priceless, I should think, for my own poor particular, that when I bartered my liberty, I was paying full value for my goods, besides a swinging overcharge for the fashion of the make.

Flor. Tush, man! 'tis not by form or feature I compute my prize. Geraldine's mind, not her beauty, is the magnet of my love. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene 8.—The Cottage.

(Enter Monica and Bertrand.)

Mon. In truth, sir, I have told you every circumstance.

Bert. Seventeen years ago, I think you said?

Mon. Ay, ay, I was accurate, seventeen years.

Bert. Gracious heaven! My good woman, I suspect this unfortunate person is known to me—bring me directly to the sight of her!

Mon. Hold, sir! I must know you first—who knows but you may be her enemy?

Bert. No, no, her friend—her firm and faithful friend!

Mon. I doubt whether she will receive you; her mind is ill at ease; all last night I heard her pacing up and down her chamber, moaning piteously.

Bert. Does she still keep her chamber?

Mon. Hark! I think I hear her stir—*(looks,)*—ay, her door now stands open, her face is turned towards us, but her eyes are fixed upon a writing in her hands.

(Bertrand looks, and casts himself upon his knee.)

Bert. She lives! eternal mercy! thanks! thanks!

Mon. Holy St. Dennis! the sight of her has strangely moved you.

Bert. Oh, let me cast myself before her feet!

Mon. Hold, sir!—back, back. *(Bertrand withdraws.)*

(Enter Eugenia, with a folded paper.)

Eugenia. My kind mother! this is perhaps our last embrace—we must part.

Mon. Part! My child, what mean you?

Eug. Mother, I have an enemy, a dreadful one! Oh! thought of horror! no, no, here I dare not stay.

Mon. My poor innocent! whither would you go?

Eug. To woods and caves, to wolves and vultures, to escape from man ! Receive this paper, 'tis the memoir of my life.

(Monica gives a sign to Bertrand.)

Mon. Yet, hold—a stranger has been inquiring here, who describes himself your friend.

Eug. Ah ! no, no—the tomb long since has covered all my friends.

Mon. He is in the house.

Eug. Where ? *(Monica points, and Eugenia's eyes rest upon the figure of Bertrand, who has concealed his face with his hands.)* Speak ! what would you ?

Bert. *(Uncovering his face without raising his eyes.)* Pardon ! pardon !

Eug. Ah, Bertrand !

Bert. *(Catching her mantle.)* Stay ! Angel of mercy ! a despairing man implores for pardon.

Eug. *(Presses her crucifix to her lips.)* Yes, charity and peace to all ! May heaven forgive thee, sinful man !

Bert. Lady, I come to serve and save you. Might we converse without a witness ?

Mon. Nay, I will not be an eaves-dropper. My blessing, stranger, if you mean her fairly ; but if you wrong, or play her false, a widow's curse fall heavy on your death-bed. *(Exit.)*

Eug. Speak, man of terrors—

Bert. The Baron Longueville—

Eug. That fiend !

Bert. Lady ! I possess the means—O blessed chance ! to shield you from his malice.

Eug. And wilt thou—O ! wilt thou, Bertrand ? One such gracious act shall win thy pardon for a thousand sins.

Bert. Lady ! *(Sinks on his knee.)* I solemnly vow, the tyrant Longueville shall mar your peace no more.

(Sanguine looks in, and makes a sign to Longueville, who follows ; they glide to the further end of the cottage.)

Eug. Rise ! your penitence wears nature's stamp.

Bert. Oh ! lady, by what miracle escaped you the flames of that tremendous night ?

Eug. Ah, what hast thou said ? Again I view thy murderous poniard reared to strike ! Begone ! begone !

Bert. To Longueville ascribe the horrors of that night. Longueville was it, that opened the castle gates at midnight ; his hand it was that fired the chamber where you slept in peace.

Eug. A wayward destiny that night was mine—at once

both saved and lost ! Darkness wrapt my flying steps, and ere the dawn, in safety, with my child, I gained the forest.

Bert. Your child ! eternal powers ! the infant then escaped my blow ?

Eug. Thy dagger's point twice scarred his innocent hand, but failed to reach his life. A sanguine cross indelibly remained.

Bert. O ! does the infant yet survive ? Speak, lady !

Eug. No, Bertrand, no ; fortune but mocked me with a moment's hope—he perished, Bertrand. Ah ! my brain !

Bert. Thou suffering excellence ! Let me bestow thee in a safe retreat.

(The baron suddenly stands before them.)

Bert. Undone for ever !

Long. Guard well the door—let not a creature enter or depart. *(Draws his dagger.)* Wretch !

Bert. Strike ! yes, deep in this guilty bosom, strike.

Long. Thou double traitor ! tremble at impending death !

Bert. Tyrant ! I defy thy vengeance—the measure of my anguish and despair is full.

Long. Wretch ! I give thee back thy life, but I will study punishments, to make the boon a curse unutterable ! Sanguine, ascend the stair, and force that wretched woman to my presence.

Bert. Hold, hold, my lord ! recall those threatening words.

Long. Away, my purpose is resolved.

Bert. *(Kneels, and catching his cloak.)* Hear me, my lord ; as you deal with this afflicted innocent, so hereafter, shall the God of judgment deal with you.

Long. *(Aloud.)* Sanguine, produce my victim.

Bert. Cover me, mountains ! hide me from the sun !

(Sanguine returns from above.)

Sang. My lord, the female has escaped !

Long. Villain ! escaped ?

Bert. Ha !

Sang. *(Turning to the window.)* Ha ! I catch a female figure darting through the trees—she runs with lightning speed !

Long. Distraction ! if she gain the castle, I am lost for ever ; pursue, pursue ! *(Longueville and Sanguine rush out.)*

Bert. Guardians of innocence, direct her steps ! *(Exit.)*

Scene 9.—A room in the chateau.

(Enter Rosabelle and Gaspard.)

Gasp. Ha ! young mistress Rosabelle, you are fleet of foot.

Ros. Yet, my steps are heavier than my heart, for that's all feather. Wilt along with me, Gaspard ?

Gasp. No, no—youth is for flight—but age for falls.

Ros. Wilt turn a waltz anon, and be my partner in the dance ?

Gasp. Hey, madcap, have we dances toward ?

Ros. Certainly ! the lady Geraldine and myself for beauty ; and then for rank, we shall have the count himself, and the baron, and—

Gasp. Out upon you, magpie ! his lordship, the count, among revellers ! truly a pleasant jest.

Ros. I heard him promise lady Geraldine—

Gasp. Damsel, thy tongue has made a boy of me again.

Ros. Indeed, then have I brought thee to thy second childhood.

Gasp. Ah ! would you fleer me ? His lordship among revellers ! oh ! the blessed tidings ! *(Exeunt.)*

Scene 10.

(Village girls advance, scattering flowers before Geraldine, who is led by Florian.)

Ger. *(Pointing to the centre seat.)* There is our hero's seat. Nay, my commands are absolute ; I reserve this for my uncle. *(They seat themselves. Boys habited as warriors, hang military trophies round Florian's seat. Girls enter, as wood-nymphs, and disarm the warriors, remove the trophies, and replace them with garlands. The warriors and nymphs join. Suddenly a piercing shriek is heard, and Eugenia enters, and casts herself at the feet of Geraldine.)*

Eug. Save me ! save me !

Ger. Ah ! what wretched suppliant is this ?

Flor. By heavens ! the very woman who preserved my life ! *(Enter Longueville.)*

Long. *(With instant self-command.)* Dear friends, heaven has appointed me the agent of its grace. I have discovered in this wretched woman, the long-lost wife of a friend at Baden.

Eug. No, no, I have no husband—they have murdered him; this man would betray—destroy me. (*Catching Geraldine's robe.*)

Ger. How earnestly she grasps my hand.

Long. She utters nought but madness! Come, away, away! (*Seizing Eugenia, she clings to Geraldine.*)

Eug. Forsake me not!

Ger. Forbear, my lord; I cannot find that wildness you proclaim. Lady, dismiss your fears—here resides the Count de Valmont.

Eug. Who!

Ger. The excellent—the suffering De Valmont.

Eug. (*With recurring insanity.*) Come to the altar—my love waits for me—weave me a bridal crown!

Long. Behold! can you doubt me now?

Ger. Too painfully I am convinced. Poor thing! ah, remove her hence.

Flor. Yes, yes, remove her! but O, I charge you, treat her with the tenderest care.

Long. (*To his people.*) Advance, bear her to my pavilion! (*They seize upon Eugenia—the count enters at the same moment.*)

De Val. My friends, I come to join your pleasures.

Eug. (*Struggling violently.*) Hark! he calls me to his arms. Unhand me!—oh! cruel—cruel—(*She sinks into a swoon.—Longueville draws her veil, to conceal her features.*)

Long. Away with her, this instant! (*He catches De Valmont's arm—then imperatively to the men.*) Quick, quick! (*De Valmont pauses in surprise. Longueville maintains his restraining attitude. Florian and Geraldine join to arrest his steps. The bravoes withdraw the insensible and unresisting Eugenia.*) (Exeunt.)

Scene 11.—The steward's room.

(*Gaspard and L'Clair discovered, drinking.*)

Gasp. Adod! a very master-piece of military art. Well, and what then, did our troops?

L'C. They dashed through the river, like a pack of otters.

Gasp. Hold—you said just now the river wasn't fordable.

L'C. Did I? pshaw! I only meant, it wasn't fordable to the enemy. But as to our hussars—whew! such fellows as

they would get through any thing. (*Takes the flask from Gaspard, and drinks.*)

Gasp. O, the rare hussars ! My room is private, so here we'll sit, and talk about war for the remainder of the night.

L'C. Bravo ! agreed—but hark ye, is not this room of your's built in a queer sort of a circular shape ?

Gasp. No : a most perfect square.

L'C. Well, I never studied mathematics, but, for a perfect square, methinks it has the oddest trick of turning round with its company, I ever witnessed.

(*Enter Rosabelle.*)

Ros. Here's a display of profligacy ! So, gentlemen, are these your morals ?

Gasp. Marry now, my malapert lady ! how comes it you are found abroad at these wild hours ?

Ros. I have always important motives for my conduct. A strange female waits at the castle-gate, and demands to speak with the person of first consequence in the family.

Gasp. (*Rising pompously.*) I am of course the personage required ! You say a female ?

Ros. Yes, she waits in heavy trouble at the gate.

Gasp. I fly. Gallantry invites, and I obey the call.

'Tis woman tempts from friendship, war, and wine—

My fault is human—my excuse divine ! (*Exit.*)

Ros. In sooth, the old gentleman has not forgotten his manners in his cups ; but as to you, sir, have you nothing to say for yourself ?

L'C. (*Rising and reeling towards her.*) Much, very much ! O, Rosabelle, beautiful Rosabelle ! This morning I beheld only one Rosabelle, and yet I was undone ; now I seem to behold two Rosabelles—ergo, I either see double, or am doubly undone. There's logic for you.

Ros. What shall I do with him ? I must coax him. (*Aside.*)
L'Clair—come, come, my dear *L'Clair*. Assuredly of all objects in creation, the most pitiable is a man in liquor.

L'C. There's one exception—a man in love. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 12.—The Count's Chamber.

(*De Valmont gazing upon a miniature.*)

De Val. Eugenia !

Now of the angel race, and blessed in heaven !

Forgive, dear saint ! these blameful eyes that flow

With human love, and mourn thy blessedness.—
 These lips have life—yea, very breath—
 I'll gaze no more—there's witchcraft in this skill,
 And my abused, weak brain, may madden soon!

(*Puts the picture in his bosom.*)

Gasp. (*Without.*) Go, go—his lordship may not be disturbed—

Mon. (*Without.*) I have a cause that must be heard—

De Val. How now! voices in the ante-room!—Ho!

(*Enter Gaspard.*)

Gasp. Alack, that folk will be so troublesome. My good lord, here's a strange woman, who craves vehemently to be heard.

De Val. Nay, in the morning be it—not at this hour.

Gasp. I told her so; my very words: but her grief seems to have crazed her reason.

De Val. How! is she unhappy, then? Her sorrows be her passport here.

(*Enter Monica.*)

Mon. So, you are seen at last, my lord! Men say your heart is good—grant heaven! I find it so!

De Val. Woman, give me a knowledge of your griefs with method.

Mon. I will, I will, but anguish stifles me. Oh! my lord, this is your castle, and here she fled for shelter! Oh! my lord! save her! save her! (*She throws herself at his feet.*)

De Val. Rise, attempt composure; your words are riddles to me.

Gasp. My lord, 'tis of the poor lunatic she speaks; she whom the baron has confined.

De Val. I saw the person not. Rest, good woman, rest; my kinsman is her friend.

Mon. No, no—he is a monster! Here, here read his character. (*Producing Eugenia's MSS.*)

De Val. Woman! Beware! grief yields no privilege to slander.

Mon. I am not a slanderer; indeed, indeed I am not. Your lordship, I find, is called the Count de Valmont; had you not once a relation of the same title, who fell in battle?

De Val. Never.

Mon. Yet 'twas the same title; ay, here 'tis written—"in forcing the passage of the Durance."

De Val. How! 'tis of myself you read.

Mon. Ah, my lord, were you once wedded to a lady named Eugenia?

De Val. Woman! Ah, name beloved!

Mon. Yes—yes—it is—it must be so—here—read—read—read this! (*Giving the scroll.*)

De Val. Eternal powers! When and where did you procure this writing?

Mon. This very morning, from her own hand, my lord; Eugenia lives to bless and to be blessed again.

De Val. (*Startling amazed.*) Begone! lest I forget thy sex, and kill thee for thy cruelty.

Mon. Nay, read, and let your eyes assure your soul of joy.
(*The count staggers back into a chair.*)

Gasp. Woman, if you have spoken falsely—

Mon. By the great issue, let my words be judged.

De Val. (*Reading.*) "The chamber burst in flames. I snatched my infant from its slumber; I heard the voice of Longueville direct our murder"—(*Starting forward.*) Oh, God of wrath and vengeance! hear thou a husband's and a father's prayer! Strike the pale villain! dead! (*He draws his sword, and strikes with it as at a combatant—he reels and faints.*)

Gasp. Help, help, help!

(*Geraldine rushes in, followed by domestics.*)

Ger. Ah, heavens! what killing sight is this? Uncle, uncle, speak to me, 'tis Geraldine that calls.

(*Enter Florian.*)

Flor. My patron! dying!

Ger. Nay, bend him forward—he sees—he knows us—

Flor. How fares it, sir? Bless us with your voice.

De Val. (*Grasps the scroll.*) Longueville! Longueville!
(*Relapses into insensibility.*)

Flor. Enough! I comprehend! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 13.—A rugged cliff and river.

(*Enter Longueville and Sanguine.*)

Long. Tardy, neglectful slave! still does he loiter?

Sang. You bade Lenoir to sound his bugle when he reached the bank?

Long. Ay, thrice—hark! hear you nothing!

Sang. Only the rising tide that murmurs hoarsely.

Long. Is midnight passed?

Sang. Long since.

Long. Night! Oh, to the murderer, thou art terrible! on beds of down he feels the rack!

Sang. How now, my lord? conscience! Nay, then, let Eugenia live.

Long. Not for an angel's birthright! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 14.—The river's bank—a small bower of lattice work—the moon, at full—Bertrand watching the pavilion.

Bert. I watch in vain! Oh! that this heart might bleed to its last guilty drop, in ransom for Eugenia! (*A bugle is sounded three times.*) Ha! a bugle! the omen of some fatal deed! Eugenia, I will preserve, or perish with thee. (*He retires into the bower.*)

(*Enter Longueville.*)

Long. 'Twas the signal! Ho! Lenoir! advance!

(*Enter Lenoir.*)

Len. All is prepared—your orders are fulfilled.

Long. The moon has risen high; your course may be observed.

Len. Dismiss that fear;—not e'en the solitary fisher spreads his nets upon the stream.

Long. Where have you left the boat?

Len. Under the bank, in shade.

Long. Then, when you reach the middle of the current—

Len. Ay—Eugenia's funeral rites are few and brief.

(*Bertrand clasps his hands in despair, and groans.*)

Long. Ha! what sound is that?

Len. Some tree moaning to the blast.

Long. Wherefore come you not masked?

Len. I left a mask within the boat; this flowing mantle will conceal my dress. (*Bertrand makes a gesticulation of hope—then glides silently out.*)

Long. 'Tis well!—Ho! Sanguine! lead forth your charge. Dispatch, Lenoir! return to the boat and row it swiftly hither: away! (*Exit Lenoir.*) She comes! ill-starred Eugenia!

(*Enter Sanguine and Eugenia.*)

Eug. Whither do you lead me? Ah! Longueville—now then I read my answer—'tis death—'tis murder!

Long. Lady, you misjudge my purpose.—A safe asylum is provided, where peace shall gild the evening of your life.

Eug. No, no, I find a language in your eye, more certain than your lip : murder, midnight murder !

Long. (*A noise of combat without.*) Ha ! the clash of swords ! Sanguine, fly to the spot. Lenoir, I fear me, is in danger. (*Exit Sanguine.*) Eugenia, return to the pavilion.

Eug. Not while succor seems so nigh : help, help !

Long. Dare but repeat that cry ! (*Draws a dagger.*) Nay, nay, you strive in vain. (*Forces Eugenia to the pavilion.*)
(*Re-enter Sanguine.*)

Sang. My lord, the combatants had vanished : close to the water's edge, the turf was stained with blood.

Long. 'Sdeath ! some prying hind has stolen on our plans : doubtless Lenoir has been assailed, and for a while avoids the bank. Follow me ! (*Exit with Sanguine.*)
(*Eugenia appears at the window.*)

Eug. Does the great thunder sleep, still patient of a murderer's crimes !

(*Enter Florian.*)

Flor. Baron ! baron ! (*Runs to the door.*)

Eug. Ah ! turn—turn in pity !

Flor. Heavens ! (*Opens the door, and Eugenia clings wildly round him.*) Unhappy woman, whence these cries ?

Eug. Swear to preserve me ; swear not to yield me to the murderer's dagger !

Flor. My honor and my manhood both, are pledges for your safety ; but who is the enemy you dread ?

Eug. Longueville, he seeks my life ; nay, nay, I am not mad, indeed I am not.

Flor. Appease these agonies—by my eternal hope, I swear, I will defend you with my life from injury.

Eug. A wretch's blessing crown thee ! Oh, let my soul dissolve in tears upon this gracious hand ! (*Eugenia clasps Florian's hand and covers it with tears—she rubs the back of the hand she has seized.*)

Flor. Why do you fasten thus your looks upon my hand ; what moves your wonder ?

Eug. This scar, this deep—deep scar ! Speak, how gained you first this dreadful mark ?

Flor. From infancy I recollect the stamp.

Eug. Who were your parents ?

Flor. Alas, that knowledge never blessed my heart ; I am a foundling : eighteen years since—

Eug. Ah, did watchful angels then—yes, yes—'tis nature's holy proof!

Flor. Merciful heavens! Woman! woman! pronounce my parents' name, and I will worship you.

Eug. Your parents! (*She faints.*)

Flor. Speak! I conjure you, speak! breathe but their sacred name!

(*Enter Longueville and Sanguine.*)

Long. The lurking knave, whate'er his aim, has fled beyond our reach. Has Lenoir returned your signal to approach the bank?

Sang. He rows towards us now. Nay, look—the boat draws close.

Long. Then to our last decisive deed! (*Passing to the pavilion.*) Ha! Eugenia rescued, and in Florian's arms?

Flor. Help, baron! help! Aid me to preserve a dying woman!

Long. Florian, this fair impostor, resign her to my care.

Flor. Pardon me, Longueville, to this female's fate my soul is newly bound by ties so strange and strong, that even your displeasure must not part us. (*The alarm-bell tolls from the castle.*)

Long. Ha! the castle is alarmed—look out, Sanguine,—what means this tumult?

Sang. My lord, the glare of torches wavers through the grove—

Long. Distraction! Florian, instantly resign this woman. (*Attempting to force her from him.*)

Flor. Never! my word stands pledged for her protection.

Long. Confusion!—Ho! Lenoir! Lenoir!

Eug. (*Recovering.*) Stay, blessed vision! Ah! 'twas real—I fold him to my heart! (*A man enveloped in a mantle and a mask, at that instant enters.*)

Long. Ha! now presumptuous boy! (*He draws and rushes upon Florian, who stands upon the defense.*)

Flor. In a just cause, I would not shrink before a giant's arm.

Eug. (*Frantic.*) Inhuman Longueville!—forbear, forbear! (*While Florian encounters Longueville, Sanguine darts upon Eugenia—by the action of a moment he transports her from her protector's side, to the baron's.*)

Long. Away! drag her to the boat:—be mine the task to curb her champion's valor.

Flor. Hold ! dastard—unless thou art dead to every sense of manhood, hold !

Long. Boy ! I triumph, and deride thy baffled spleen. (*Sanguine passes Eugenia to the masque.*)

Eug. Dear loved youth, thy mother blesses thee, and dies content !

Flor. Eternal Providence ! Longueville ! (*In an agony casts himself at his feet.*) Oh, if thou art human, hold ! Spare, O ! spare my parent !

Sang. Decide, my lord ; the crowd approach !

Long. 'Twere vain to pause—swift ! plunge your poniards in Eugenia's bosom !

Flor. Monster !

Long. They come—obey me, slaves ! (*The masque lifts a dagger over her.*)

Sang. We are prepared.

Long. Now.

San. Comrade, strike !

Masque. Ay, to the heart ! (*The masque plunges the dagger into Sanguine, who falls.*) Eugenia is preserved.—(*With one arm he supports the lady, and with the other snatches away the mask, and discovers the features of Bertrand.*)

Long. Bertrand ! eternal palsies strike thy arm !

(*Enter Gaspard, Monica, domestics, &c. with torches.*)

Flor. Secure the villain !—Mother !—mysterious blessing !

Eug. My boy, my only one.—Bertrand, life is thy gift, and now indeed I bless thee for the boon.

Bert. I swore to save you ; I have kept my oath.—

(*Enter De Valmont, Geraldine, and domestics.*)

De Val. Dear worshiped form, she lives—she lives—

Eug. Ah ! shield me, Florian : yon phantom shape—

De Val. Nay, Eugenia—'tis thy lord, thy living lord.

Eug. Indeed, my wedded lord ! I wept for a dear warrior once ; and did the sword forbear so just a heart ? (*She sinks upon his breast.*)

Long. Detested sight !

Flor. Remove that monster to some sure confinement ! The count hereafter shall pronounce his punishment.

Long. Already I endure my heaviest curse.—Come, to a dungeon ! darkness is welcome ! (*Exit.*)

Ger. Florian ! friend—ah ! yet a dearer name—you rob me of a birth-right, still I must greet my new-found kinsman—

Flor. Geraldine !—What means my love ?

De Val. Florian, heaven mysteriously o'erwatched thy hour of peril, and led a father through the desert, unconsciously to succor and redeem his child.

Flor. Ha! De Valmont's glorious blood then circles in these veins!—My parent, my preserver!

De Val. My forest prize, my foundling boy. (*They embrace.*)
(*Exeunt.*)

XXXIII.—FROM RIENZI.—*Mitford.*

RIENZI, TRIBUNE OF ROME—COLONNA, URSINI, GREAT NOBLEMEN OF ROME—SAVELLI, CAFARELLO, FRANGIPANI, NOBLEMEN OF ROME—ANGELO, COLONNA'S SON—CAMILLO, RIENZI'S SERVANT—ATTENDANTS AND MASQUERS.



Angelo.—Thus I throw
A brave defiance in thy teeth.

Scene 1.—A hall in the Capitol—a chair of state, elevated on two steps. Enter Savelli, Frangipani, and Cafarello, who advance to the front.—Camillo and attendants, in the back ground.

(*Frustrated design to assassinate Rienzi at a banquet in honor of his daughter's marriage with Angelo Colonna.*)

Savelli. Rienzi bears him like a prince, save that he lacks
The port serene of majesty. His mood
Is fitful; stately now, and sad; anon,

Full of a hurried mirth; courteous awhile,
And mild; then bursting, on a sudden, forth,
Into sharp biting taunts.

Frangipani. And at the altar,
When he first found the proud and angry mother
Refused to grace the nuptials, even the nuncio
Quailed at his fiery threats.

Cafarello. I saw Colonna
Gnawing his lip for wrath.

Sav. Why, this new power
Mounts to the brain like wine. For such disease,
Your skillful leech lets blood.

Fra. Suspects he aught
Of our design? We hunt a subtil quarry.

Sav. But with a wilier huntsman. (*Enter Ursini.*)
Ursini,

Hath every point been guarded? Be the masquers
Valiant and strongly armed? Have ye taken order
To close the gates—to seize his train—to cut
The cordage of the bell, that none may summon
The people to his rescue?

Ursini. All is cared for,
And vengeance certain. Before set of sun,
We shall be masters of ourselves, of Rome,
And Rome's proud ruler. This quiet masque of ours—

Caf. What is the watchword?

Urs. Death.

Fra. Peace, peace—he comes!

(*Enter Rienzi and Colonna, at opposite points.*)

Rienzi. A fair good welcome, noble friends.—Your chairs.

(*Takes the chair of state.*)

Bring mirth! I brook no pause of revelry.
Have ye no masque?

Sav. (*To Ursini.*) He rushes in the toils;
Now weave the meshes round him.

Urs. Sooth, my lord,
We had plotted to surprise the gentle bride
With a slight masque—a toy, an antic.

Rie. Ay, and when?

Urs. Soon as the bell tolled four, the masquers
Were bid to enter.

Rie. Four? And how attired?

Urs. Turbaned and robed, and with swart visages ;
A troop of lusty Moors.

Rie. Camillo, hark ! Admit these revelers ;
Mark me—(*Gives orders in a low voice, to Camillo.*)

Urs. (*Aside.*) Now, vengeance, thou art mine !

Rie. Wine—wine ! (*To an attendant.*)

Fill me a goblet high with sparkling wine !

(*The attendant fills a goblet, and presents it to Rienzi.*)

Fill high, my noble guests. Claudia Rienzi,
And Angelo Colonna ! Blessed be they
And we in their fair union ! Doubly cursed
Whoever in wish or thought would loose that tie,
The bond of peace to Rome ! Drink, good my lords ;
Fill high the mantling wine, and in the bowl
Be all unkindness buried !

Urs. Heartily

We pledge you, noble Tribune. (*All rise, except Colonna.*)

Rie. Why, Colonna !

Brother !—(*Colonna rises.*) He startles at the word. He eyes
The cup as it were poisoned. Dost thou think
We have drugged the draught ? I'll be thy taster :—drink !
The wine is honest—we are no traitors !

Urs. Drink ! I pray thee, drink !

Colonna. Health to the gentle bride ! (*Drinks.*)
Health to my children !

Rie. This is fatherly ;

Noble Colonna, this is princely. Now,
If any scorn, Claudia may say Colonna,
Whose word is truth, hailed her his child. (*Rises.*)
We must carouse yet deeper. Hark, Francisco !
Go bid the fountains, from their marble mouths,
Pour the rich juice of the Sicilian grape,
A flood of molten rubies, that our kind
And drouthy fellow-citizens may chorus
Hail to the gentle bride. I would fain bid
Old Tiber flow with wine. Another cup—
To thee and thine, Colonna ! Fill the bowl,
Higher and higher ! Let the phantom, fear—
And doubt, that haunts round princes—and suspicion,
That broods a harpy o'er the banquet—flee
Down to the uttermost depths. A health
To thee and thine, Colonna !

Urs. Of what doubt
Speaks our great Tribune?

Rie. A fit tale of mirth,
To crown the goblet! (*Enter the masquers, at different sides.*)
Doubt! Spake I of doubt?
Fear! Said I fear? So fenced around by friends,
Allies and kinsmen, what have I to fear
From treason or from traitors! Say yon band
Were rebels, ye would guard me! Call them murderers,
Ye would avenge me.

Urs. Ay, by death.

Rie. And thou?

Col. By death!

Rie. Seize the foul traitors. (*To the masquers, who seize
the nobles.*) Ye have passed
Your own just sentence. Yield, my masters, yield!
Your men are overpowered; your masquers chained:
The courts are lined with guards, and at one stroke—
One touch upon the bell, the strength of Rome,
All that hath life within the walls, will rise
To crush ye. Yield your swords. Do ye not shame
To wear them! Yield your swords. (*Enter Angelo.*)

Angelo. Rienzi—(*Then to one of the guards, who seizes
Colonna.*) Villain!

An thou but touch the lord Colonna—ay,
An thou but dare to lay thy ruffian hand
Upon his garment—

Rie. Seize his sword.

Ang. Again!

Art frenetic, Rienzi!

Rie. Seek of them.

Ang. Father, in mercy speak! Give me a cause,
And though a legion hemmed thee in, thy son
Should rescue thee. Speak but one word, dear father,
Only one word! Sure as I live, thou art guiltless;
Sure as the sun tracks his bright path in heaven,
Thy course is pure. Yet speak!

Rie. He is silent.

Ang. Speak.

Rie. Doth not that silence answer thee? Look on them.
Thou knowest them, Angelo—the bold Savelli,
The Frangipani, and the Ursini—
Ay, and the high Colonna; well thou knowest

Each proud and lofty visage ; mark them now.
 They should be signed, as Cain of old, for guilt—
 Detected, baffled, murderous guilt, hath set
 His bloody hand upon them. Son, thou shudderest !
 Their tawny masquers should have slain me, here,
 Here, at thy bridal ;
 Here, in my festive hour—the mutual cup
 Sparkling ; the mutual pledge half spoke ; the bread,
 Which we have broke together, unconsumed
 Upon the board ; joyful and full of wine ;
 Sinful and unconfessed—so had I fallen ;
 And so—the word was death. From their own lips
 Came their own righteous sentence—death !

Ang. Oh, mercy !

Mercy ! Thou livest. 'Twas but the intent—

Rie. My death

Were nothing ; but through me, the traitors struck
 At peace, at liberty, at Rome—my country—
 Bright and regenerate, the world's mistress once,
 And doomed, like the old fabled bird, to rise
 Strong from her ashes. Did ye think the people
 Could spare their Tribune ? Did ye deem them weary
 Of equal justice ; and mild law ; and freedom
 As liberal as the air ; and mighty fame,
 A more resplendent sun ? Sirs, I am guarded
 By the invisible shield of love, which blunts
 The darts of treachery. I cannot die,
 Whilst Rome commands me live. For ye, foul traitors,
 I pardon ye, and I despise ye. Go !
 Ye are free.

Ang. (*To Rienzi.*) Oh, thanks, my father.

Col. Said he thanks ?

Chains, bring me chains ! Such words from such a tongue,
 Were slavery worse than death. Chains—chains—

Rie. Ye are free.

Col. Is the proud pillar of Colonna fallen,
 That base plebeian feet bestride its shaft ?
 Is Ursini's strong bear muzzled and chained,
 That every cur—

Sav. Good cousin, pray thee, peace ;
 The Tribune means us fairly.

Rie. Still, ye are free.

Yet mark me, seigniors : tame your rebel bloods ;

Be faithful subjects to the good estate ;
Demolish your strong towers, which overtop
Our beautiful city with barbarian pride,
Loosing fell rapine, discord, and revenge,
From out their dens accursed. Be quiet subjects,
And ye shall find the state a gentle mistress—
Else—

Col. Doth he threaten !

Urs. Hush ! this is no time—

An hour will come—

Rie. What, do you mutter, traitors ?
Follow me instant to the Lateran.
There, at the holy altar, with such rites,
As to profane were sin more damnable
Than treason ever dared, to offer up
Your vowed allegiance to freed Rome—to me,
Her servant, minister, deliverer—me,
Your master. Ye are free ; but I will chain
Your rebel souls with oaths. Follow me, sirs. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—The Capitoline Hill.

(*Enter Ursini and Frangipani.*)

Fra. Nay, Ursini, why pluck me by the sleeve ?
Why steal from the procession ? Why re-waken
The tyrant's anger ?

Urs. For revenge ! Ye are stunned,
Bewildered, as men rousing from a dream,
That know not where they stand. Dost thou not see
Our great revenge is sure ? The tyrant walks
Blinded by his vain glory ; confident
In that straw fetter, an extorted oath ;
And we—why are we not resolved ? And be not
Our bold retainers waiting armed in proof,
Without the gates of Rome ? What if to-night—

Fra. This very hour. Our tried and hardy band,
Led by the chivalry of Rome, could carry
The city at a charge ; and Rome herself
Will rise against the madman.

Urs. Here comes one,
Whose name were worth a host. Didst thou not mark,
How, stung by the sharp scorn Rienzi flung
On proud Colonna, the young bridegroom broke

From his new father's side ! (*Enter Angelo.*)

Lord Angelo,

A truant from this pageant ?

Ang. As thou seest.

Urs. Yet thy good father, our great Tribune—

Ang. Sir,

I am a son of the Colonna. (*Crosses.*)

Urs. Ay,

The heir of that most princely house ; and, sir,

Fair, though she be, a friend must frankly wish

She owned another sire.

Ang. No more ! no more ! (*Enter Savelli and Cafarello.*)

How passed the ceremonial, count ? Beseech thee,

Tell us of these new rites.

Sav. The noble train

Rolled smoothly on. Rienzi led the band !

Right royally, sceptered, and robed, and backing

A milk-white Arab, from whose eyeballs flashed

Quick gleams of glittering light. Colonna held

The bridle-rein.

Ang. Stephen Colonna !

Sav. Ay—

Thy father, sir. We meaner barons walked

Behind, bareheaded, and with folded arms,

As men doing penance to the holy shrine

Of St. John Lateran. Then came a mummary

Of oaths to that indefinite she, the State—

Republic, sir, is out of date—and then—

Caf. Ay, tell that impious outrage.

Sav. Then Rienzi,

Stepping before the altar, his bold hand

Laid on the consecrated Host, sent forth,

In a full pealing voice, that rolled along

The fretted roof, like the loud organ swell,

A rash and insolent summons to the Pope

And Cardinals ; next he cited to appear

The imperial rivals, Charles and Lewis ; next

The Electors Palatine. Then, whilst the aisles

Of the hushed church prolonged his words, he drew

His dazzling sword, and, waving the bright blade

To the four points of Heaven, cried with a deep

Intensity of will, that drove his words

Like arrows through the brain, " This too, is mine."

Yes, to each part of this fair earth, he cried—
 “Thou, too, art mine.”

Ang. Madman! And ye—

Sav. We listened

In patience and in silence; whilst he stood
 His form dilating, and his haughty glance
 Instinct with fiery pride.

Ang. Now, by St. John,
 Had I been there, ye should have heard a voice
 Answer this frenzied summoner.

Urs. Our answer
 Is yet unspoken. Angelo Colonna,
 If the old glories of thy princely race,
 Thy knightly honor, thy fresh budding fame,
 Outshine the red and white of Claudia's cheek,
 Then—

Ang. Wherefore pause? I know thee, Ursini—
 Rienzi's mortal foe, and scarce a friend
 To the Colonna; yet, in honor's name—
 Say on—

Rie. (*Without.*) Lead home the steed. I'll walk from
 hence.

Urs. Meet me at the Colonna Palace. Fail not.

(*Enter Rienzi, attended by Colonna, and other Lords.*)

Rie. Ah! he is here. Son! Ye may leave us, lords,
 We are content with your good service. (*Exeunt all but Rienzi
 and Angelo.*) Son,

Methinks this high solemnity might well
 Have claimed thy presence. A great ruler's heir,
 Should be familiar in the people's eyes;
 Live on their tongues; take root within their hearts;
 Win woman's smiles by honest courtesy,
 And force man's tardier praise by bold desert.
 So when the chief shall die, the general love
 May hail his successor. But thou—where wast thou?
 If with thy bride—

Ang. I have not seen her. Tribune—
 Thou wavest away the word with such a scorn
 As I poured poison in thine ear. Already
 Dost weary of the title?

Rie. Whereforeshould I?

Ang. Thou art ambitious.

Rie. Granted.

Ang. And wouldst be
A king.

Rie. There thou mistakest. A king! fair son!
Power dwelleth not in sound, and fame hath garlands
Brighter than diadems. I might have been
Anointed, sceptered, crowned, have cast a blaze
Of glory round the old imperial wreath,
The laurel of the Cæsars; but I chose
To master kings, not to be one; to direct
The royal puppets as my sovereign will,
And Rome—my Rome decree. Tribune! the Gracchi
Were called so. Tribune! I will make that name
A word of fear to kings.

Ang. Rienzi! Tribune!
Hast thou forgotten, on this very spot,
How thou didst shake the slumbering soul of Rome
With the brave sound of freedom, till she rose,
And from her giant limbs the shackles dropped,
Burst by one mighty throe? Hadst thou died then,
History had crowned thee with a glorious title—
Deliverer of thy country.

Rie. Well!

Ang. Alas!
When now thou fallest, as fall thou must, 'twill be
The common tale of low ambition. Tyrants
O'erthrown to form a wilder tyranny;
Princes cast down, that thy obscurer house
May rise on nobler ruins.

Rie. Hast thou ended?
I fain would have mistaken thee—hast done?

Ang. No—for, despite thy smothered wrath, the voice
Of warning truth shall reach thee. Thou, to-day,
Hast, by thy frantic sacrilege, drawn on thee
The thunders of the church, the mortal feud
Of either emperor. Here, at home, the barons
Hate, and the people shun thee. Seest thou not,
Even in this noon of pride, the waning power
Fade, flicker, and wax dim. Thou art as one
Perched on some lofty steeple's dizzy height,
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts
Of thinner air; too giddy to look down

Where all his safety lies ; too proud to dare
The long descent to the low depth from whence
The desperate climber rose.

Rie. Ay, there's the sting—

That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar
The reverend worm, nobility ! Wouldst shame me
With my poor parentage ! Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jew's quarter ; my good mother cleansed
Linen for honest hire. Canst thou say worse ?

Ang. Can worse be said ?

Rie. Add, that my boasted school-craft
Was gained from such base toil, gained with such pain
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, the scoff of our poor street,
For tattered vestments and lean hungry looks,
To pay the pedagogue. Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,
I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorned and derided ! 'midst their ribald crew,
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells ;
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavenged death, of a dear brother.
I seemed I was a base, ignoble slave.
What am I ? Peace, I say ! what am I now ?
Head of this great republic, chief of Rome ;
In all but name, her sovereign ; last of all,
Thy father.

Ang. In an evil hour—

Rie. Darest thou

Say that ? An evil hour for thee, my Claudia !
Thou shouldst have been an emperor's bride, my fairest.
In evil hour thy woman's heart was caught,
“ By the form moulded as an antique god : ”
The gallant bearing, the feigned tale of love—
All false, all outward, simulated all.

Ang. But that I loved her, but that I do love her
With a deep tenderness, softer and fonder

Than thy ambitioned-hardened heart e'er dreamed of,
My sword should answer thee.

Rie. Go to, lord Angelo;
Thou lovest her not. Men taunt not, nor defy
The dear one's kindred. A bright atmosphere
Of sunlight and of beauty breathes around
The bosom's idol. I have loved—she loves thee;
And therefore, thy proud father—even the shrew,
Thy railing mother, in her eyes, are sacred.
Lay not thy hand upon thy sword, fair son—
Keep that brave for thy comrades. I'll not fight thee.
Go and give thanks to yonder simple bride,
That her plebeian father mews not up,
Safe in the citadel, her noble husband.
Thou art dangerous, Colonna. But, for her,
Beware!

(*Going.*)

Ang. Come back, Rienzi! Thus I throw
A brave defiance in thy teeth. (*Throws down his glove.*)

Rie. Once more,
Beware!

Ang. Take up the glove!

Rie. This time for her— (*Takes up the glove.*)
For her dear sake—come, to thy bride! home! home!

Ang. Dost fear me, Tribune of the people?

Rie. Fear!

Do I fear thee! Tempt me no more. This once,
Home to thy bride! (*Exit.*)

Ang. Now, Ursini, I come—
Fit partner of thy vengeance! (*Exit.*)

XXXIV.—MAURICE, THE WOODCUTTER.—*Somerset.*

PRINCE LEOPOLD—BARON LEIBHEIM—COUNT HARTENSTEIN—
MAURICE—HANS, HIS FRIEND—DOMINIE STARRKOPH—GLAN-
DOFF, FRIEND OF THE COUNT—CAPTAIN MANHOOF—RIEGEL,
PRISON-KEEPER—BOLTZEN, HIS TURNKEY—FRITZ, SON OF MAU-
RICE—MARIE, WIFE OF MAURICE—LOTTA, HER DAUGHTER—
OFFICERS—PEASANTS.

Scene 1.—A pleasant Village.—A post from which a bell is sus-
pended.

*(Enter groups of peasantry, in holiday suits, preceded by music.
Enter Dominie Starrkoph, with a large paper.)*

Dominie. Ah—good morrow to ye, my merry men, all !
(Enter Hans.)

Hans. The same to you, Dominie.

Dom. Now for it—open wide your ears, and listen unto me.

Hans. Why, what have you got there, Dominie ?

Dom. A petition to our most gracious sovereign, Prince Leopold ; written and composed by no less a personage than Dominie Sebastian Starrkoph, schoolmaster, bachelor of arts, and doctor of law.

Omnes. A petition !

Dom. Aye, a petition against the cruelty of our governor, Count Hartenstein.

Hans. Hush ! take care what you say, Dominie.

Dom. Marry, for what, friend Hans ? It is not my place to fear, but, rather, to make others fear : my schoolboys, for instance. You know me, master Hans ; recollect—I've often given you a sound flogging before now.

Hans. I know that well enough, and I'm very much obliged to you for it ; but, Count Hartenstein, our governor, is no schoolboy of yours ; recollect that, master Dominie.

Dom. Meddle thou not with me, friend Hans ; my deeds will bear the light, and I am at all times ready to answer for them. But come—now for the petition ; which, if you approve of, I trust you will have no objection to sign ; that is, as many of ye as can write.

Hans. None in the world. I'll make my mark.

Omnes. And so will I—and I—

Dom. Bravo ! And now bring me a chair, or a table, or

any thing elevated—in order that I, being an eminent man, may have an exalted situation. (*The peasants bring a large barrel, on which the Dominie mounts, to read his petition. Reading.*) “May it please your most illustrious royal highness—the humble petition of the inhabitants of Greenwald, sheweth: firstly, that your petitioners are rapidly sinking from the level of rational beings, to a condition far beneath the brute creation.”

Omnes. Bravo, Dominie!

Dom. “Secondly, the cause of such degradation, is solely the cruel tyranny of their governor, Count Hartenstein; who, abusing the authority reposed in him, tramples on your highness’s loyal subjects, and treats them no better than so many oxen, calves, sheep, or asses!”

Omnes. Very true—very true, Dominie!

Dom. “Thirdly, the state of matters has arrived at such a pitch, that poor rogues are hanged in dozens, in order that the rich ones may go free, and live in ease and security.”

Omnes. Most true.

Dom. “Fourthly, your highness’s loyal and affectionate subjects have more taxes to pay, than bread to eat.”

Omnes. So we have—’tis very true.

Dom. “Fifthly, if the said Count Hartenstein be not instantly removed from power, your highness’s loyal subjects must infallibly all die of a consumption—and, like a leaky vessel on the stormy ocean, sink to the bottom.” (*At these words the head of the barrel gives way, and the Dominie falls in. The peasantry help him out again. In the midst of the confusion, enter suddenly Count Hartenstein, with guards and attendants, several of whom carry whips.*)

Count. What vulgar revelry is this? Go, idle knaves, and get ye hence, to work.

Dom. To work!—aye, forsooth, that we may have more money for thee, when thou art pleased to send thy taxgatherers to demand it.

Count. Why, thou audacious rebel! this language to me! Dost thou not tremble, when I lift my arm?

Dom. No. Strike a poor defenseless old man, if thou hast courage enough to do so—’twill but be adding another to the many glorious actions thou already hast to boast of.

Count. Reptile! thou art beneath my notice.

Dom. A reptile, am I? Treat me as such; tread upon me, if you dare—and, old as I am, I’ll turn and bite thee.

Count. Gag the vile slave! (*Sees the petition on ground.*)

What do I see ? a paper too !—some vile conspiracy, no doubt. (*Takes it up.*) These plotting knaves are ever brooding mischief. (*Reads.*) Audacious rebels ! what is this ?

Dom. What so seldom reaches your ears, and never escapes your lips—the truth.

Count. Insolent slave !—but I'll punish thee ! Guards, seize on the hoary villain, and bind him to yonder post. One hundred lashes be his chastisement. Strip him, and spare him not.

Omnes. Shame !—shame !

Count. Peace, murmuring curs ! or ye shall share his fate. (*To his guards.*) Obey my orders.

Hans. (*Stepping forward.*) An't please your excellency ; seeing as how the Dominie is an old man, and I'm young and strong ; and as it would grieve my heart to see one who has acted like a father to me, suffer such a dreadful punishment—I humbly beg leave to bear the one hundred lashes upon my own brawny shoulders, in place of the poor old Dominie. (*Strips off his coat.*)

Count. Fool, for thy pains—no ! the old rebel shall himself receive the punishment awarded. Strip him, and bind him fast. (*The guards are about to obey, when the Dominie saves them the trouble, by very deliberately pulling off his coat himself.*) He mocks me, and my power. (*To the Dominie.*) If I mistake not, thou art a schoolmaster ?

Dom. I am ; and would give the world to have thee for a scholar.

Count. Why so ?

Dom. That I might try, if by a little wholesome correction, I could make thee good for something.

Count. Insulting wretch !—dost thou not condescend to beg for mercy ?

Dom. What ! of a man whose heart is made of marble ? Thou knowest as much of mercy as of justice.

Count. Such vile audacity is past endurance ; and yet, to make thy punishment the more degrading, I'll have thee flogged by thy own schoolboys. (*To an officer.*) Go, fetch the urchins hither. Bind him fast, I say. (*The Dominie is bound to the bell post. Officer comes from cottage with the schoolboys, little Fritz at their head.*)

Fritz. Mercy on us ! only look !—the Dominie stripped and bound to the bell post ! What can this mean ?

Count. (*To the child.*) He has been a naughty boy, and must be flogged. He has often whipped you all—has he not ?

Fritz. Oh, yes, my lord, very often—but never unless we deserved it.

Count. You may now be revenged on him, for all the pain he has made you suffer. (*To his flagellators.*) Give them your whips. (*They obey.*) There! (*To the boys.*) I give you permission to do with the old Dominie just what you please.

Fritz. But what has he done, my lord?

Count. Insulted me—called me a tyrant.

Fritz. And is it then a crime to speak the truth?

Count. Confusion! Boy, I pardon thee that word, because I know that rebel was thy tutor. So, now to execution. Spare him not.

Fritz. Well, if we must, we must, (*He, and the other boys, flourish their whips.*) You give us permission, my lord, to do with the Dominie just what we please?

Count. (*Exulting.*) I do—I do.

Fritz. Enough. (*To the villagers.*) You are all witnesses. Then it is our pleasure to release the worthy instructor of our youth, from the power of a tyrant. (*The boys release the Dominie, kissing and embracing him—then run to the count, and begin pulling him towards the bell post.*)

Count. Confusion seize the brats! What would you with me?

Fritz. Put you in the Dominie's place, and flog you as long as we could stand over you.

Dom. Bravo! my little darlings: you shall have half-a-holiday, for that answer.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Count. (*To his guards.*) Disperse these slaves, and cut them down like dogs!

(*The guards are attacking the peasantry, when suddenly, enter Baron Leibheim.*)

Baron. Hold!—in the prince's name, no violence. What means these hostile preparations?

Count. They are to punish rebels.

Dom. Rebels to thee—but loyal subjects to their lawful prince. (*To the Baron.*) We met here, my lord, to give vent to our hearts, in innocent mirth, and honest rejoicings, for that our dearly beloved prince returns to us this day, after so long an absence. This, it seems, and the very great crime of telling him the truth, provoked our worthy governor to such a degree, that he proceeded to the brutal outrage you so happily prevented. (*Handing the petition to the baron.*) This paper will explain to your lordship, the honest grounds we have to murmur.

Rie. (To Boltzen.) Boltzen, see who's there !
(Enter Baron Leibheim, and Prince Leopold, the latter still in disguise.)

Count. (Aside.) That meddler here again. Welcome, my lord ; you come, no doubt, to see our prison discipline ?

Baron. Such, sir, is our object. Permit me to present to you, my worthy friend, a traveler of distinction.

Count. An introduction which I highly prize. Now, master Riegel, bring your prisoner forth : I would admonish him, ere he depart.

Rie. Conduct Maurice, the woodcutter, hither.

(Boltzen brings him in.)

Count. Maurice, the time of your imprisonment expires this day ; and if you love your freedom, and your family, you'll not transgress the laws a second time. Before you are discharged, however, I insist that you express due sorrow for your crime ; and beg pardon of that gentleman, (pointing to Glandoff,) whom you have dishonored by a blow ! If you refuse, you remain here a prisoner.

Mau. Never ! though I should perish in my dungeon, will I pretend sorrow, where I cannot possibly feel any ; nor ask pardon of one, who is any thing but a gentleman ; and, therefore, cannot be disgraced by the fist of an honest man.

Count. Insolent slave !

Baron. (To Maurice.) Methinks, more modesty of speech, my friend, would aid your cause far better than such language.

Mau. Sir, you are a stranger here, and know not what it is to smart beneath the bondage of a tyrant.

Count. Audacious rebel ! These stubborn peasantry—

Mau. Yes, they are stubborn as their native oaks ; break them, you may, by force, and cut them down, but bend they will not, at a tyrant's nod.

Baron. Why not comply with such a just demand ? 'Tis for some crime, of course, that you are here ? Acknowledge it—say you are sorry—and depart in peace.

Mau. Sorry, my lord ! for what ? for having killed a hare, that crossed my path, while, as high heaven above us knows full well, my wife and helpless babes at home, were starving ! and that, too, at the very time when his excellency, the governor, and that worthy gentleman yonder, (pointing to Glandoff,) with half a hundred more, were out upon a hunting party, riding through corn-fields, trampling down meadows, scaring the peaceful flocks, and slaughtering whatever wild animals came in their

way, with a merciless hand ; and for what ?—to satisfy the cravings of nature ?—to stop the cries of their hungry children ? No. For mere pastime—for sport. Me, they drag from my poor family to prison, while they rove at large, committing the very crime for which I suffer, if it be one, with impunity. This may be law, perhaps ; but is it justice ? is it humanity ? And would you have me confess sorrow for doing my duty ? for procuring food for my famishing children, wherever I could find it ? Never ! Do with me what you will, I'll not accept of liberty, dearly as I prize it, on your conditions.

Count. Obstinate boor ! (*Knocking without. Riegel nods to Boltzen, to see who knocks ; he does so.*)

Bolt. The wife and children of the prisoner, request to see him.

Mau. (*In an extasy of joy.*) My dear Marie ! my brave boy, Fritz ! and her mother's image, my dear little Lotta, too ! Where are they ? let me fly into their arms ! (*Crossing, is stopped by Riegel.*)

Rie. Stop, stop ! you forget where you are, prisoner.

Mau. (*Suddenly depressed.*) I did indeed forget myself, for joy.

Count. We want no squalling brats and women here.

(*The prince here silently directs the baron to interfere.*)

Baron. Nay, this is cruelty ; and I entreat, as a great favor, that this poor man's family be instantly admitted.

Count. Sir, I am governor, and know my duty.

Baron. And I, sir, have the honor to be called your prince's friend : in his name, I request, and if that's not sufficient, I command you to let the prisoner see his wife and children.

Count. You command me, sir ?

Baron. I do. You see I have full powers from the prince. (*Pointing to his credentials.*)

Count. (*With difficulty suppressing his rage.*) Admit the woman and her brats. (*Riegel lets them in.*)

(*Enter Marie, little Fritz, and Lotta.*)

Mau. (*Embracing them.*) Ah, my dear Marie ! my Fritz ! my Lotta, too !

Marie. My Maurice !

Fritz. } Dear father ! (*Mutual embrace.*)
Lotta. }

Count. Your husband is at liberty, good woman.

Marie. Heaven bless your excellency !

Mau. Amen ! for no man living needs it more.

Baron. (*Returning the petition to the Dominie.*) Such scenes as these are painful to behold ; nor do I see how they so soon can end, for, be it known to you, the prince has been detained ; and when he may arrive, is not so certain. Go, therefore, home in peace and quietness, and rest assured that justice shall be done you.

Omnes. Hurrah ! hurrah ! (*Exeunt Starrkoph, Fritz, Hans, and peasantry.*)

Count. Your interference here, my lord, was quite uncalled for.

Baron. 'Tis for the prince I act ; and if you doubt my word, here, sir, are my credentials. (*Gives a paper, with seal, &c.*)

Count. (*Hastily reading it—aside.*) Curse on the intruder ! (*Returns paper.*) Such documents, my lord, demand implicit reverence. You are most welcome ; and my castle, should you long tarry here, I do entreat, you will in all things use, as 'twere your own.

Baron. Your grace's hospitality is too well known to create wonder—and gladly I accept your friendly invitation.

Count. Right proud am I, of such a noble guest ; and take my leave to make due preparation. (*Exit, hypocritically smiling, with guards.*)

Baron. Thus far, all's right. The prince will, in disguise, see if his people's loud complaints are just. I fear they are ; for such a specimen of government as I but now beheld, is the sure way to ruin prince and people. But see, my royal master comes this way,

(*Enter Prince Leopold, muffled in a long cloak.*)

Prince. How now, my trusty Leibheim, have you reported what I ordered you ?

Baron. I have, your highness ; and thereby proved the sudden death of joy, which, like a gay and jocund bridegroom, smiled in every countenance, in hopes of your return.

Prince. And are the rumors of the discontent our people feel, founded in truth, or not ?

Baron. I fear, in truth. From what I saw, at least, they've cause to murmur. Your highness knows the count ? he is a man, haughty and resolute. Moreover, your highness's absence for so many years, has given him power to commit more grievous acts than he, mayhap, can answer for.

Prince. If so, I'll see justice done my people !—for he's unworthy of the name of prince, who lives but for himself.

A sovereign should deem himself a man, by heaven sent
To punish guilt, and right the innocent. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Landscape.

(*Enter Marie, Little Fritz, and his sister Lotta.*)

Marie. (*To Fritz.*) The governor is certainly very cruel ; but poor people, you know, my boy, have no right to speak the truth at all times ; and I am greatly afraid we shall suffer severely.

Fritz. Never fear, mother ; for just as the count ordered his soldiers to kill us all, a noble-hearted gentleman rushed between, exclaiming, “ Hold ! in the prince’s name ! ” which plainly proved him to be a person of some consequence.

Marie. A providential interference, or, who knows but I might have lost thee, my dear boy ?

Fritz. Lost me, indeed ! Bless you, mother, I’m not afraid ; for if the soldiers had struck me, depend upon it, I should have made a stout resistance, and defended myself like a man.

Lotta. A man !—you’re a fine fellow to fight with soldiers, upon my word. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Fritz. None of your impudence, little Miss Hop-o’-my-thumb ! I’m bigger than you, at any rate.

Marie. Avoid such scenes in future, my dear boy ; for, should any accident befall thee, it would break thy mother’s heart. But come, my children, let us to the prison ; your poor father’s term of captivity expires this day. Come, let us haste, and welcome him once more to the sweet blessings of liberty.
(*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—Interior of the prison.

(*Enter Count Hartenstein and Glandoff, conducted by Riegel, the prison-keeper, and Boltzen, his turnkey.*)

Riegel. (*Bowing.*) This way, most excellent sir, this way.

Count. That stubborn poacher, Maurice, the woodcutter, is, if I mistake not, to be released to-day ?

Rie. Your excellency has a most astonishing memory ; Maurice, the woodcutter’s time, does indeed expire exactly at twelve o’clock, this very day.

Count. Six months for such a crime, was far too lenient ; we must begin to act with more severity, or this vile rabble will tread on us at last. (*Knocking without.*)

Count. Upon condition that he ask pardon, and express sorrow for his crime.

Mau. Never !

Marie. What—not to save your Marie, and your poor children, from misery and despair ?

Mau. And would you have me tell a willful lie in the sweet face of Heaven ?

Marie. Dear Maurice, for our sakes, kneel down, and beg his excellency's pardon.

Lotta. Do, father, for your little Lotta's sake.

Mau. (*Softening.*) Well, well—I—will—ask pardon ; yes, for your sakes, I will.

Fritz. Show yourself a man, father, and don't do any such thing !

Mau. (*Embracing the boy, in transport.*) No, I won't, my boy ! (*To Riegel.*) Lead me back to my dungeon again ; for if I tell a lie to please any man, I shall not carry out of the prison the treasure I brought into it—a pure, unsullied conscience !

Count. (*Stamping violently.*) Into the deepest dungeon with the slave !—there, on one scanty meal a day of bread and water, we'll soon subdue his haughty spirit.

Mau. Never !—for with my dying breath I'll curse all tyrants !

Count. Away with him !

Marie. } Mercy ! mercy !
Lotta. }

Fritz. (*Aside.*) I've a good mind to cry—but I won't ; no—nor beg neither.

(*The prince here again instructs the baron to interfere.*)

Baron. I am again compelled to interfere. (*To Maurice.*) In the prince's name, I give you instant liberty. Go, then, and bless the family you love so dearly.

Count. (*Aside.*) My rage will suffocate me ! yet will I have revenge !

Mau. (*To baron.*) Whoever you are, my lord, may a poor man's blessing ever attend you. (*Kneels, and kisses baron's hand ; rising.*) Come, my loves ! (*To Count and Glan-doff.*) And as for you, gentlemen sportsmen, when you next sit down to a venison dinner, I hope you'll just reflect for a moment on the situation of the poor husband and father, who has not a morsel of food for his starving wife and children ;

that will teach you a little more humanity ! Come, Marie ! come, children, come !

Count. (*Aside to Glandoff.*) Follow me to the palace,—there to concert measures of revenge ! (*Exeunt all but the baron and prince.*)

Baron. What think you now, my prince ?

Prince. I've heard and seen, what I had ne'er believed but for the evidence of mine own senses.—And my heart bleeds to see the poor thus trampled on. But patience yet, to see how far he will proceed, and then to crush the tyrant ! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—Interior of Maurice's Cottage.

(*Enter Maurice, Marie, Little Fritz, and Lotta.*)

Mau. What tongue can tell the feelings of a parent, who, after long imprisonment, once more returns to his humble dwelling, and clasps the dear objects of his affections to his loving heart,—as I do now ! (*Embrace.*) Let the storms of fate rage without—let cruel tyrants fume, and courtiers fawn—this is my Heaven—this my Paradise ! (*Kneels, returning thanks to Providence.*)

(*Enter prince and baron, unperceived, listening in the background.*)

Marie. This is happiness indeed ! But, my dear Maurice, I know the impetuosity of your temper, therefore, be careful, if you meet the governor, or any of his officers, just touch your hat, and seem, at least, respectful.—Do let me entreat of you—for our sakes !

Mau. What—flatter villainy ! never ! Yet, for your sakes, I will avoid the tyrant,—but that's all I can do ; so don't require any more of me. And now, my dear Marie, I go to labor for those I love so dearly, that we may have something for these poor children's dinner. Farmer Hertzfeld, you know, promised me work again, as soon as I got my liberty.

Marie. He did, Maurice ; but the governor has forbidden him to assist one whom he calls a daring poacher.

Prince. (*Aside.*) The cruel tyrant !

Marie. And what we are to do, heaven only knows ! for we have not the means of procuring a morsel of bread for these poor infants. (*Weeps.*)

Mau. And this, too, is the governor's work ! May lightnings blast—may mildews blast the—

Baron. (*Rushing between.*) Hold, rash and thoughtless man! nor utter words offensive to high Heaven.

Marie. (*Aside.*) The gentlemen here again!

Fritz. (*Aside, to his mother.*) The very same who this morning saved us from the fury of the soldiers.

Mau. (*Bowing to baron.*) Your pardon, sir; for when the blood is fired—

Baron. Men are apt to act without reflection.—I know it well, and must confess you've cause: yet, recollect, that suffering is the furnace where virtue is refined and cleansed from dross. Your poverty is grievous!—Are you willing to gain, by honest labor, a subsistence?

Mau. Willing, my lord! ay, faith,—as willing as I always was.

Baron. Say you so,—then I will be your friend. To-morrow I'll procure you work in plenty.

Mau. My lord, words cannot speak my gratitude.—Heaven will reward you.

Prince. (*Aside.*) The wretch who can oppress such hearts as these, must be a demon in the shape of man. But he shall tremble yet.

Baron. (*Aside to prince.*) They seem deserving,—and yet knavery so often wears the garb of honesty, that I will put them to the proof at once.—We are about to pass your gloomy forest, where, as we have been informed, the traveler is frequently plundered by banditti.

Mau. You have been told the truth, sir,—it is so.

Baron. To-morrow we return,—and will, till then, intrust this casket to your care, containing jewels worth several thousand dollars—(*Opens it.*)—as you may see!

Mau. I'd rather not, my lord.

Baron. Nay, we are not mistrustful.—Your honesty, we are assured, is proof against temptation.

Mau. It ever was,—and, with kind heaven's aid, I trust it ever will be. Marie, my dear,—(*Taking the casket and giving it to his wife.*)—deposit the gentleman's casket in our strong box. (*Marie takes the casket and puts it away.*—*Exeunt prince and baron.*)

Fritz. That's a kind-hearted gentleman. But I wish he had brought us something for dinner with him in his pocket, for I'm so hungry.

Lotta. And so am I, brother.

Mau. Hungry are ye, my precious babes? and I have not

a morsel of food to offer you. Give me my gun, Marie, I'll go shoot another hare, or any thing I can find.

Marie. Not for the wealth of the Indies!—Besides, your gun has been taken away by order of the governor.

Mau. The governor again! that name is like rank poison to my soul! Yet what is to be done?—Speak, Marie, or I shall run distracted!

Marie. Have patience, my dear Maurice; the worthy gentleman, you know, promised you plenty of work to-morrow.

Mau. But to-night! to-night!—are these dear infants to go supperless to bed? Fritz, my boy, and my little Lotta, tell me, what time did you get your breakfast to-day?

Fritz. We've had no breakfast, father.

Mau. No breakfast—no dinner—no supper!—Oh, wretched father!—is it then come to this? What mortal man could bear such misery? Marie, open the box!—give me that casket! I must, I will have bread for these poor suffering innocents!

Marie. Maurice! for mercy's sake, forbear!

Mau. Give me the casket! I say,—nor earth, nor hell have power to prevent me.

Marie. Yet Heaven hath, I hope!—there let our hope repose. (*Maurice feels his error, and kneels with Marie and the children, supplicating forgiveness.*)

Mau. Wife! Marie! thou art my guardian angel! Give me the hatchet; I'll to the forest and cut a little wood to make a fire; for cold makes hunger doubly keen. Come, Fritz, my boy! To suffer, rather than betray our trust, is noble; and though grim death, in every horrid shape, should stare us in the face, we'll not endanger our immortal souls by forfeiting that jewel, honesty!

Scene 5.—A Chamber in the Palace.

(*Enter the count, followed by Glandoff.*)

Count. I tell thee, Glandoff, I will have revenge.

Glan. You are right, my lord,—or this insulting upstart will rob you of your royal master's favor.

Count. I greatly fear he has done so already. 'Sdeath! but to think, that after all my toil,—the years that I have spent in public business,—I should be spurned for a new favorite! No—he shall perish, ere it come to that!

Glan. But how, my lord?

Count. Ay, that's the question, Glandoff! Yet—I have it!

I will invite him to a hunting party ; and, once in the deep mazes of the forest, 'twill be an easy task to—

Glan. Murder him, my lord.

Count. Right, right, my trusty Glandoff. But, hush ! for see, my hated rival comes this way !

(*Enter Baron Leibheim.*)

Count. I trust, my lord, no difference of opinion, or party feeling, will, for a moment, make you uncomfortable here ; or me forget the sacred rights of hospitality.

Baron. I say, amen, to such a pious wish, with all my heart.

Count. To show how I esteem the nobleman, who is my prince's friend, I have arranged a hunting party, which I entreat of you to honor with your presence.

Baron. Most willingly. I love a merry chase, above all things. On one condition—that the game we kill be given to the poor.

Count. Agreed, my lord, Yet that's a strange condition !

Baron. By no means. Pardon this contradiction : Maurice, the woodcutter, you recollect, gave us a lecture, in the jail to-day—which justice must allow to be the truth.

Count. You seem, my lord, to be the advocate of these rude peasantry, who, if encouraged, would soon act the lord, and set all laws and order at defiance.

Baron. Far be it from me, sir ; yet you'll allow, that justice should, both to the rich and poor, be dealt with strict impartiality. (*Horns heard without.*)

Glan. (*Looking off.*) Your excellency's hunters wait without.

Count. (*Crossing.*) My lord, with your permission—

Baron. I am ready. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Prince Leopold.*)

Prince. My friend, the baron, gone into the forest upon a hunting party ! What if he prove himself the game, and fall into the snares of Hartenstein ! I'll follow at a distance. The count seems friendly, yet I have my doubts,

And do suspect the motives of this chase :—

False heart doth often wear the fairest face ! (*Exit.*)

Scene 6.—The Forest.

(*Maurice discovered cutting wood, and Fritz gathering chestnuts.*)

Mau. (*Lays down his hatchet, and ties up his bundle of wood.*) Come, my boy, let us be going. We have got wood enough now, to make a comfortable fire.

Fritz. Yes, and I've gathered such lots of chestnuts, which we can roast for supper. That's better than having no supper at all, isn't it, father?

Mau. Certainly, my boy. (*Horns heard in the distance.*) Ah! another grand hunting party in the forest. Some more of your noble-privileged poachers, no doubt, killing game, and murdering time, for their amusement. Ah! they little know what it is to see a beloved wife and children go supperless to bed. (*Takes up bundle of wood.*) Come, Fritz—come, my brave boy! (*Exeunt. Fritz immediately returns.*)

Fritz. 'Twas very stupid of us, though, to leave our hatchet behind: but there it lies, quite safe. (*Looking off.*) Ah! here comes the governor, as I live! and that other good-for-nothing fellow, Glandoff. He owes me a spite, for telling him the truth this morning; so I'll e'en hide till they are gone by. (*Conceals himself.*)

(*Enter the Count and Glandoff, the latter with disguises.*)

Count. Now Glandoff, not a moment must be lost! Where have you the disguises?

Glan. Here, my lord. (*Producing masks and cloaks.*)

(*The Count and Glandoff disguise themselves as banditti.*)

Count. This dress defies detection. Ah! my rival little dreams his fate. But now to ambush! (*Exeunt.*)

Fritz. (*Coming forward.*) Oh, you couple of good-for-nothing scoundrels! flogging, indeed! why, hanging would be a precious deal too good for you.

(*Enter Baron Leibheim.*)

Baron. Upon my word, they've served me prettily! As if by magic, they all disappear, and leave me in the mazes of the forest.

Fritz. Fly! my lord, fly! your life is in danger! I see them coming! (*Conceals himself.*)

(*Count and Glandoff rush in.*)

Count. (*In an assumed voice.*) This to thy heart! (*Offers to stab the Baron, who parries the thrust. The Baron and Count contend. Glandoff is about to cut down the Baron, when a stranger enters, and attacks the Count.*)

Stranger. What, two to one! Then, I'll have a try, and see if I can't astonish you, and make myself as disagreeable as the blacking-brush was, to the white silk stocking.

(*Glandoff beats the Baron off, on one side; the Count beats off the stranger, on the other, who does not return. The Baron re-enters, attacks the Count, and disarms him; he kneels, in token of*

surrender. Glandoff at this moment re-enters, and attacks the Baron; the Count seizes Maurice's hatchet, which is lying near, and striking the Baron a violent blow with it, from behind, levels him to the earth. A struggle then ensues; the Baron pulls the Count to the ground with him, and in his agony, tears the mask from his face, and a picture of the prince from his breast. He exclaims, "Villain! traitor!" and sinks apparently dead. The Count and Glandoff rush off, on hearing the sound of horns without.)

Fritz. (Coming from his concealment, and bending over the body of the baron.) Oh, the villains! to murder so good, so kind a gentleman! Oh, dear! I could cry my eyes out. How he bleeds! This fine picture though, I shall take care of; it may prove of some service hereafter. (Looking round.) Oh, here come the villains again! I must to my hiding-place. (Puts the picture into his bosom, and goes off. Sound of horns. Enter Count and Glandoff, in their proper dresses, with attendants.)

Count. Whence this alarm?

Glan. Oh, what a horrid sight! Behold! the worthy Baron Leibheim has been murdered.

Count. Oh, direful spectacle! my worthy guest has fallen a victim to the vile banditti of the forest. Sound an alarm! Let troops be sent in search of the assassins.

Glan. A hatchet lying close by the body, with marks of blood upon it! and a name upon the handle.

Count. (Taking hatchet.) Ah! Maurice, the woodcutter! (Aside.) Ah, fate, I thank thee! (Aloud.) He is the murderer! On—on, I say, pursue the murderer! (Exeunt.)

(Fritz comes forward. At same moment, re-enter Glandoff.)

Glan. The prince's picture torn from my master's neck; I must recover it, or—(sees Fritz.) Ah! that boy, no doubt, has witnessed all that passed; but I will quickly silence him forever. (Seizes little Fritz, who exclaims, "Father! father! save me!" he hastens with him into the forest.)

(Enter Prince Leopold, in the utmost alarm. Utters an exclamation of horror, on seeing the mangled body of his friend, the baron. The cries of little Fritz, then attract his attention.)

Prince. Hark! a fellow creature in distress! Heaven, let me rescue him, or perish in the attempt. (Rushes out.)

Scène 7.—The Village, Bell, &c. as in Scene 1.

(*Enter Dominie Starrkoph.*)

Dom. I verily believe that fate has conspired, with tyranny and oppression, to trample on the rights of honest men. Just as I was on the point of overtaking the worthy baron, to present to him my petition, I learned that he had been most barbarously murdered : and then to think that Maurice, the woodcutter, should have been guilty of so shocking a deed ; a man, whom we all considered so honest. For my part, I can never believe it, though the proofs are strong against him.

(*Enter Glandoff, with a letter.*)

Glan. Heaven save the worthy Dominie !

Dom. Amen ! and all of us, from the power of the evil one.

Glan. I am the bearer of a letter for you ; 'tis from his excellency.

Dom. From the governor, you mean ; we won't talk of his excellence.

Glan. E'en as you will ; 'tis but a title.

Dom. Very true, and in this case, a word without a meaning.

Glan. Here's the letter. (*Gives it.*) His excellency the count will be here anon, to receive your answer in person.

Dom. Well, I am sure, I ought to think myself highly honored, especially after the flogging he was about to inflict upon me, this morning. Which way does the wind blow now, I wonder ?

Glan. Read, Dominie, and you will learn his excellency's pleasure.

Dom. (*Puts on his spectacles, and while he is silently reading the letter, enter the Count : the Dominie seems highly incensed at the contents of the letter.*) Hem ! hem ! So I am to keep this affair a secret, am I ?

Count. (*Coming forward.*) Such is my wish, my worthy Dominie.

Dom. Hem ! worthy Dominie ! Since when has it been the fashion, to order worthy dominies to be flogged, I should like to know ?

Count. Let that be buried in oblivion ; we will be friends, provided you accept my offer, and keep the whole affair a secret.

Dom. Yes, yes, my lord, you'll find old Dominie is a rare fellow at keeping a secret.

Count. This purse shall be an earnest of your future fortune.

Dom. Your excellency quite overpowers me: yet such modesty, such Christian charity, shall not be kept a secret from the world; but be blazoned forth, that others may imitate so glorious an example. (*He runs towards the bell.*)

Count. (*Trying to prevent him.*) What would you do, my worthy Dominie?

Dom. What would I do? Why, make the people acquainted with the only generous action their governor has performed, in the whole course of his life. Nothing more! Old Dominie Starrkoph's the man for keeping a secret. (*He pulls the bell with violence.*)

Count. (*Stamping with rage.*) Mad-headed idiot!

(*Enter Hans, and numerous peasantry.*)

Hans. What now, what now? is the village on fire? or another petition to be signed? or—

Dom. A greater wonder, far! Open wide your ears, ye men of Greenwald! Your governor, Count Hartenstein, has given away a purse of gold, and most liberal promises of future favor, to a poor man; there's a wonder for you!

Count. Insolent wretch! give me back the letter, or—

Dom. Not until I have gone through with it, my lord. Now attend my call, one and all. (*Reads.*) "From his excellency the governor, to the worthy Dominie Starrkoph, greeting." (*Spoken.*) Mark that, neighbors! To the worthy Dominie. (*Reads.*) "In consideration of the manifold advantages, which have occurred to the state, from your excellent mode of educating youth, it is our intention to grant you, from the public treasure, a pension of one thousand dollars per annum, together with the sinecure situation of gentleman ballad-singer to the prince; on consideration that you do not present to our gracious sovereign, the petition we perused this morning. This one generous offer, you will of course keep an inviolable secret. Signed, Count Hartenstein." (*Spoken.*) There, neighbors, there's a precious epistle for you.

Count. (*Highly incensed.*) Audacious demagogue! (*To Glandoff, aside.*) Go, fetch a guard! (*Exit Glandoff.*)

Dom. You see, my lord, I have kept your generous offer an inviolable secret. Odds fools-caps, and birch-brooms! to think of bribing me, a man of my dignity and rank in life! and one who is so well known for temperance and frugality. Old Dominie Starrkoph, indeed! take a bribe out of the pockets of his suffering countrymen, to betray their cause! accept the sinecure situation of gentleman ballad-singer to the prince;

zounds! the prince wants no ballad-singers, he has other fish to fry; and none but a rogue would ever think of pocketing a salary, without rendering his country some service for it, in return. (*Throws the purse at the count's feet, with indignation.*) Take back your money, my lord, to bribe slaves! not those who know their duty to their country. Sinécures indeed! I only wish our gracious prince were here, just now—(*the Prince enters, and mingles with the throng,*)—he'd see justice done us. Birch-brooms! I'd tell him such a tale as should open his eyes to the truth. Odds fools-caps! I'd—

(*Enter Glandoff, with guard, commanded by Captain Manhoof.*)

Count. Down with these rebels, soldiers! I command you. (*Soldiers hesitate.*)

Man. My lord!

Count. Fiends and perdition! you dare hesitate!

Man. We do, my lord; convinced that such scenes of blood are as repugnant to the feelings of our noble-minded prince, as they are to humanity.

Count. At your peril, sir!

Man. Be it so. We have been too long the instruments of cruelty and oppression. Our duty is to uphold the laws, not to become the abject tools of tyranny; we, therefore, do refuse to murder our fellow countrymen in cold blood, and are prepared to take the consequences.

Count. Villains! traitors!

Man. Neither, my lord! yet we are well aware, our conduct is against the strict laws of military discipline; and, therefore, surrender ourselves your prisoners, until our gracious prince decide our fate. Soldiers! ground your arms. (*The soldiers obey. Captain Manhoof delivers his sword to the governor.*)

Count. You shall repent this perfidy. (*Hands Captain Manhoof's sword to Glandoff.*)

Omnes. Hurrah! hurrah!

Dom. (*To the governor.*) You'll be sure to keep this affair a secret, my lord!

Scene 8.—Interior of Maurice's Cottage.

(*Enter Maurice, with bundle of wood. Marie and Lotta run to meet him.*)

Marie. Welcome, welcome home, dear Maurice! but where is Fritz?

Mau. He'll be here directly, my dear. (*He throws down the bundle of wood.*) There, I think I've brought you wood enough to make a good rousing fire, and Fritz has got a basket full of chestnuts, to roast for supper; which, as the boy very wisely observed, are better than no supper at all. (*Alarm heard without.*)

Marie. What noise was that?

Mau. Some new disturbance, I suppose. Our unhappy country is in such a state, that nothing surprises me. (*Loud knocking at the door without. Marie runs and looks through the key-hole.*)

Marie. (*In a low voice, her looks betraying the greatest anxiety.*) Merciful powers! it is the governor, with the officers of justice. (*Knocking repeated.*)

Mau. With all my heart, with all my heart! let them come, we have nothing to fear. Open the door, Marie, open the door.

Marie. Not for the world! they come to seize thee, and drag thee again from my arms, to prison.—I knew the language you made use of this morning, would be construed into treason; therefore fly, my dear Maurice, fly!

Mau. What—and leave you here, exposed to the fury of such ruffians? Never!

Marie. (*Kneels.*) On my knees I implore you, for our sakes. (*Rises.*) You may in a few minutes reach the forest, where I and the children will instantly follow you. From thence, in less than an hour, we may cross the borders. Fly, fly! (*Knocking.*)

Mau. Well, well; for your sakes, be it so. (*Embraces Marie and Lotta.*) But, where is my boy, Fritz? You'll be sure to join me in the forest, with the children, in less than an hour?

Marie. I will. (*Knocking still louder.*) Dear Maurice—

Mau. Close to the old Hermitage? (*Knocking.*)

Marie. I know it well; now fly! and be cautious.

Mau. Heaven bless ye! Heaven bless ye! (*Exit.*)

Count. (*Without.*) Force the door, I say! (*Marie and little Lotta fall on their knees, and return thanks for Maurice's escape, just as the Count and Glandoff, with Guard and Officers of Justice, force open the door.*)

Count. (*To Marie.*) Where is your husband, woman?

Marie. He is not at home—man! I was going to say—but beg your lordship's pardon.—I forgot myself.

Count. No prevarication ! speak the truth !—where is he ?

Marie. Safe, I trust, in the hand of Heaven !

Count. He is suspected—nay, there is no doubt, that he is guilty of the horrid crime of murder.

Marie. Murder !

Count. Ay, nothing less :—make instant search. (*The Officers of Justice disperse, while Glandoff forces open the strong box.*)

Marie. (*Trembling.*) Yet, say—who—has been—murdered ?

Count. The worthy Baron Leibheim.

Marie. Oh, most infernal accusation ; my husband murdered him ! so good a gentleman—our guardian angel ! Impossible. Maurice, the woodcutter, knows the duty of a Christian better, than to stain his hands even with a tyrant's blood ; how then could he murder the best and most amiable of men ?

Count. We are not here to parley with women.

Marie. Besides, what motive could have prompted him ?

Count. His poverty.

Glan. (*Comes forward, with a casket of jewels.*) Behold, my lord, this casket of jewels ; I found it concealed in yonder chest ; it bears the name of Leibheim !

Marie. Ah ! (*She appears struggling with conflicting passions, and is insensible to all around her.*)

(*Re-enter Guards.*)

Count. (*Opening the casket.*) And its contents indeed, a strong temptation to such poverty. This were sufficient proof, had we not found the hatchet of Maurice, the woodcutter, close to the body of the murdered baron, stained with blood. (*Marie, on hearing this, falls senseless to the earth.*)

Glan. The criminal must have escaped, my lord ; he's nowhere to be found !

Count. Pursue him instantly. Away !

(*Exeunt Count, with the casket, Glandoff, Officers of Justice, and Guards. No one is concerned for Marie, except little Lotta, who affectionately bends over her mother, trying to recover her, as the scene closes them in.*)

Scene 9.—Forest.

(*Enter Maurice, in breathless haste.*)

Mau. Love and affection give me wings to fly the impending danger ; for am I not a husband and a father ? Yet con-

science whispers, 'tis a cowardly act, and one which implies a want of confidence in Heaven. (*Noise without.*) Ah, what noise was that? (*Voices without, crying, "this way, follow! follow!"*) I am pursued! delay is dangerous! Oh, Marie, and my poor innocent babes, it is for your sakes, that Maurice, the woodcutter, conscious of no crime, flies as though he was a criminal. (*He is stopped by the Count, Glandoff, and Officers of Justice, who enter right and left.*)

Count. There he is! seize the monster!

Mau. Monster! If I had committed half the crimes my betters have to answer for, that name would be to me a title of distinction!

Count. Peace, fellow! I can see the villain in thy countenance.

Mau. You can? Well, I never knew before, my lord, that my face was a looking-glass.

Count. Bind the insulting slave, and bear him hence.

Mau. Of what am I accused?

Count. Of the foul crime of murder!

Mau. Come, come, now this is carrying the joke a little too far: surely, you don't call a poor man's killing a hare, murder, do you? Besides, I have not shot another since I left prison this morning, on the credit of a poor, yet honest man.

Glan. Honest man,—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mau. (*Imitating him.*) Honest man,—ha, ha, ha, ha! Yes, sir, honest man! and so honest, that he would'nt be seen walking, sitting at the same table, or drinking out of the same cup, with such a contemptible creature as thou art, for all the gold that ever passed through thy dirty fingers!

Count. We'll stop your jeering for you. (*To the officers.*) Away with him!

Mau. Of what am I accused?

Count. Time and place will show.—Away with him!

Mau. Oh, cursed tyranny! how wretched is the country that groans beneath thy iron sceptre! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 10.—A Street.

(*Enter Dominie, Hans, and several peasants.*)

Hans. A sad business, this, neighbors, isn't it? And just when we expected his highness the prince, home, too. I'm afraid the murder of his friend, the baron, will cause him to

believe we are indeed no better than the count represents us—a set of unruly, outrageous rebels.

Dom. Tut, man! no such thing—my petition will rectify that error, and refute every unfounded calumny; and, depend upon it, I'll leave no stone unturned to bring this horrid murder home to the real perpetrators of it: for, that honest Maurice, the woodcutter, could be guilty of such a crime, I never will believe.

Hans. Nor I neither, Dominie!

Omnes. Nor any of us!

Michael. But wasn't his hatchet found near the body, and the baron's casket of jewels in Maurice's cottage?

Dom. That, at first, is rather against him, I'll allow; but no matter, I say he is innocent! Zounds! he shall be innocent, and I will prove it; have we not all known him for years, as an honest, worthy fellow?

Omnes. We have, Dominie.

Dom. And shall we forsake him now that he's in trouble and distress? No, never! I have studied the law, and will draw up such a defense for poor Maurice, as shall fully establish his innocence. You all recollect the birch-broom, you know, when you used to go to school to me—you have felt the power of my arm, and shall now feel the force of my eloquence in behalf of an honest, worthy member of society. So, come along, I'll prove him innocent. Odds fools-caps and birch-brooms! he shall be innocent. (*Exeunt Omnes.*)

(*Enter Count, followed by Glandoff.*)

Count. To place the country under martial law, was our last resource; and that stern rebel, Maurice, the woodcutter, shall be the first whose life shall gratify my just revenge! My trusty Glandoff, say, how was the body of my hated rival disposed of?

Glan. His friend, the traveler, had it removed for honorable burial.

Count. And when you returned into the forest, did you not find the jeweled miniature, which I lost in the struggle?

Glan. No, my lord. The robbers, who infest the forest, no doubt seized on the spoil.

Count. Most probably.—And that young urchin, the woodcutter's son, who was, I fear, a witness to the deed, you silenced him forever, did you not?

Glan. I did, my lord.

Count. Success! then all is well, and I defy detection. Now to the court, to try the criminal. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 11.—Interior of the Prison.

(*Enter Riegel, followed by Hans and two peasants, one carrying a basket.*)

Hans. But come, now, good worthy master Riegel, I hope you'll not refuse to—

Rie. Let the prisoner escape? Not for the world! I never betray my trust: let a murderer escape! I wonder you are not ashamed to mention such a thing to a man of my acknowledged integrity.

Hans. Come, come, now, don't be hard-hearted. Convinced of Maurice's innocence, we are come with a good round sum to make it worth your while to—

Rie. No—I never can. (*Stretching out his fingers.*) A good round sum, did you say, friend Hans?

Hans. It is here! (*Showing money-bag.*) And we hope you'll not refuse to the voice of humanity.

Rie. Humanity! Ay, now you've touched me in the tenderest point; your money has no weight with me—but humanity! that's a very different matter.—It quite affects me. (*Turns away his face, as if to dry his eyes, yet holds out his hand behind him for a bribe.*) I never betray my trust, or take a fee, except in the cause of humanity. (*Hans puts one piece of money after the other, into his hand, which he with eagerness conveys into his pocket.*)

Hans. Now for the key of Maurice's cell; and all the bag contains, shall be yours.

Rie. No, I dare not give the key.—(*Producing it.*) I dare not.—All that the bag contains, did you say? But I dare not give the key—no—no—not for the world. (*Giving it to*

Hans.) All! what, all that money for me?

Hans. Yes, the moment Maurice has escaped.

Rie. I fear I'm doing wrong—but—

Hans. It's all for the sake of humanity, you know. (*He unlocks Maurice's cell, and calls in a low voice.*) Maurice, Maurice!

(*Enter Maurice, from cell, heavily chained.*)

Mau. Who calls on Maurice?

Hans. 'Tis I, Hans, your friend.

Rie. I'll leave you for a moment. When you have arrang-

ed matters, just give me a call—you know I am never deaf to the sweet voice of humanity. (*Exit.*)

Mau. What would you with me, Hans?

Hans. Rescue you from the power of a tyrant!

Mau. (*Overjoyed, forgets himself for a moment.*) What! give me liberty! Restore me to the arms of my dear wife and children? Oh, heaven bless thee! (*Suddenly recollecting himself.*) Yet, how?

Hans. The peasantry, no longer able to endure the cruel tyranny of Count Hartenstein, are determined to fly to arms, and crush the monster at a blow: yet do they want a leader.—You are the object of their choice. Fly, save yourself, and your country, from destruction!

Mau. You place before mine eyes a lovely prospect.—Love! life! and freedom to our suffering country!

Hans. The jailor has been bribed—the prison gates are open to assist your flight. Refuse not, then, the offer of friendship. Recollect as boys, we played together; as men, we work together, and have ever been as brothers. Do not—oh! do not refuse; for your poor wife and childrens' sakes, for all our sakes! Oh! fly from a remorseless tyrant, who, depend upon it, will show you neither justice nor mercy!

Mau. What! fly, with the foul imputation of murderer stamped upon my spotless fame,—never! (*Taking Hans by the hand.*) Friend Hans, you know not what you ask, or know not me. No, though the tyrant's executioners should rack these joints, nay, tear me limb from limb! impale me on a rugged stake, alive! or with hot irons sear these orbs of sight—I would not live suspected! (*Affected.*) When I am gone, think of my wife and children! Faithful friend, farewell!

Hans. (*Moved to tears.*) I will—I will—yet, Maurice, you'll repent.

Mau. (*In a firm voice.*) Never! I'll tell you why—I'm innocent! (*Music—both friends solemnly look up to heaven, then exit Maurice into his cell.*)

Hans. Poor Maurice, my dear, dear friend, is lost forever!
(*Enter Riegel.*)

Rie. Well, master Hans, is it all settled, eh?

Hans. Maurice has refused our offer of escape!

Rie. More fool he, then, I say. He must therefore of course remain where he is, and lose his head.

Hans. Yes, and you your fee!

Rie. Rather a serious loss that, neighbor Hans.

Hans. Which do you mean, the head, or the money ?

Rie. Both, friend Hans, both. The head to poor Maurice, and the money to poor me. So much for the cause of humanity. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 12.—Interior of the Court of Justice. Large folding doors in center. The Count discovered sitting as Presiding Judge, surrounded by his Guards, Officers of Justice, &c. Glandoff acts as Secretary. Michael, with his staff of office, is keeping back the spectators, among whom are Hans, &c.

Count. Now, secretary—(*To Glandoff*)—read aloud the cause which is to occupy the court to-day.

Glan. (*Reads.*) The object of the court martial now assembled by his excellency, the governor, Count Hartenstein, is to investigate a charge of a most inhuman murder, and punish the perpetrators thereof.

Count. And the individual suspected—

Glan. Is Maurice, the woodcutter.

Count. Bring forth the prisoner.

(*Enter Riegel, Boltzen, Maurice, Marie, and Lotta.*)

Marie. Alas, my Maurice !

Mau. Never fear, Marie, Heaven will protect us ; and, even at the worst, is it not better to die innocent, than live dishonored and disgraced ? But where's my boy—my Fritz ?—Have you not found him ?

Marie. Alas ! not yet.

Mau. (*To Count.*) My lord, I have lost my boy—my darling child ! If you know where he is, restore him to his doting father's arms. I must—I will have my boy.

Count. Peace, madman ! What do I know of thy brats ? (*Pointing to Glandoff.*) This gentleman, perhaps, knows something of him. (*To Glandoff.*) Did you not see him fall into the lake, and perish !

Glan. I did, my lord.

Mau. Nay, nay, you're surely wrong, most gentle sir ; you never could have beheld my poor child struggling with the waves, nor try to save his life—impossible ! Heaven is my witness ! I would with rapture, ay, even at stormy midnight, leap from the summit of the highest rock, into the raging surf below, to save the child of my bitterest enemy—(*To Count,*)—ay, even your child, my lord,—(*To Glandoff,*)—or yours ! so,

come, come—why not out with the truth at once? You beheld my poor boy fall into the water, and, prompted by the natural goodness of your heart, plunged in after him, and saved his life! Was it not so? Yes—yes,—I see it was—that noble look betrays a noble soul. You struggled with the waves—grasped my poor boy just as he was about to sink, and bore him safe to shore, to his distracted mother. Bravo! bravo! most noble sir! this one deed of mercy, shall more than atone for all the crimes that stain a guilty conscience! Where is he? Where is my boy? Bring him to me,—let me once more kiss him, before I die. What—you will not? You hesitate! Lightnings shall blast you all, if you rob my boy of his dying father's blessing! (*Sinks with a convulsive laugh, into Marie's arms.*)

Count. No more of this romance. (*To Glandoff.*) Commence proceedings.

Glan. (*Reads the charge.*) "You, Maurice Freeman, commonly known by the name of Maurice, the woodcutter, are hereby indicted and accused of having committed the heinous crime of murder, on the body of his excellency, Baron Leibheim, by striking the said baron a deadly blow upon the head, with your axe, or hatchet, when the said Baron Leibheim was out upon a hunting party in the forest of Ravenhorst. To which charge, you are commanded to plead—guilty or not guilty?"

Mau. (*In a firm, manly voice, looking steadfastly up to Heaven.*) Not guilty! by all my hopes of bliss here and hereafter.

Count. Have you no counsel here to plead your cause?

Mau. None, but myself.

(*Enter old Dominie, dressed as a lawyer.*)

Dom. Yes, but you have, though,—as able a counselor as the best of them,—ay, and what's more, an honest one, too; for he comes to plead without a fee.

Count. What, you—Dominie, the schoolmaster?

Dom. Yes, my lord; come to plead for my friend, in public,—there's not the least occasion for keeping the affair a secret.

Count. But by what authority do you—

Dom. By that authority which made me a limb of the law. 'Tis true, I have lately given over practice, and taken to the more humble avocation of schoolmaster—for, to tell the truth, I felt a little qualmish hereabouts—(*Lays his hand on his bo-*

som.) I mean, in point of conscience ; but as this is a subject which cannot possibly concern your excellency, I'll not detain the court with long speeches, but instantly commence pleading for my friend, who, I hesitate not to declare, is most unjustly, unfoundedly, and maliciously accused of the dreadful crime of—

Count. Be cautious what you say !

Dom. Don't be alarmed, my lord,—I know what I am about, well enough. Firstly, and chiefly, my client is accused of murdering a man who was his benefactor, which is both unreasonable and unnatural.

Count. This is not to the point. The worthy baron was most barbarously murdered in the forest.

Dom. Which is notoriously overrun with desperate banditti ;—may not they have committed the crime, of which my friend here stands accused ?

Count. (*To Glandoff.*) Secretary, proceed to prove the charge.

Glan. Suspicion, amounting to almost moral certainty, attaches itself to the prisoner,—for, that this hatchet, belonging to him, marked with his name in full, and stained with blood, was found lying close to the body of the murdered baron.—(*Glandoff produces the hatchet, which Michael hands to Maurice.*)

Count. Is that your hatchet, Maurice ?

Mau. It is, my lord.

Dom. Explain that circumstance to the court, Maurice ; for nothing can persuade me that you are guilty of the murder.

Mau. That hatchet was left, by mere accident, in the forest, where I had been cutting wood, with my boy—my dear Fritz, whom I have lost forever !

Count. This is bare assertion, without proof.

Glan. Moreover, this casket of jewels, the property of the murdered baron, was found concealed in the prisoner's cottage.

Mau. The worthy baron himself intrusted it to my care, fearing to cross the forest with so much property in his possession.

Count. Your witnesses, that what you say, is true.

Mau. My wife, my little Lotta here, and Heaven !

Marie. And the gentleman who was with the baron.

Count. He has departed. (*To Maurice.*) The evidence of your wife and child, in this case, cannot be admitted ; and as for your appeal to Heaven—

Mau. That, most probably, your excellency has nothing to do with; therefore, I beg of you, proceed without delay to judgment, for I have little hope of mercy here.

Count. (*Putting on a red cloak, and taking a black wand in his hand, rises to pronounce sentence.*)

Marie. Mercy! my lord. Oh, spare my husband! or let the blow aimed at his precious life, strike me as well.

Dom. This is too bad; my patience is exhausted; I can contain myself no longer! (*Aloud.*) I, Dominie Sebastian Starrkoph, do openly protest against this overhasty proceeding. Our country is not so disorganized, that the suspension of our civil rights were necessary to maintain public tranquillity! You have no right to try an honest citizen by martial law; and I insist on a civil process, and that grand bulwark of life and liberty, an independent and impartial jury!

Count. Peace, pedagogue! or quit the court this instant.

Hans. (*Aside.*) This is more than I can bear. To see my dear friend, Maurice, suffer an ignominious death, would break my heart; and since the tyrant seems bent upon revenge, why may not one innocent man die as well as another? Poor Maurice is a husband and a father; I have neither wife nor child, to mourn my loss. Heaven forgive me for uttering a deliberate falsehood; it is to save the life of my friend. (*To the court, in a firm, manly voice.*) My lord, Maurice, the wood-cutter, is innocent; I am the murderer! therefore instantly release him, and let me die. (*All are amazed.*)

Mau. Believe him not, my lord; he is my friend, my dearest bosom friend, and says this but to save my life; believe him not. He a murderer! Have I not often seen him, on a summer's eve, when we have wandered through the fields together, step carefully aside, to avoid treading on a poor snail or worm, that chanced to cross his path? Is it then likely, that such a man could e'er in malice harm a fellow creature?

Hans. You hear, my lord, what I assert; proceed to judgment.

Mau. On me, on me, but not upon my friend.

Hans. He raves, my lord. I did the horrid deed.

Mau. 'Tis false! the first untruth thou ever spakest, in thy whole life of rigid honesty. By Heaven above, that reads all human hearts, I swear he is innocent! (*Forgetting himself.*) I only am the—(*Recollecting.*) What would I say? My brain

is surely crazed. My friend is innocent—I am innocent!—we are both innocent! (*Falls on the neck of Hans.*)

Count. We are compelled to yield to proof so strong, as that which fixes all the guilt on Maurice. Prisoner, you are found guilty, and death is your sentence!

Marie. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Mau. Nay, Marie, supplicate not for me; I am weary of crawling about in this miserable world, at the mercy of a tyrant! Yet these, my friends, do not believe me guilty?

Omnes. Not one of us!

Mau. That is my consolation. And now I go to death without one sigh of regret, save for my dear Marie, and my poor fatherless children! No, not children! My boy! my Fritz! Marie, my love, farewell! (*To Lotta.*) Heaven bless thee, my child! I shall soon see thy brother in a better world. Methinks I see him now, as a sweet cherub on a silvery cloud, beckoning me to come away. I come, I come, by boy! to dwell with thee forever, in that blessed land, where tyrants ne'er shall crush the innocent.

Marie. Mercy! my lord, mercy for my dear husband! as you yourself expect it from high Heaven!

(*Muffled drum heard without, as the signal for execution; at the sound of which, Marie utters an exclamation, and faints away. She is supported by Hans and the Dominie.*)

Mau. (*After a hard struggle with his feelings.*) Lead on; I am ready! (*As the guard are about to lead off the prisoner, the Count rises.*)

Count. (*Breaking the black wand.*)

The rod is broken,

The sentence spoken;

Death! for the dreadful crime of murder!

(*At this moment, Prince Leopold, still in his long cloak, rushes in.*)

Prince. Hold! Maurice, the woodcutter, is innocent!

Dom. Hurrah! I knew he was. (*Marie recovers, and is overjoyed.*)

Count. (*To Prince.*) Who dares assert this?

Prince. I dare.

Count. And who are you?

Prince. (*Throwing off his disguise.*) Your lawful sovereign, Prince Leopold.

Omnes. Hurrah!

Count. (*Dropping on one knee.*) Your highness, we have proofs—

Prince. Against thee, villain! thou art the murderer! Our proofs are these: our royal father's picture, and this mask, torn by the victim from his murderer.

Count. My prince, I was robbed of that picture, in the forest. (*Prince Leopold gives a signal, when, enter Baron Leibheim.*)

Baron. 'Tis false! Count Hartenstein is the assassin, though bounteous Heaven defeated his intent. Maurice, the woodcutter, is a worthy man. The casket of jewels was by me intrusted to his care, and shall be his, with all that it contains, as the reward of honesty.

Hans. Well, I always said, "honesty was the best policy."

Prince. (*To the guard.*) Conduct those miscreants to execution! (*Exit guard, with the Count, Glandoff, Michael, Riegel, and Boltzen.*)

Mau. I have but one grief more—my dear, dear boy!

Prince. He is here, to make your happiness complete. (*Little Fritz rushes into his parents' arms.*) I kept him from you, for his evidence. That villain, Glandoff, threw him from the bridge, into the rapid stream.

Fritz. And our noble prince plunged in, and saved my life.

Maurice and Marie. Heaven's blessing on your royal highness.

(*The Curtain falls.*)

XXXV.—FROM ION.—*Talfourd.*

ADRASTUS, KING OF ARGOS—MEDON, HIGH PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO—ION, A FOUNDLING, PROTECTED BY MEDON—CTESIPHON, CASSANDER, NOBLE ARGIVE YOUTHS—CYRTHES, CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD—AGENOR, SAGE OF ARGOS.



Medon. Ion, forbear.
Behold thy son, Adrastus!

Scene 1.—The royal Chamber. Adrastus on a couch, asleep.

(Enter Ion, with a knife.)

Ion. Why do I creep thus stealthily along
With trembling steps? Am I not armed by Heaven
To execute its mandate on a king
Whom it hath doomed? And shall I falter now,
While every moment that he breathes may crush
Some life else happy?—Can I be deceived,
By some foul passion, crouching in my soul,
Which takes a radiant form to lure me on?
Assure me, gods!—Yes; I have heard your voices;
For I dare pray ye now to nerve my arm,
And see me strike! *(He goes to the couch.)*
He's smiling in his slumber,
As if some happy thoughts of innocent days
Played at his heart-strings: must I scare it thence
With death's sharp agony? He lies condemned

By the high judgment of supernal Powers,
And he shall know their sentence. Wake, Adrastus !
Collect thy spirits, and be strong to die !

Adrastus. Who dares disturb my rest ? Guards ! Soldiers !
Recreants !

Where tarry ye ? Why smite ye not to earth
This bold intruder ? Ha ! no weapon here !
What would'st thou with me, ruffian ? (*Rising.*)

Ion. I am none,
But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand,
To take thy life, long forfeited.—Prepare !
Thy hour is come !

Adras. Villains ! does no one hear ?

Ion. Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
With torturing hope or idle rage ; thy guards,
Palsied with revelry, are scattered senseless,
While the most valiant of our Argive youths
Hold every passage by which human aid
Could reach thee. Present death is the award
Of Powers who watch above me, while I stand
To execute their sentence.

Adras. Thou !—I know thee—
The youth I spared this moring, in whose ear
I poured the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
If thou dar'st do it ; but bethink thee first
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
Will haunt thee to the grave !

Ion. It is most true,
Thou sparedest my life, and therefore do the gods
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seem the chance forfeit of some single sin,
And now the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—Spirits that have left,
Within this hour, their plague tormented flesh
To rot untombed, glide by, and frown on me,
Their slow avenger—and the chamber swarms
With looks of Furies.—Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters !—If there is a friend,
Whom dying thou would'st greet by word or token,
Speak thy last bidding.

Adras. I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me !

Ion. Not one friend !
Most piteous doom !

Adras. Art melted ?

Ion. If I am,
Hope nothing from my weakness ; mortal arms,
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,
And we shall fall together. Be it so !

Adras. No ; strike at once ; my hour is come : in thee
I recognize the minister of Jove,
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. (*Kneels.*)

Ion. Avert thy face !

Adras. No ; let me meet thy gaze ;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me ;—and which now my sense
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave.
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Linked with the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood,
Mournful and calm ;—’tis surely there ;—she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o’er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death’s gracious angel !—Do not turn away.

Ion. Gods ! to what office have ye doomed me !—Now !

(*Ion raises his arm to stab Adrastus, who is kneeling, and gazes steadfastly upon him. The voice of Medon is heard without, calling, “ Ion ! Ion ! ” Ion drops his arm.*)

Adras. Be quick, or thou art lost !

(*As Ion has again raised his arm to strike, Medon rushes in, behind him.*)

Medon. *Ion, forbear.*

Behold thy son, Adrastus ! (*Ion stands for a moment stupified with horror, drops the knife, and falls senseless.*)

Adras. What strange words

Are these, which call my sense from the death
They were composed to welcome ? Son ! ’tis false—
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o’er him !

Medon. That wave received, instead of the fair nursling,
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight
In wicked haste to slay ;—I’ll give thee proofs.

Adras. Great Jove, I thank thee !—raise him gently—proofs !
Are there not here the lineaments of her

Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,
That bade the long-sealed fount of love gush out,
While with a prince's constancy he came
To lay his noble life down ; and the sure,
The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow
Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,
Armed for the traitor's deed ?—It is my child !

(*Ion, reviving, sinks on one knee, before Adrastus.*)

Ion. Father ! (*Noise without.*)

Medon. The clang of arms !

Ion. (*Starting up.*) They come ! they come !
They who are leagued with me against thy life.
Here let us fall !

Adras. I will confront them yet.
Within I have a weapon which has drank
A traitor's blood ere now ;—there will I wait them :
No power less strong than death shall part us now.

(*Exeunt Adrastus and Ion, as into an inner chamber.*)

Medon. Have mercy on him, gods, for the dear sake
Of your most single-hearted worshiper.

(*Enter Ctesiphon, Cassander, and others.*)

Ctesiphon. What treachery is this ?—the tyrant fled,
And Ion fled too !—Comrades, stay this dotard,
While I search in yonder chamber.

Medon. Spare him, friends,—
Spare him to clasp awhile his new-found son ;
Spare him, as Ion's father ?

Cte. Father ! yes—
That is indeed a name to bid me spare :—
Let me but find him, gods ! (*Rushes into the inner chamber.*)

Medon. (*To Cassander and the others.*) Had ye but seen
What I have seen, ye would have mercy on him.

(*Cyrthes enters with soldiers.*)

Ha ! Soldiers ! hasten to defend your master ;
That way—(*As Cyrthes is about to enter the inner chamber,*
Ctesiphon rushes from it with a bloody dagger, and stops them.)

Cte. It is accomplished ; the foul blot
Is wiped away. Shade of my murdered father,
Look on thy son, and smile !

Cyrthes. Whose blood is that ?
It cannot be the king's !

Cte. It cannot be !
Think'st thou, foul minion of a tyrant's will,

He was to crush, and thou to crawl forever ?
Look there, and tremble !

Cyr. Wretch ! thy life shall pay
The forfeit of this deed. (*Cyrthes and soldiers seize Ctesiphon.*)
(*Enter Adrastus, mortally wounded, supported by Ion.*)

Adras. Here let me rest ;—
In this old chamber did my life begin,
And here I'll end it. *Cyrthes !* thou has timed
Thy visit well, to bring thy soldiers hither,
To gaze upon my parting.

Cyr. To avenge thee ;—
Here is the traitor !

Adras. Set him free, at once :
Why do ye not obey me ? *Ctesiphon,*
I gave thee cause for this ;—believe me now,
That thy true steel has made thy vengeance sure ;
And as we now stand equal, I will sue
For a small boon—let me not see thee more.

Cte. Farewell ! (*Exit.*)

Adras. (*To Cyrthes and Soldiers.*) Why do ye tarry
here ?

Begone !—still do ye hover round my couch ?
If the commandment of a dying king
Is feeble as a man who has embraced
His child for the first time since infancy,
And presently must part with him forever,
I do adjure ye, leave us ! (*Exeunt all but Ion and Adrastus.*)

Ion. Oh, my father !
How is it with thee now ?

Adras. Well ; very well ;
Avenging Fate hath spent its utmost force
Against me ; and I gaze upon my son,
With the sweet certainty that nought can part us
Till all is quiet here. How like a dream,
Seems the succession of my regal pomps,
Since I embraced thy helplessness ! To me
The interval hath been a weary one :
How hath it passed with thee ?

Ion. But that my heart
Hath sometimes ached for the sweet sense of kindred,
I had enjoyed a round of happy years,
As cherished youth e'er knew.

Adras. I bless the gods

That they have strewn along thy humble path,
 Delights unblamed; and in this hour I seem
 Even as I had lived so; and I feel
 That I shall live in thee, unless that curse—
 Oh, if it should survive me!

Ion. Think not of it;

The gods have shed such sweetness in this moment,
 That, howsoe'er they deal with me hereafter,
 I shall not deem them angry. Let me call
 For help to staunch thy wound; thou art strong yet,
 And yet may live to bless me.

Adras. Do not stir;

My strength is ebbing fast; yet, as it leaves me,
 The spirit of thy stainless days of love
 Awakens; and their images of joy,
 Which at thy voice, started from blank oblivion,
 When thou wert strange to me, and then half shown,
 Looked sadly through the mist of guilty years,
 Now glimmer on me in the lovely light,
 Which at thy age they wore. Thou art all thy mother's,
 Her elements of gentlest virtue cast
 In mould heroical.

Ion. Thy speech grows fainter;
 Can I do nothing for thee?

Adras. Yes:—my son,
 Thou art the best, the bravest, of a race
 Of rightful monarchs; thou must mount the throne
 Thy ancestors have filled, and by great deeds,
 Efface the memory of thy fated sire,
 And win the blessings of the gods for men
 Stricken for him. Swear to me thou wilt do this,
 And I shall die forgiven.

Ion. I will.

Adras. Rejoice,
 Sufferers of Argos! I am growing weak,
 And my eyes dazzle: let me rest my hands,
 Ere they have lost their feeling, on thy head.—
 So! so!—thy hair is glossy to the touch,
 As when I last enwreathed its tiny curl
 About my finger; I did imagine then,
 Thy reign excelling mine; it is fulfilled,
 And I die happy. Bless thee, King of Argos! (*Dies.*)

Ion. He's dead! and I am fatherless again.—

King, did he hail me? Shall I make that word
A spell to bid old happiness awake
Throughout the lovely land that father'd me
In my forsaken childhood?

(He sees the knife on the ground, and picks it up.)

The voice of joy!
Is this thy funeral wailing? Oh, my father!
Mournful and brief will be the heritage
Thou leavest me; yet I promised thee in death,
To grasp it;—and I will embrace it now.

(Enter Agenor, and others.)

Agenor. Does the king live?

Ion. Alas! in me. The son
Of him whose princely spirit is at rest,
Claims his ancestral honors.

Age. That high thought
That anticipates the prayer of Argos, roused
To sudden joy. The sages wait without,
To greet thee: wilt confer with them to-night,
Or wait the morning?

Ion. Now—the city's state
Allows the past no sorrow. I attend them. *(Exeunt.)*

XXXVI.—FROM WILLIAM TELL.—*Knowles.*

GESLER—SARNEM—RODOLPH—GERARD—LUTOLD—SENTINEL—
TELL—VERNER—ERNI—MELCTAL—FURST—MICHAEL—THEO-
DORE—PIERRE—ALBERT—SAVOYARDS—EMMA—SOLDIERS—
PEOPLE.

Scene 1.—The outside of the Castle of Altorf. Gesler's Archers,
escorting some peasants, prisoners.

(Enter Tell and Michael, at a distance.)

Tell. Do you know them?

Michael. No.

Tell. Nor I, thank heaven? How like you that?

Mic. What?

Tell. That.

Mic. I like it not.

Tell. It might as well be you or I.

Mic. It might.

Tell. Do you live in Altorf?

Mic. Yes.

Tell. How go they on
In Altorf?

Mic. As you see. What was a sight
A month ago, hath not the wonder now
To draw them 'cross the threshold!

Tell. Would you like—

Mic. What wouldst thou say to me?

Tell. No matter, friend.

Something so slight, that in the thinking on't
'Twas gone. The field of Grutli, Tell!—the hour's
At hand. The spirits are expecting thee
Shall bring thy country back the times again
She'd wonder this to see! (*Going.*)

Mic. Stay, friend, a word.

If of my mind thou haply art, and thinkest
When fortune will not make us theme of mirth,
Ourselves may take the task in hand—

Tell. For what?

Good day! (*Exit, hastily.*)

Mic. Acquaintance briefly broke as made! (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—The Field of Grutli.

(*Enter Tell, with a long bow.*)

Tell. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free.
O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice! I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!

Erni. (*Without.*) William! William!

Tell. (*Looks out.*) Here, Erni, here!

(*Enter Erni.*)

Erni. Thou'rt sure to keep the time,
That comest before the hour.

Tell. The hour, my friend,

Will soon be here. O, when will liberty
Be here? My Erni, that's my thought.
Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow :
O'er the abyss, his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air.
Instinctively I bent my bow ; he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot—
'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Verner. (*Without.*) Tell ! Tell !

(*Enter Verner.*)

Tell. (*Crosses to him.*) Here, Verner !

Furst. (*Without.*) Tell !

(*Enter Furst.*)

Tell. Here, friends !—Well met.—Do we go on ?

Ver. We do.

Tell. Then you can count upon the friends you named ?

Ver. On every man of them.

Furst. And I on mine.

Erni. Not one I sounded, but doth rate his blood
As water, in the cause ! Then fix the day
Before we part.

Ver. No, Erni ; rather wait
For some new outrage to amaze and rouse
The common mind, which does not brood so much
On wrongs gone by, as it doth quiver with
The sense of present ones.

Tell. (*To Verner.*) I wish with Erni,
But I think with thee. Yet, when I ask myself,
On whom the wrong shall light, for which we wait—
Whose vineyard they'll uproot—whose flocks they'll ravage—
Whose threshold they'll profane—whose earth pollute—
Whose roof they'll fire ?—When this I ask myself,
And think upon the blood of pious sons,
The tears of venerable fathers, and
The shrieks of mothers, fluttering round their spoiled
And nestless young—I almost take the part
Of generous indignation, that doth blush
At such expense to wait on sober prudence.

Furst. Yet it is best.

Tell. On that, we're all agreed !
Who fears the issue, when the day shall come ?

Ver. Not I!

Furst. Nor I!

Erni. Nor I!

Tell. I'm not the man

To mar this harmony.—You commit to me
The warning of the rest. Remember, then,
My dagger sent to any one of you—
As time may press—is word enough.—Dear Erni,
Remember me to Melctal. (*Crosses.*) Furst, provide
What store you can of arms. Do you the same.
(*To Erni and Verner.*)

The next aggression of the tyrant is
The downfall of his power!—Remember me
To Melctal, Erni—to my father. Tell him
He has a son was never born to him!
Farewell!—When next we meet upon this theme,
All Switzerland shall witness what we do. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—Tell's Cottage, with mountain and lake scenery.

(*Enter Emma.*)

Emma. O, the fresh morning! Heaven's kind messenger,
That never empty-handed comes to those
Who know to use its gifts.—Praise be to Him
Who loads it still, and bids it constant run
The errand of his bounty.—Praise be to Him!

(*Enter Albert.*)

Albert. My mother!

Emma. Albert! Bless thee!
How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

Emma. Ay, strive with him. He never lies abed
When it is time to rise. Be like the sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will, to labor joined, can make me.

Emma. Well said, my boy! Kneel you, when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do so every day.

Emma. I know you do!
And think you, when you kneel,
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To Him who made me, mother.

Emma. And in whose name?

Alb. In the name of Him, who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live.

Emma. That's right! Remember that, my son:
Forget all things but that—remember that;
'Tis more than friends or fortune; clothing, food;
All things of earth; yea, life itself.—It is
To live when these art gone, where they are naught—
With God!—My son, remember that!

Alb. I will!

Emma. I'm glad you husband what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all—who misses, nothing.

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Emma. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by.

Alb. My father's good.

Emma. What sayest thou, boy?

Alb. I say, my father's good.

Emma. Yes, he is good! what then?

Alb. I do not think

He is content—I'm sure he's not content;
Nor would I be content, were I a man,
And Gesler seated on the rock of Altorf!
A man may lack content, and yet be good.

Emma. I did not say all good men found content.
I would be busy; leave me.

Alb. You're not angry?

Emma. No, no, my boy.

Alb. You'll kiss me?

Emma. Will I not!

The time will come, you will not ask your mother
To kiss you!

Alb. Never!

Emma. Not when you're a man?

Alb. I'll never be a man to see that time:
I'd rather die, now when I am a child,
Than live to be a man, and not love you!

Emma. Live—live to be a man, and love your mother!

(*They embrace.—Albert runs off, into the Cottage.*)

Why should my heart sink? 'tis for this we rear them!
Cherish their tiny limbs; pine, if a thorn
But mar their tender skin; gather them to us

Closer than miser hugs his bags of gold ;—
 To send them forth into a wintry world,
 To brave its flaws and tempests !—Nestling as
 He is, he is the making of a bird
 Will own no cowering wing.

(*Re-enter Albert, from Cottage, with a bow and arrows, and a rude target, which he sets up during the first lines, laying his bow and quiver on the ground.*)

What have you there ?

Alb. My bow and arrows, mother.

Emma. When will you use them like your father, boy ?

Alb. Some time, I hope.

Emma. You brag ! There's not an archer
 In all Helvetia can compare with him.

Alb. But I'm his son ; and when I am a man,
 I may be like him. Mother, do I brag,
 To think I sometime may be like my father ?
 If so, then is it he that teaches me ?
 For ever, as I wonder at his skill,
 He calls me boy, and says I must do more,
 Ere I become a man.

Emma. May you be such
 A man as he—if Heaven wills, better,—I'll
 Not quarrel with its work ; yet 'twill content me,
 If you are only such a man.

Alb. I'll show you
 How I can shoot. (*Shoots at the target.*) Look, mother !
 there's within
 An inch !

Emma. O fie ! it wants a hand. (*Goes into the Cottage.*)

Alb. A hand's
 An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it ! (*Shoots again.*)
 (*Enter Tell, watching Albert some time, in silence.*)

Tell. That's scarce a miss, that comes so near the mark !
 Well aimed, young archer ! With what ease he bends
 The bow ! To see those sinews, who'd believe
 Such strength did lodge in them ? That little arm,
 His mother's palm can span, may help, anon,
 To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
 And from their chains a prostrate people lift
 To liberty. I'd be content to die,
 Living to see that day.—What, Albert !

Alb. Ah!

My father! (*Running to Tell, who embraces him.*)

Emma. (*Running from Cottage.*) William! welcome! welcome! William!

I did not look for you till noon, and thought
How long 'twould be ere noon would come. You're come—
Now this is happiness! Joy's double joy,
That comes before the time!

Tell. You raise the bow

Too fast. (*To Albert, who has returned to his practice.*)

Bring't slowly to the eye. (*Albert shoots.*)

You've missed.

How often have you hit the mark to-day?

Alb. Not once yet.

Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You wavered now. Stand firm!—let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. (*Albert shoots.*) That's better!

Emma. William! William!—O!

To be the parents of a boy like that!—
Why speak you not—and wherefore do you sigh?
What's in your heart, to keep the transport out
That fills up mine, when looking on our child,
Till it o'erflows mine eye! (*Albert shoots.*)

Tell. You've missed again!

Dost see the mark? Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there.

Emma. Why, William, don't
You answer me? (*Albert shoots.*)

Tell. Again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live.
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart!—(*Albert shoots, and hits the mark.*)
Well done, my boy!

Come here !—Now, Emma, I will answer you :
Do I not love you ? Do I not love our child ?
Is not that cottage dear to me, where I
Was born ? How many acres would I give
That little vineyard for, which I have watched
And tended since I was a child ? Those crags
And peaks—what spired city would I take
To live in, in exchange for them ? Yet what
Are these to me ? What is this boy to me ?
What art thou, Emma, to me—when a breath
Of Gesler's can take all ?

Emma. O, William ! think
How little is that all to him—too little
For Gesler, sure, to take. Bethink thee, William,
We have no treasure.

Tell. Have we not ? Have we
No treasure ? How ! No treasure ? What !
Have we not liberty ?—that precious ore,
That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets most,
Yet can't enjoy himself—for which he drains
His coffers of their coin—his land of blood ;
Goes without sleep—pines himself sallow—pale—
Yea, makes a pawn of his own soul—to strip
The wearer of it ! Emma, we have that,
And that's enough for Gesler !

Emma. Then, indeed,
My William, we have much to fear !

Tell. We have ;
And best it is we know how much. Then, Emma,
Make up thy mind, wife ; make it up ! Remember
What wives and mothers on these very hills,
Once breathed the air you breathe.

Emma. O, William !

Tell. Emma, let the boy alone ;
Don't clasp him so—'twill soften him. Go, sir,
See if the valley sends us visitors
To-day ; some friend, perchance, may need thy guidance.
Away ! (*Exit Albert.*) He's better from thee, Emma ; the time
Is come, a mother on her breast should fold
Her arms, as they had done with such endearments,
And bid her children go from her, to hunt
For danger, which will presently hunt them—
The less to heed it.

Emma. William, you are right ;
 The task you set me, I will try to do.
 I would not live myself to be a slave—
 No ! woman as I am, I would not, William !
 Then choose my course for me ; whate'er it is,
 I will say ay, and do it, too ; suppose
 To dress my little stripling for the war,
 And take him by the hand, to lead him to't !
 Yes, I would do it at thy bidding, William,
 Without a tear ; I say that I would do it—
 But, now I only talk of doing it,
 I can't help shedding one ! (*Weeps.*)

Tell. Did I not choose thee
 From out the fairest of the maids of Uri,
 Less that in beauty thou didst them surpass,
 Than that thy soul that beauty overmatched ?
 Do I wonder, then,
 To find thee equal to the task of virtue,
 Although a hard one ? No, I wonder not.
 Why should I, Emma, make thy heart acquainted
 With ills I could shut out from it—rude guests
 For such a home ! When I wedded thee,
 The land was free. O ! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless him that it was so. It was free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free !
 Free as the torrents are, that leap our rocks,
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow,
 In very presence of the regal sun !
 How happy was I in it then ! I loved
 Its very storms ! Yes, Emma, I have sat
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

Emma. I almost see thee on that fearful pass ;
 And yet, so seeing thee, I have a feeling
 Forbids me wonder that thou didst so.

Tell. 'Tis
 A feeling must not breathe where Gesler breathes,

But may within these arms. List, Emma, list !
 A league is made to pull the tyrant down,
 E'en from his seat upon the rock of Altorf.
 Four hearts have staked their blood upon the cast,
 And mine is one of them.

Emma. I did not start ;—
 Tell me more, William !

Tell. I will tell thee all.—

Alb. (*Without.*) O, father !

Old Melctal. (*Without.*) Tell !—Tell !—William !

Emma. Don't you know
 That voice ?

(*Enter Old Melctal, blind, led by Albert.*)

Old M. Where art thou, William ?

Tell. Who is't ?

Emma. Do you not know him ?

Tell. No !—It cannot be

The voice of Melctal !

Alb. Father, it is Melctal !

Emma. What ails you, Tell ?

Alb. O, father, speak to him.

Emma. What passion shakes you thus ?

Tell. His eyes—where are they ?—

Melctal has eyes.

Old M. Tell ! Tell.

Tell. 'Tis Melctal's voice.

Where are his eyes ? Have they put out his eyes ?

Father, speak ; pronounce the name

Of Gesler !

Old M. Gesler !

Tell. Gesler has torn out

The old man's eyes !—Erni !

Where's Erni ? Where's thy son ? Is he alive,

And are his father's eyes torn out ?

Old M. He lives, my William,
 But knows it not.

Tell. When he shall know it ! Heavens !

When he shall know it !—I am not thy son,

Yet—

Emma. (*Alarmed at his increasing vehemence.*) William !
 William !

Alb. Father !

Tell. Could I find

Something to tear—to rend, were worth it!—something
Most ravenous and bloody!—something like
Gesler!—a wolf!—no, no! a wolf's a lamb
To Gesler! I would let

The wolf go free for Gesler!—Water! water!

Old M. What ails thee, William?

I pray thee, William, let me hear thy voice!

That's not thy voice!

Tell. I cannot speak to thee!

Emma. (*Returning with a vessel of water.*) Here, William!

Tell. Emma!

Emma. Drink!

Tell. I cannot drink!

Emma. Your eyes are fixed.

Tell. Melctal!—he has no eyes! (*Bursts into tears.*)

The poor old man! (*Falls on Melctal's neck.*)

Old M. I feel thee, Tell! I care not

That I have lost my eyes. I feel thy tears—

They're more to me than eyes!

Tell. Here, here, sit down, father. (*Tell and Emma help him to a seat.*)

I'm in such glee

For work—so eager to be doing—have

Such stomach for revenge, I scarce can wait!

My bow and quiver! (*Emma and Albert hand them.*) Ges-
ler was by?

Old M. Was by.

Tell. More arrows for my quiver.

And looking on?

Old M. And looking on.

Tell. (*Putting arrows into his quiver.*) 'Twill do!

He would dine after that, and say a grace.

Good heavens! to tear a man's eyes out, and then

Thank God! My staff! He'd have his wine, too. How

The man could look at it, and drink it off,

And not grow sick at the color on't! Enough;

Put by the rest. (*To Emma, who has brought him a bundle of arrows.*) I'll grow more calm. (*The expression of Emma's countenance, as she assists to equip him, catches his eye.*)

I thank thee for that look!

Now seemest thou like some kind o'erseeing angel.

Thou wouldst not stay me?

Emma. No.

Tell. Nor thy boy, if I required his service?

Emma. No, William.

Tell. Make him ready, Emma.

Old M. No,

Not Albert, William.

Emma. Yes, even Albert, father.

Thy cap and wallet, boy—thy mountain staff—

Where hast thou laid it? Find it—haste! Don't keep

Thy father waiting. He is ready, William.

(Leading Albert up to Tell.)

Tell. Well done—well done! I thank you, love—I thank you!

Now mark me, Albert: dost thou fear the snow,

The ice-field, or the hail-flaw? Carest thou for

The mountain mist, that settles on the peak

When thou'rt upon it? Dost thou tremble at

The torrent roaring from the deep ravine,

Along whose shaking ledge, thy track doth lie?

Or faintest thou at the thunder-clap, when on

The hill thou art o'ertaken by the cloud,

And it doth burst around thee? Thou must travel

All night.

Alb. I'm ready. Say all night again.

Tell. The mountains are to cross, for thou must reach
Mount Faigel by the dawn.

Alb. Not sooner shall

The dawn be there, than I.

Tell. Heaven speeding thee!

Alb. Heaven speeding me!

Tell. Show me thy staff. Art sure

O' the point? I think 'tis loose. No—stay—'twill do!

Caution is speed, when danger's to be passed.

Examine well the crevice—do not trust

The snow! 'Tis well there is a moon to-night.

You're sure o' the track?

Alb. Quite sure.

Tell. The buskin of

That leg's untied. Stoop down and fasten it.

You know the point where you must round the cliff?

Alb. I do.

Tell. Thy belt is slack—draw't tight.

Erni is in Mount Faigel: take this dagger,

And give it him. You know its caverns well ;
In one of them you'll find him. Bid thy mother
Farewell. Come, boy ; we go a mile together.
Father, thy hand. (*Shakes hands with Old Melctal.*)

Old M. How firm thy grasp is, William.

Tell. There is resolution in it, father,
Will keep.

Old M. I cannot see thine eye, but I know
How it looks.

Tell. I'll tell thee how it looks. List, father,
List. Father, thou shalt be revenged ! My Emma,
Melctal's thy father ; that's his home till I
Return. Yes, father, thou shalt be revenged !
Lead him in, Emma, lead him in ; the sun
Grows hot—the old man's weak and faint. Mind, father,
Mind, thou shalt be revenged ! In, wife—in, in.
Thou shalt be sure revenged ! Come, Albert. (*Emma and
Melctal enter the cottage.—Exeunt Tell and Albert, hastily.*)

Scene 4.—A Mountain, with mist.

(*Enter Gesler, with a hunting pole.*)

Gesler. Alone, alone ! and every step the mist
Thickens around me ! On these mountain tracks
To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death.
What ho ! holloa !—No tongue replies to me !
What thunder hath the horror of this silence !
Cursed slaves !
To let me wander from them ! (*Thunder.*) Ho !—holloa !—
My voice sounds weaker to mine ear ; I've not
The strength to call I had, and through my limbs
Cold tremor runs, and sickening faintness seizes
On my heart ! O, heaven, have mercy ! Do not see
The color of the hands I lift to thee !
Look only on the strait wherein I stand,
And pity it ! Let me not sink ! Uphold—
Support me ! Mercy ! mercy ! (*He falls, from faintness.*)

(*Enter Albert.*)

Alb. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
Will let me. Ha ! a rock to shelter me !
Thanks to't. A man, and fainting ! Courage, friend,
Courage ! A stranger, that has lost his way—

Take heart—take heart ; you're safe. How feel you now ?
(Gives him drink, from a flask.)

Ges. Better.

Alb. You have lost your way upon the hill ?

Ges. I have.

Alb. And whither would you go ?

Ges. To Altorf.

Alb. I'll guide you thither.

Ges. You're a child.

Alb. I know

The way : the track I've come is harder far
 To find.

Ges. The track you've come ! What mean you ? Sure
 You have not been still farther in the mountains ?

Alb. I've traveled from Mount Faigel.

Ges. No one with thee ?

Alb. No one but God.

Ges. Do you not fear these storms ?

Alb. God's in the storm.

Ges. And there are torrents, too,

That must be crossed.

Alb. God's by the torrent, too.

Ges. You're but a child.

Alb. God will be with a child.

Ges. You're sure you know the way ?

Alb. 'Tis but to keep

The side of yonder stream.

Ges. But guide me safe,

I'll give thee gold.

Alb. I'll guide thee safe, without.

Ges. Here's earnest for thee. *(Offers gold.)* Here—I'll
 double that,

Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate
 Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold ?

Tak't.

Alb. No.

Ges. You shall.

Alb. I will not.

Ges. Why ?

Alb. Because

I do not covet it ; and, though I did,
 It would be wrong to take it as the price
 Of doing one a kindness.

Ges. Ha!—who taught
Thee that?

Alb. My father.

Ges. Does he live in Altorf?

Alb. No, in the mountains.

Ges. How!—a mountaineer?

He should become a tenant of the city;
He'd gain by't.

Alb. Not so much as he might lose by't.

Ges. What might he lose by't?

Alb. Liberty.

Ges. Indeed!

He also taught thee that?

Alb. He did.

Ges. His name?

Alb. This is the way to Altorf, sir.

Ges. I'd know

Thy father's name.

Alb. The day is wasting—we

Have far to go.

Ges. Thy father's name, I say?

Alb. I will not tell it thee.

Ges. Not tell it me!

Why?

Alb. You may be an enemy of his.

Ges. May be a friend.

Alb. May be; but should you be

An enemy—although I would not tell you
My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
Will you follow me?

Ges. Ne'er mind thy father's name:

What would it profit me to know't? Thy hand;

We are not enemies.

Alb. I never had

An enemy.

Ges. Lead on.

Alb. Advance your staff,

As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.

Ges. What, must we take that steep?

Alb. 'Tis nothing. Come,

I'll go before—ne'er fear. Come on—come on! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 5.—The gate of Altorf.

(*Enter Gesler and Albert.*)

Alb. You're at the gate of Altorf. (*Returning.*)

Ges. Tarry, boy!

Alb. I would be gone; I am waited for.

Ges. Come back!

Who waits for thee? Come, tell me; I am rich
And powerful, and can reward.

Alb. 'Tis close

On evening; I have far to go! I'm late.

Ges. Stay! I can punish, too.

Boy, do you know me?

Alb. No.

Ges. Why fear you, then,
To trust me with your father's name?—Speak!

Alb. Why
Do you desire to know it?

Ges. You have served me,
And I would thank him, if I chanced to pass
His dwelling.

Alb. 'T would not please him that a service
So trifling should be made so much of!

Ges. Trifling?
You've saved my life.

Alb. Then do not question me,
But let me go.

Ges. When I have learned from thee
Thy father's name. What ho! (*Knocks at the gate.*)

Sentinel. (*Within.*) Who's there?

Ges. Gesler! (*The gate is opened.*)

Alb. Ha, Gesler!

Ges. (*To the Soldiers.*)—Seize him!—Wilt thou tell me
Thy father's name?

Alb. No!

Ges. I can bid them cast thee
Into a dungeon! Wilt thou tell it now?

Alb. No!

Ges. I can bid them strangle thee! Wilt tell it?

Alb. Never!

Ges. Away with him! Send Sarnem to me.

(*Soldiers lead off Albert.*)

Behind that boy, I see the shadow of
 A hand must wear my fetters, or 'twill try
 To strip me of my power. How I loathed the free
 And fearless air with which he trod the hill!
 But he's in my power!—Some way
 To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,
 And harrow it! I'd like to clip the broad
 And full-grown wing, that taught his tender pinion
 So bold a flight!

(*Enter Sarnem.*)

Ges. Ha, Sarnem! Have the slaves
 Attended me, returned?

Sarnem. They have.

Ges. You'll see
 That every one of them be laid in fetters?

Sar. I will.

Ges. Didst see the boy?

Sar. That passed me?

Ges. Yes.

Sar. A mountaineer.

Ges. You'd say so, saw you him
 Upon the hills; he walks them like their lord!
 I tell thee, Sarnem, looking on that boy,
 I felt I was not master of those hills.
 He has a father—neither promises
 Nor threats could draw from him his name—a father
 Who talks to him of liberty! I fear
 That man.

Sar. He may be found.

Ges. He must; and, soon
 As found, disposed of. I can see the man;
 He is as palpable to my sight, as if
 He stood like you, before me. I can see him
 Scaling that rock; yea, I can feel him, Sarnem,
 As I were in his grasp, and he about
 To hurl me o'er yon parapet! I live
 In danger, till I find that man! Send parties
 Into the mountains, to explore them far
 And wide; and if they chance to light upon
 A father, who expects his child, command them
 To drag him straight before us. Sarnem, Sarnem,
 They are not yet subdued. Some way to prove
 Their spirit!—Take this cap, and have it set

Upon a pole in the market-place, and see
That one and all do bow to it ; whoe'er
Resists, or pays the homage sullenly,
Our bonds await him. Sarnem, see it done.

(*Exit Sarnem.*)

We need not fear the spirit that would rebel,
But dares not :—that which dares, we will not fear.

(*Exit, accompanied by Soldiers.*)

Scene 6.—The Market-Place.

(*Burghers and Peasants, with Pierre, Theodore, and Savoyards, discovered.*)

CHORUS.

Pierre. Come, come, another strain.

Theodore. A cheerful one.

Savoyards. What shall it be ?

Theo. No matter, so 'tis gay.

Begin !

Sav. You'll join the burden ?

Theo. Never fear.

Go on.

(*Savoyard sings, during which Tell and Verner enter ; the former leans upon his bow, and listens gloomily.*)

The Savoyard from clime to clime,
Tunes his strain, and sings his rhyme ;
And still, whatever clime he sees,
His eye is bright, his heart's at ease.
For gentle, simple—all reward
The labors of the Savoyard.

The rich forget their pride—the great
Forget the splendor of their state,
Whene'er the Savoyard they meet,
And list his song, and say 'tis sweet ;
For titled, wealthy—none regard
The fortune of the Savoyard.

But never looks his eye so bright,
And never feels his heart so light,
As when in beauty's smile he sees
His strain is sweet, his rhyme doth please.

O that's the praise doth best reward
The labors of the Savoyard.

But, though the rich retained their pride,
And though the great their praise denied,—
Though beauty pleased his song to slight,
His heart would smile, his eye be bright :
His strain itself would still reward
The labors of the Savoyard.

(The people shout, laugh, &c.)

Ver. Now, Tell,
Observe the people. *(The people have gathered to one side,
and look in the opposite direction, with apprehension and
trouble.)*

Tell. Ha ! they please me now—I like them now—their
looks

Are just in season. There has surely been
Some shifting of the wind, upon such brightness,
To bring so sudden lowering.

Ver. We shall see.

Pie. 'Tis Sarnem !

Theo. *(Looking out.)* What is that he brings with him ?

Pie. A pole ; and on the top of it, a cap
That looks like Gesler's—I could pick it from
A hundred !

Theo. So could I !—My heart hath oft
Leaped at the sight of it. What comes he now
To do ?

*(Enter Sarnem, with Soldiers, bearing Gesler's cap upon a pole,
which he fixes into the ground ; the people looking on, in si-
lence and amazement. The guards station themselves on the
right of the pole.)*

Sar. Ye men of Altorf !

Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governor ; let all bow down to it,
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of bondage,
Till they're instructed. 'Tis no less their gain
Than duty, to obey their master's mandate.

Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.

Tell. Have I my hearing? (*Peasants pass, taking off their hats and bowing to Gesler's cap, as they pass.*)

Ver. Away! Away!

Tell. Or sight?—They do it, Verner!

They do it!—Look!—Ne'er call me man again!
I'll herd with baser animals!

Look!—look! Have I the outline of that caitiff,
Who to the servile earth doth bend the crown,
His God did rear for him to heaven?

Ver. Away,
Before they mark us.

Tell. No! no!—Since I've tasted,
I'll e'en feed on.

A spirit's in me likes it. I will not budge,
Whatever be the cost!

Sar. (*Striking a person.*) Bow lower, slave!

Tell. Do you feel

That blow—my flesh doth tingle with't.
I would it had been I!

Ver. You tremble, William. Come, you must not stay.

Tell. Why not?—What harm is there? I tell thee, Verner,
I know no difference 'twixt enduring wrong,
And living in the fear on't.

(*Enter Michael, through the crowd.*)

Sar. Bow, slave! (*Tell stops, and turns.*)

Mic. For what? (*Laughs.*)

Sar. Obey, and question then.

Mic. I'll question now, perhaps not then obey.

Tell. A man!—a man!

Sar. 'Tis Gesler's will that all
Bow to that cap.

Mic. Were it thy lady's cap,
I'd courtesy to it.

Sar. Do you mock us, friend?

Mic. Not I. I'll bow to Gesler, if you please;
But not his cap, nor cap of any he
In Christendom!

Tell. Well done!

The lion thinks as much of cowering.

Sar. Once for all, bow to that cap.
Do you hear me, slave?

Mic. Slave !

Tell. A man !—I'll swear, a man ! Don't hold me, Verner.

Sar. Villain, bow
To Gesler's cap !

Mic. No—not to Gesler's self !

Sar. Seize him !

Tell. (*Rushing forward.*) Off, off, you base and hireling
pack !

Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing
God made in his own image.

Sar. What ! shrink you, cowards ? Must I do
Your duty for you ?

Tell. Let them but stir—I've scattered
A flock of wolves, that did outnumber them,—
For sport I did it. Sport !—I scattered them
With but a staff, not half so thick as this.

(*Wrests Sarnem's weapon from him. Sarnem flies. Soldiers fly.*)
Ye men of Altorf,

What fear ye ? See what things you fear—the shows
And surfaces of men ! Why stand you wondering there ?
Why gaze you thus with blanched cheeks upon me ?
Lack you the manhood even to look on,
And see bold deeds achieved by others' hands ?
Or is't that cap still holds your thralls to fear ?
Be free, then ! There ! Thus do I trample on
The insolence of Gesler ! (*Throws down the pole.*)

Sar. (*Suddenly entering, with soldiers.*) Seize him !
(*All the people, except Verner and Michael, fly.*)

Tell. Ha !
Surrounded ?

Mic. Stand !—I'll back thee !

Ver. Madman !—Hence ! (*Forces Michael off.*)

Sar. Upon him, slaves !—Upon him all at once ! (*Tell,*
after a struggle, is secured, and they proceed to chain him.)

Tell. Slave !

Sar. Rail on ; thy tongue has yet its freedom.

Tell. Slave !

Sar. On to the castle with him—forward !

Tell. Slave ! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 7.—A Chamber in the Castle.

(Enter Gesler, with Rodolph, Lutold, Gerard, Officers, Sarnem, and Soldiers, with Tell, in chains.)

Sar. Down, slave!

Behold the governor. Down! down! and beg
For mercy!

Ges. (Seated.) Does he hear?

Sar. Submission, slave! Thy knee!—thy knee!
Or with thy life thou playest.

Rodolph. Let's force him to
The ground.

Ges. Can I believe my eyes? He smiles!

Gerard. Why don't you smite him for that look?

Ges. He grasps
His chains as he would make a weapon of them,
To lay the smiter dead.
Why don't they take him from my sight?—they stand
Like things entranced by some magician's spell!—

(Rises.) They must not see
Me thus. Come, draw thy breath with ease—thou'rt Gesler—
Their lord; and he's a slave thou lookest upon!—
Why speakest thou not?

Tell. For wonder.

Ges. Wonder!

Tell. Yes,
That thou shouldst seem a man.

Ges. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster!

Ges. Ha! Beware—think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were double, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to the earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to the teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains!
How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou not answer?

Ges. Do I hear?

Tell. Thou dost.

Ges. Beware my vengeance!

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Ges. Enough—it can do that.

Tell. No ; not enough :

It cannot take away the grace of life—

Its comeliness of look that virtue gives—

Its port erect with consciousness of truth—

Its rich attire of honorable deeds—

Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues ;

It cannot lay its hands on these, no more

Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,

Or with polluted finger tarnish it.

Ges. But it can make thee writhe.

Tell. It may.

Ges. And groan.

Tell. It may ; and I may cry

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou ?

Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn

What news from them ?

Ges. Canst tell me any ?

Tell. Ay ;

They watch no more the avalanche.

Ges. Why so ?

Tell. Because they look for thee ! The hurricane

Comes unawares upon them ; from its bed

The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track—

Ges. What do they then ?

Tell. Thank heaven, it is not thou !

Thou hast perverted nature in them.

There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but

The thought of thee doth wither to a curse.

Ges. That's right ! I'd have them like their hills,

That ne'er smile, though wanton summer tempt

Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay !—when is that ? (*Crosses.*)

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance ! Dare

They talk of that ?

Tell. Ay, and expect it, too.

Ges. From whence ?

Tell. From heaven !

Ges. From heaven ?

Tell. And the true hands

Are lifted up to it on every hill,
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee—in the mountains.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son! (*Crosses.*)

Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy! (*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

Tell. The boy!—what boy?

Is't mine?—And have they netted my young fledgeling?

Now heaven support me, if they have!—He'll own me,

And share his father's ruin! But a look

Would put him on his guard—yet how to give it!

Now, heart, thy nerve: forget thou'rt flesh—be rock.

They come—they come!

That step—that step—that little step, so light

Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall

Upon my heart! I feel my child!—'tis he!

We can but perish.

(*Enter Sarnem, with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries.*)

Alb. (*Aside.*) 'Tis my father's bow,

For there's my father.

Sar. See!

Alb. What?

Sar. Look there!

Alb. I do; what would you have

Me see?

Sar. Thy father.

Alb. My father!

Tell. My boy—my boy!—my own brave boy! He's safe!

Sar. (*Aside, to Gesler.*) They're like each other.

Ges. Yet I see no sign

Of recognition, to betray the link

Unites a father and his child.

Sar. My lord,

I'm sure it is his father. Look at them.

It may be

A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance,

That they survey each other coldly thus.

Ges. (*Rises.*) We shall try.
Lead forth the caitiff.

Sar. To a dungeon?

Ges. No;

Into the court.

Sar. The court, my lord!

Ges. And send

To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!

The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

Sar. I did.

He started—'tis his father.

Ges. We shall see.

Away with him!

Tell. Stop!—Stay!

Ges. What would you?

Tell. Time,—

A little time to call my thoughts together.

Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.

Tell. Some one, then,

To speak with.

Ges. Hence with him!

Tell. A moment—stop!

Let me speak to the boy.

Ges. Is he thy son?

Tell. And if

He were, art thou so lost to nature, as

To send me forth to die before his face?

Ges. Well, speak with him. Now, Sarnem, mark them
well. (*Albert goes to Tell.*)

Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee

Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son

About thy age. Thou,

I see, wast born, like him, upon the hills:

If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thralldom, he

May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee

Relate to him what has been passing here,

And say I laid my hand upon thy head,

And said to thee—if he were here, as thou art,

Thus would I bless him: Mayst thou live, my boy,

To see thy country free, or die for her,

As I do!

Sar. Mark!—He weeps.

Tell. Were he my son,

He would not shed a tear : he would remember
 The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
 A thousand fathoms depth of nether air ;
 Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
 And meet the lightning eye to eye ! Where last
 We spoke together—when I told him death
 Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
 Embraced for virtue's sake,—he shed a tear !
 Now, were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
 Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye.—
 I'd talk to him—

Sar. He falters.

Tell. 'Tis too much !

And yet it must be done ! I'd talk to him—

Ges. Of what ?

Tell. (*Turns to Gesler.*) The mother, tyrant, thou dost
 make

A widow of ! I'd talk to him of her. (*Turns to Albert.*)

I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
 Her name was the last word my lips pronounced ;
 And I would charge him never to forget
 To love and cherish her, as he would have
 His father's dying blessing rest upon him !

Sar. You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.

Tell. (*Aside.*) So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.
 My boy ! my boy !—Oh, for the hills—the hills ;
 To see him bound along their tops again,
 With liberty !

Sar. Was there not all the father in that look ?

Ges. Yet, 'tis against nature.

Sar. Not if he believes

To own the son, would be to make him share
 The father's death.

Ges. I did not think of that.—'Tis well
 The boy is not thy son : I've destined him
 To die along with thee.

Tell. To die ! For what ?

Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast.
 Lead them forth.

Tell. He's but a child.

Ges. Away with them !

Tell. Perhaps an only child.

Ges. No matter.

Tell. He

May have a mother.

Ges. So the viper hath ;

And yet, who spares it for the mother's sake ?

Tell. I talk to stone ! I talk to it as though

'Twere flesh, and know 'tis none. I'll talk to it

No more. Come, my boy,

I taught thee how to live—I'll show thee how

To die—

Ges. He is thy child ?

Tell. (*Embraces Albert.*) He is my child !

Ges. I've wrung a tear from him ! Thy name ?

Tell. My name ?—

It matters not to keep it from thee, now ;

My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell !—William Tell ?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What ! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen,

For guiding o'er the stormy lake, the boat ?

And such a master of his bow, 'tis said

His arrows never miss !—Indeed—I'll take

Exquisite vengeance !—Mark ! I'll spare thy life,

Thy boy's too.—Both of you are free—on one

Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make

A trial of your skill, with that same bow

You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you

Would have me make. (*Tell looks on Albert.*)

Ges. You look upon your boy,

As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look

Upon my boy !—What mean you ?—Look upon

My boy, as though I guessed it. Guessed the trial

You'd have me make ! Guessed it

Instinctively ! You do not mean—no—no—

You would not have me make a trial of

My skill upon my child ! Impossible !

I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see

Thee hit an apple at the distance of

A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it ?

Ges. No.

Tell. No !—I'll send the arrow through the core !

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great heaven,
Thou hearest him !

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. Oh, monster !

Ges. Wilt thou do it ?

Alb. He will ! he will !

Tell. Ferocious monster ! Make
A father murder his own child !

Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consent.

Tell. With his own hand !

Ges. Does he consent ?

Alb. He does. (*Gesler signs to his officers, who proceed
to take off Tell's chains—Tell all the while unconscious
of what they do.*)

Tell. With his own hand !
Murder his child with his own hand !
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by !
'Tis beyond horror—'tis most horrible
Amazement ! (*His chains fall off.*) What's that you have
done to me ?

Villains ! (*To the guards.*) Put on my chains again. My
hands

Are free from blood ; and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's !—Here !—here !—I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father—father !
You will not hit me, father !

Tell. Hit thee !—Send
The arrow through thy brain—or, missing that,
Shoot out an eye—or, if thine eye escapes,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses !—Hit thee !—Hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart.

Ges. Dost thou consent ?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father! no,

To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth.—

I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corse before her! (*Crosses.*)

Ges. Then

He dies this moment; and you certainly

Do murder him, whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well—I'll do it:

I'll make the trial.

Alb. (*Runs up to Tell, and embraces him.*) Father!

Tell. Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb;

And so should all things be—earth should be dumb!

And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it!—Give me

My bow and quiver!

Ges. When all's ready.

Tell. Well!

Lead on!

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene 8.—Without the Castle.

(*Enter slowly, people in evident distress—Rodolph, Officers, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert—a Soldier, bearing Tell's bow and quiver, another with a basket of apples—Soldiers, &c.*)

Ges. That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is

The line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is't

To thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,

A very little thing—a yard or two,

Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.

Ges. And what of that?
What matter, whether to or from the sun?

Tell. I'd have it at my back.—The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun.—
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way!—Thou hast cause to bless my
mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.

Ges. Show me
The basket!—There!—(*Gives a very small apple.*)

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. O! do you?—But you see
The color on't, is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater, if thou hittest it.

Tell. True—true—I didn't think of that—I wonder
I did not think of that.—Give me some chance
To save my boy! (*Throws away the apple, with all his force.*)

I will not murder him,
If I can help it. For the honor of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone—

Ges. Well! choose thyself. (*Hands a basket of apples.*)

Tell takes one.)

Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?

Ver. Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun

Set on the tyrant's banner.—Verner! Verner!
The boy!—the boy!—Thinkest thou he has the courage
To stand it?

Ver. Yes.

Tell. Does he tremble?

Ver. No.

Tell. Art sure?

Ver. I am.

Tell. How looks he?

Ver. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it, look yourself.

Tell. No—no—my friend;
To hear it, is enough.

Ver. He bears himself
So much above his years—

Tell. I know!—I know.

Ver. With constancy so modest—

Tell. I was sure
He would—

Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you—

Tell. Man! man! man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father,
To act the man!—Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—you do not mind me!—Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.—
Set him upon his knees—and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—
Thus,—Verner, charge him to keep steady—tell him
I'll hit the apple!—Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! (*Leading him behind.*)

Alb. May I not speak with him, before I go?

Ver. No—

Alb. I would only kiss his hand.

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must!—I cannot go from him without!

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?

I am content, then—come.

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Running into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go now,
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—
Go, boy—be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. (*Kisses him.*) Go!—God bless thee—go.—
My bow! (*Sarnem gives the bow.*)
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant.—No,
I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty;
Thou'rt stanch—stanch.—Let me see my quiver. (*Retires up.*)

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Lutold. I do.

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged.
That's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges. Let him have
Another. (*Tell examines another.*)

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my
quiver.

Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen,
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that!

Ges. It matters not—
Show him the quiver. (*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow.*)

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready too!—Keep silence, for
Heaven's sake, and do not stir—and let me have
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent.

Ges. Go on!

Tell. I will. (*Tell shoots, and a shout of exultation bursts
from the crowd. Tell's head drops on his bosom; he with
difficulty supports himself upon his bow.*)

Ver. (*Rushing in, with Albert.*) The boy is safe; no hair
of him is touched!

- Alb.* Father, I'm safe—your Albert's safe. Dear father,
Speak to me! speak to me!
- Ver.* He cannot, boy!
- Alb.* You grant him life?
- Ges.* I do.
- Alb.* And we are free?
- Ges.* You are. (*Crossing angrily behind.*)
- Alb.* Thank heaven! thank heaven!
- Ver.* Open his vest,
And give him air. (*Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*)
- Tell.* My boy! my boy!
- Ges.* For what
- Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!
- Tell.* To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!
- Ges.* My guards! secure him!
- Tell.* Tyrant, every hill shall blaze
With vengeance.
- Ges.* Slaves, obey me!
- Tell.* Liberty
- Shall at thy downfall shout from every peak!
- Ges.* Away with him! (*Guards seize him.*)
- Tell.* My country shall be free! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 9.—Gesler's Castle—a Lake in view.

(*Enter Gesler, Rodolph, and officers.*)

- Ges.* How say you?—Urni in commotion?
- Rod.* Yes;
- Our scouts report on sure intelligence.
- Ges.* (*Calling.*) Sarnem!
- (*Enter Sarnem.*)
- Sar.* My lord.
- Ges.* The bark—is't ready? Hurry it!
- And lead him from his dungeon. (*Exit Sarnem.*) He shall
change
His prison for a stronger; then, perhaps,
I'll rest. Yet, if I close my eyes, sleep only draws
Her curtain round my thoughts, to shut them in
With restlessness, from which they turn to watching,
As to refreshment.

(*Re-enter Sarnem.*)

Sar. Now, my lord—

Ges. (*Catching hold of him.*) Sarnem?

Sar. My lord, what moves you?

Ges. We are so

Beset with traitors, Sarnem, we forget
The voices of our friends. The bark is ready?

Sar. It is, my lord.

Ges. Our prisoner, too? That's well!
What kind of night?

Sar. The wind is rising.

Ges. The night will be a rough one.

Sar. 'Twill be a storm.

My lord, 'twere well you ventured not yourself;
Those lakes are dangerous at night; the course
Is long.

Ges. No, Sarnem, I must see the slave
Disposed myself. My castle on the lake's
Impregnable. The storm I fear,
Is that we carry with us. Tell's the cloud
From which I dread a thunderbolt!

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene 10.—A Mountain, with a view of the Lake Lucerne.

(*Enter Emma, leading Old Melctal.*)

Old M. I keep thee back?

Emma. No.

Old M. I'm sure I do.

Emma. And if you do, it matters not—we've gained
The cliff. Should Erni come, how lies the track
From this, he'll take?

Old M. The lake's in view?

Emma. It is.

Old M. Then set me fronting it. Now, as I point,
Seest thou the shoulder of a wooded hill,
That overlooks the rest? (*Pointing.*)

Emma. I see it well.

Old M. Another hill's in front of it?

Emma. There is.

Old M. His track lies o'er the verge of that same hill,
And so exact from this, what moves upon't,
Is plainly seen betwixt the sky and you.
Discern you aught upon't?

Emma. I think I do.

Yes—yes, I do.

Old M. What dost thou see upon that hill, my child ?

Emma. Figures of men in motion ; but as dim
As shadows yet.

Old M. 'Tis Erni ! O that I
Had eyes to see the shadow of my child !
O blessed are they that see !—They twice embrace
The precious things they love.—If it be they,
They'll soon be here.

Emma. Too late, I fear ; too late
To save my husband and my child. Why fled
The churl soon as he told us they were in
The tyrant's power ? (*Crosses.*)

Old M. Blame not his haste, my child,
'Twas sure for good.

Emma. I see a bark upon
The lake. I think I see the gleam
Of lances in the bark—I'm sure I do !

Old M. Likely, my child : the tyrant and his guards,
Perhaps are there. He has a hold, you know,
Upon the lake—a castle, stronger far
Than that at Altorf.

Emma. Father—father !

Old M. What ?—
What moves you so, my child ?

Emma. The form of him (*Looks out.*)
Who steers the bark, is like—

Old M. Like whose ?

Emma. My husband's !
Yes—yes ! 'Tis William !—So he holds the helm ;
I'd know him at the helm from any man
That ever steered a bark upon the lake !
I fear—I fear !—

Old M. What is't you fear, my daughter ?
Is't the lake ?

Emma. No, no ! The lake is rough ;
Chafed with the storm of yesternight—'tis rough ;
But 'tis not that I fear. What business have
The lances in that bark ? What's that he does ?
He steers her right upon a rock !—'Tis in
Despair ; and there he'll die before my eyes !—

Ha ! what !—What's that ? He springs upon the rock !
He flies !—he's free !—but they pursue him !

Old M. See how our friends come on.

If it were they, they should be nearer now.

Emma. They are !—They are !

Old M. Let's haste to meet them, then.

The track—the track !—Let us trust to them

For aid. Don't look behind. Come on—come on ! (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Tell, from an eminence.*)

Tell. Whene'er I choose, I have the speed of them.

Nor dare they shoot : so oft as they prepare,

If I but bend my bow, the terror of

The deadly aim alone transfixes them,

That down they drop their weapons by their sides,

And stand and gaze, with lapsed power, as though

In every heart, an arrow from my bow

Stood quivering. I knew that beetling cliff

Would cost them breath to climb. They top it now.

Ha ! (*Bends his bow.*) Have I brought you to a stand again ?

I'll keep you there, to give your master time

To breathe. Poor slaves ! no game are you for me ;

But could I draw the tyrant on, that shrinks

Behind you.—There he is !

(*Enter Archers and Spear-men, followed by Gesler.*)

Ges. Wherefore do you fly !

Tell. Wherefore do you pursue me ? Said you not

You'd give me liberty, if through the storm

I safely steered your prow ? The waves did then

Lash over you ; your pilot left the helm ;

I took it, and they reared their heads no more,

Unless to bow them, and give way to me,

And let your pinnacle on. You did repeat

Your promise, as you trembling lay, along

The bottom of the bark, and scanned the looks

Of your pale crew, that shrunk, while fiercer waxed

The fury of the wind, and to its height

The roaring of the angry thunder rose,

Through which I brought you, as through savage foes,

My friends, that for my sake forbore. You twice

Promised me liberty. I only take

What you did promise.

Ges. Traitor, 'twas your place

To wait my time.

Tell. It would have been, had I
Believed that time would come. If I'm a prize
Worthy to take, why hang you thus behind
Your minions? Why not lead the chase yourself?
Lack you the manhood e'en to breast the sport
You love?

Ges. Transfix the slave with all your darts,
At once.

Tell. Ha! (*Takes aim again—they drop their weapons,
which they had half raised.*)
Follow me! Keen huntsmen they,
The game itself must urge. Keep up the chase! (*He rushes
out.*)

Ges. You keep too close together. Spread yourselves,
That some of you may hit him unawares.
His quiver full of ducats, to the man
That brings him down. On, cowards—on, I say! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 11.—The outside of Gesler's Castle.

(*Enter Gesler's Guards, retreating in great haste and confusion—Tell closely following, with bended bow.*)

Tell. Fly! fly! ye base, ignoble cowards, fly!
(*Enter Erni, Furst, Melctal, Emma, Verner, and People.*)

Welcome, my worthy friends. The chase is o'er,
The prize is won.—An arrow from this bow
Hath felt the last throb of the tyrant's heart.
My country's free! Yes, Switzers, once again
Ye breathe the air of glorious liberty!

People. Huzzah—huzzah.

Alb. (*Rushing on the stage.*) 'Tis liberty, my father;
Oh! 'tis liberty! (*Exeunt.*)

COMIC AND AMUSING.

I.—FROM SPEED THE PLOUGH.

FARMER ASHFIELD—DAME ASHFIELD.

Scene.—In the fore-ground, a Farm House—a view of a Castle at a distance.—Farmer Ashfield discovered, with his jug and pipe.

(*Enter Dame Ashfield, in a riding dress, and a basket under her arm.*)

Ashfield. Well, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring from market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, Missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dant thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you, that Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? Always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. What will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs. Grundy think?—Canst thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyself pratty?

Dame. Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummas, what she said at church, last Sunday.

Ash. Canst thee tell what parson zaid? Noa.—Then I'll tell thee.—A'zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a'zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, indeed?

Ash. What dant thee letten her alone, then?—I do verily think, when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee'llt ax, il be, if Mrs. Grundy's there. Zoa, be quiet, and behave pratty, do'ye.—Has thee brought whoam the Salisbury news?

Dame. No, Tummas ; but I have brought a rare wadget of news with me. First and foremost, I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and wagons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle—and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pulled off his hat to me, and said—"Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honor of presenting that letter to your husband."—So, there he stood without his hat—oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked !

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy—be quiet, and let I read, woolye ?
(*Reads.*) "My dear Farmer"—(*Taking off his hat.*) Thank ye, zur—zame to you, wi' all my heart and soul.—"My dear Farmer"—

Dame. Farmer—why, you are blind, Tummas ; it is—"My dear Father"—tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash. Odds ! dickens and daisies ! zoo it be, zure enow !—"My dear Father, you will be surprised"—zoo I be, he, he ! What pretty writing, beant it ? all as straight as thof it were ploughed—"Surprised to hear that in a few hours, I shall embrace you—Nelly, who was formerly our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy, Bart."—

Dame. Handy Bart—Pugh ! Bart. stands for baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely.—Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world.

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great baronet ! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say ?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let I read ?—"And she has proposed bringing me to see you ; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"—

Dame. "And mother."

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write feyther, dant she ?

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though—"Acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter, Susan Ashfield." Now beant that a pratty letter ?

Dame. And, Tummas, is not she a pretty girl ?

Ash. Ees, and as good as she be pretty.—Drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm,—for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. And what will Mrs. Grundy say ? (*Exeunt.*)

II.—LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—*Anonymous.*

MARY—GRANDMOTHER.

Mary. She was, indeed, a pretty little creature ;
So meek, so modest ; what a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent, should fall
A victim to the ravenous wolf !

Grandmother. The wolf, indeed !
You've left the nursery to but little purpose,
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though in the time of Æsop, or before.

Mary. Was't not a wolf, then ? I have read the story
A hundred times, and heard it told, nay, told it,
Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrunk
Together in the sheets, from very terror,
And with protecting arms, each round the other,
E'en sobbed ourselves to sleep. But I remember,
I saw the story acted on the stage,
And so it was a robber, not a wolf,
That met poor little Riding Hood in the wood.

Grand. Nor wolf, nor robber, child : this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral.

Mary. Hidden ! nay,
I'm not so young, but I can spell it out,—
And this it is : children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way, to talk with wolves.

Grand. Tut, wolves again : wilt listen to me, child ?

Mary. Say on, dear grandma.

Grand. Thus, then, dear my daughter :
In this young person, culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path, to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds.

Mary. Nay, none but children
Could gather butter-cups and mayweed, mother ;
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there.

Grand. You die, indeed !

At your years, die ! But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture.

Mary. Poor Red Riding Hood !
We had forgotten her : yet, mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
And now, the hidden moral.

Grand. Thus it is !
Mere children read such stories literally ;
But the more elderly and wise, deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that we must guard against, is love.

Mary. I thought love was an infant.

Grand. The world and love were young together, child ;
And innocent—alas ! time changes all things.

Mary. True, I remember, love is now a man ;
And, the song says, “a very saucy one”—
But how a wolf ?

Grand. In ravenous appetite,
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.

Mary. I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf love, in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.

Grand. You'll do wisely.

Mary. Nor e'en in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

Grand. That's my child.

Mary. Nor in my grandam's cottage, or elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or pull the bobbin.

Grand. Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson.

Mary. Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me.

Grand. Say what, my love ;
I will explain.

Mary. This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up ;

What is the moral here ? Have all our grandams
Been devoured by love ?

Grand. Let us go in ;
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit. *(Exeunt.)*

III.—FROM WILLIAM TELL.—*Knowles.*

WALDMAN—MICHAEL.

Waldman. Don't tell me, Michael ! thou dost lead a life
As bootless as a jester's—worse than his,
For he has high retaining. Every one
Calls thee his fool—the gallant and the boy,
The gentle-born and base ! Thy graceless name
Is ever tagged to feasts, and shows, and games,
And saucy brawls, which men as young as thou,
Discourse of with grave looks. What comes of this ?
Will't make thee rich ? Will't give thee place in life ?
Will't buy thee honor, friendship, or esteem ?
Will't get thee reverence 'gainst gray hairs ?

Michael. Good father !—

Wal. The current of thy life doth counter run
To that of other men's. Thy spirits, which
Were reason in thee, when thou wast a child,
As tameless still, now thou'rt become a man,
Are folly ! Thriftless life, that may be called
More rational when in the nurse's lap,
Than when in manhood's chair ! Survey those towers,
And act the revel o'er of yesternight ;
Think of the tyrants whom they lodge, and then
Link hands with fools and braggarts o'er their wine :
Fancy the sounds their dungeons hear, and tell
Of such and such a jest of thine, that made
Thy wanton comrades roar.

Mich. Dear father !

Wal. Pshaw !

Thou canst not try to speak with gravity,
But one perceives thou wagg'st an idle tongue ;
Thou canst not try to look demure, but, spite
Of all thou dost, thou showest a laughter's cheek ;
Thou canst not e'en essay to walk sedate,

But in thy very gait, one sees the jest,
That's ready to break out, in spite of all
Thy seeming.

Mich. I'm a melancholy man,
That can't do that which with good will I would !
I pray thee, father, tell me what will change me.

Wal. Hire thyself to a sexton, and dig graves :
Never keep company, but at funerals ;
Beg leave to take thy bed into the church,
And sleep there ; fast, until thine abstinence
Upbraid the anchorite with gluttony ;
And when thou takest refection, feast on naught
But water and stale bread : ne'er speak, except
At prayers and grace ; and as to music, be
Content with ringing of the passing bell,
When souls do go to their account.

Mich. But if
The bells, that ring as readily for joy
As grief, should chance to ring a merry peal,
And they should drop the corse—

Wal. Then take the rope,
And hang thyself. (*Crosses.*) I know no other way
To change thee.

Mich. Nay, I'll do some great feat, yet.

Wal. You'll do some great feat ! Take me Gesler's castle !

Mich. Humph ! that would be a feat, indeed ! I'll do it !

Wal. You'll do it ! You'll get married, and have children,
And be a sober citizen, before
You pare your bread o' the crust. You'll do it ! You'll
Do nothing ! Live until you are a hundred,
When death shall catch you, 'twill be laughing. Do it !
Look grave, talk wise, live sober, thou wilt do
A harder thing, but that thou'lt never do. (*Exit Waldman.*)

Mich. (*Solus.*) Hard sentence that ! Dame Nature ! gentle mother !

If thou hast made me of too rich a mould
To bring the common seed of life to fruit,
Is it a fault ? Kind Nature ! I should lie,
To say it was. Who would not have an eye
To see the sun, where others see a cloud ?
A skin so tempered, as to feel the rain,
Gave other men the ague, him refreshed ;
A frame so vernal, as, in spite of snow

To think it's genial summer all year round ;
 And bask himself in bleak December's scowl,
 While others sit and shiver o'er a hearth ?
 I do not know the fool would not be such
 A man ! Shall I upbraid my heart, because
 It hath been so intent to keep me in
 An ample revenue of precious mirth,
 It hath forgot to hoard the duller coin
 The world do trade on ? No, not I, no more
 Than I would empt my coffers of their gold,
 Were they so furnished, to make room for brass,
 Or disenthroned the diamond of my ring—
 Supposed the gemmed toy my finger wore—
 To seat a sparkless pebble in its place !

(*Exit.*)

IV.—FROM HENRY VI.—*Shakspeare.*

GEORGE BEVIS—JOHN HOLLAND—CADE—DICK—SMITH—OTHERS.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a lath ;
 our enemies have been up these two days.

Holland. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bev. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means to dress the
 commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say, it
 was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Bev. O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded in handi-
 craftsmen.

Hol. The nobility scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bev. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True ; and yet it is said, labor in thy vocation ; which
 is as much as to say, let the magistrates be laboring men ; and
 therefore should we be magistrates.

Bev. Thou hast hit it ; for there's no better sign of a brave
 mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son, the tan-
 ner, of Wingham.

Bev. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's
 leather of.

Hol. And Dick, the butcher—

Bev. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's
 throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith, the weaver—

Bev. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

(*Enter Cade, Dick, the butcher, Smith, the weaver, and others.*)

Cade. We, John Cade, so termed from our supposed father—

Dick. (*Aside.*) Or rather, from stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. —For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. (*Aside.*) He was an honest man, and a good brick-layer.

Cade. My mother was a Plantagenet—

Dick. I knew her well.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacys—

Dick. (*Aside.*) She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. (*Aside.*) But now, of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks, here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honorable; (*Aside*) and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. (*Aside.*) You must needs be; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; (*Aside*) for I have seen him whipped three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. (*To Dick.*) He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. (*To Smith.*) But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt in the hand for stealing sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be—

All. God save your majesty !

Cade. I thank you, good people.—There shall be no money ; all shall eat and drink upon my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say, the bee stings ; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax ; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now ? who is there ?

(*Enter one, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*)

Smith. The Clerk of Chatham ; he can write, and read, and cast accounts.

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boy's copies.

Cade. He's a villain !

Smith. He has a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjuror.

Dick. Yea, he can make obligations, and write court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't : the man is a proper man, on mine honor ; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee : what is thy name ?

Clerk. Emanuel ?

Dick. 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone :—dost thou use to write thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man ?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed : away with him ; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say : hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. (Exeunt.)

V.—FROM BLACK-EYED SUSAN.—*Anonymous.*

ADMIRAL—WILLIAM—WITNESSES.

Admiral. Prisoner, as your ship is ordered for instant service, and it has been thought expedient that your shipmates should be witnesses of whatever punishment the court may

award you, if found guilty of the crime wherewith you are charged, it will be sufficient to receive the depositions of the witnesses, without calling for the attendance of Captain Cross-tree, whom it is yet impossible to remove from shore. One of the witnesses, I am sorry to say, is your wife ; however, out of mercy to your peculiar situation, we have not summoned her to attend.

William. Bless you, your honor, bless you. My wife, Susan, standing here before me, speaking words that would send me to the fore-yard—it had been too much for an old sailor. I thank your honors ! If I must work for the dead reckoning, I wouldn't have it in sight of my wife.

Adm. Prisoner, you are charged with an attempt to slay Robert Crosstree, captain in his majesty's navy, and your superior officer. Answer, are you guilty, or not guilty ?

Will. I want, your honor, to steer well between the questions. If it be asked, whether I wished to kill the captain ? I could, if I'd a mind to brag, show that I loved him—loved him next to my own Susan ; all's one for that. I am not guilty of an attempt to kill the captain, but if it be guilt to strike in defense of a sailor's own sheet-anchor, his wife, why, I say guilty, your honor ; I say it, and think I've no cause to hang out the red at my fore.

Adm. You plead guilty. Let me, as one of your judges, advise you to reconsider the plea. At least, take the chances which a hearing of your case may allow.

Will. I leave that chance to your own hearts, your honors ; if they have not a good word for poor Will, why, it is below the honesty of a sailor, to go upon the half tack of a lawyer.

Adm. You will not retract the plea ?

Will. I'm fixed ; anchored to it, fore and aft, with chain-cable.

Adm. Gentlemen, nothing more remains for us than to consider the justice of our verdict. Although the case of the unfortunate man admits of many palliatives, still, for the upholding of a necessary discipline, any commiseration would afford a dangerous precedent, and, I fear, cannot be indulged. Gentlemen, are you all determined on your verdict ? Guilty, or not guilty ?

All. Guilty.

Adm. It remains, then, for me to pass the sentence of the law. Does no one of your shipmates attend, to speak to your character ? Have you no one ?

Will. No one, your honor—I didn't think to ask them ; but

let the word be passed, and may I never go aloft, if, from the boatswain to the black cook, there's one that can spin a yarn to condemn me.

Adm. Pass the word forward, for witnesses.

(Enter Witness.)

Adm. What are you?

Wit. Boatswain, your honor.

Adm. What know you of the prisoner?

Wit. Know, your honor, the trimmest sailor as ever handled rope; the first on his watch, the last to leave the deck; one as never belonged to the after guard—he has the cleanest top, and the whitest hammock; from reefing a maintop-sail, to stowing a netting, give me taut Bill afore any able seaman in his majesty's fleet.

Adm. But what know you of his moral character?

Wit. His moral character, your honor? Why, he plays upon the fiddle like an angel.

Adm. Are there any other witnesses?

(Another Witness comes forward.)

Adm. What do you know of the prisoner?

Wit. Nothing but good, your honor.

Adm. He was never known to disobey command?

Wit. Never but once, your honor, and that was when he gave me half his grog, when I was upon the black list.

Adm. What else do you know?

Wit. Why, this I know, your honor, if William goes aloft, there's sartin promotion for him.

Adm. Have you nothing else to show? Did he never do any great, benevolent action?

Wit. Yes, he twice saved the captain's life, and once ducked a Jew slopseller.

Adm. Are there any more witnesses?

Will. Your honors, I feel as if I were in irons, or seized to the grating, to stand here and listen, like the landlord's daughter of the Nelson, to nothing but yarns about service and character. My actions, your honors, are kept in the log-book aloft. If, when that's overhauled, I'm not found a trim seaman, why, it's only throwing salt to fishes, to patter here.

Adm. Gentlemen, are your opinions still unchanged?—Prisoner, what have you to say in arrest of judgment? Now is your time to speak.

Will. In a moment, your honors.—Hang it, my top-lights are rather misty.—Your honors, I had been three years at sea,

and never looked upon, or heard from my wife—as sweet a little craft as was ever launched—I had come ashore, and I was as lively as a petterel in a storm—I found Susan, that's my wife, your honors, all her gilt taken by the land-sharks; but yet all taut, with a face as red and as rosy as the king's head on the side of a fire-bucket. Well, your honors, when we were as merry as a ship's crew on a pay-day, there comes an order to go aboard. I left Susan, and went with the rest of the liberty-men, to ax leave of the first lieutenant. I hadn't been gone the turning of an hour-glass, when I heard Susan giving signals of distress; I out with my cutlass, made all sail, and came up to my craft. I found her battling with a pirate—I never looked at his figure-head; never stopped—would any of your honors? long live you and your wives, say I—would any of your honors have rowed along-side, as if you'd been going aboard a royal yacht? No, you wouldn't, for the gilt swabs on your shoulders can't alter the heart that swells beneath—you would have done the same as I did—and what did I?—Why, I cut him down, like a piece of old junk—had he been the first lord of the Admiralty, I had done it.

VI.—THE WILL.—*Anonymous.*

SWIPES, A BREWER—CURRIE, A SADDLER—FRANK MILLINGTON—
SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes. A sober occasion this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end?

Currie. Ah, we must all die, brother Swipes, and those who live longest, outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true; but since we must die, and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses, when she departed?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the testament, aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the squire, what disposition she made of her property?

Cur. Not a whisper; the squire is as close as an underground tomb; but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a cent.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as your beer barrels. But here comes the young reprobate,—he must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter Frank Millington.*)—Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you, at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread—

Swipes. Ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire. (*Going, he meets the Squire.*)

Squire. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the squire is well, to-day.

Squire. Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

Squire. No, I believe not; you know I never hurry. "Slow and sure," is my maxim. Well, since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. (*While he is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying scene, to leave all one's possessions, squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look round and see every thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "all is vanity."

Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*All sit.—The Squire, having put on his spectacles, begins to read, in a drawling, nasal tone.*) "Imprimis—Whereas, my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience, and ungrateful conduct, has

shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Maltstreet, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-court, saddler"—
(*Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.*)

Swipes. (*Takes out his handkerchief, and attempts to snivel.*)
Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind. She was in her right mind.—Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I shall take the mansion-house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it. (*Both rise.*)

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? and who knows what influence—

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer, for more than six months? and who knows—

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. (*Going.*)

Squire. (*Who has been leisurely wiping his spectacles, again puts them on, and with his calm, nasal twang, calls out,*)
Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. I have not done yet. (*All sit.*) Let me see, where was I?—Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Maltstreet, brewer,"—

Swipes. Yes!

Squire. "And Christopher Currie, Fly-court, saddler"—

Cur. Yes!

Squire. "To have and to hold in trust, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained to a lawful age, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be entrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? In trust! how does that appear? Where is it?

Squire. (*Pointing to the parchment.*) There—in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times! if

two sober, hard-working citizens, are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate. But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with.

Cur. That will we.

Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen, for the instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentleman must already be of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it no so, Francis?

Frank. It is, your worship.

Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended the breaking of this seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises. (*Exeunt.*)

VII.—FROM THE BASHFUL MAN.

SIR THOMAS FRIENDLY—BLUSHINGTON—FRANK—GYP—EVANS—
NICHOLAS—LADY FRIENDLY—DINAH.

Scene 1.—Library in Friendly Hall. At the back, a handsome rose-wood table, on which is a head of Hercules and an elegant ink-stand; over that, on a sort of shelf, a superb edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes.

(*Enter Sir Thomas and Lady Friendly.*)

Lady Friendly. But why not receive Mr. Blushington in the great drawing-room, Sir Thomas?

Sir Thomas. There's my management, my lady! Being a scholar, Mr. Blushington will feel, at once, the delicacy of the compliment I pay him, by first introducing him to the library; besides, the apparent number of books he will see here, will give him a high opinion of my erudition; there's management again! Wouldn't any one think, to look at it, that was really a fine edition of Xenophon, in folio? Instead of which, it's merely a deal-board, covered with some gilded leather, for the maids to put their pails and brushes behind. All my contrivance! But, mum! here he comes. Oh! this plaguy gout!—But I must get up and receive him.

(*Enter Blushington, pushed on by Gyp, preceded by Evans, and followed by Nick and servants.*)

Evans. Mr. Blushington, Sir Thomas.

Blushington. Don't leave me, Gyp; the awful moment has arrived.

Sir T. Mr. Blushington, I rejoice to meet you.

Gyp. Fifth position, sir. (*Blushington, in endeavoring to put himself into an attitude, stumbles and pitches on Sir Thomas's gouty foot.*) Oh! confound the fellow, he's murdered me. (*Aside.*)

Blush. You infernal scoundrel, Gyp! you've made me tread Sir Thomas's toe off. My dear Sir Thomas, I beg ten thousand pardons; but—but—

Sir T. No apologies, I beg: these little accidents will happen. It's over now: yes, as we scholars say, it's gone in *toto*.

Gyp. All's right, sir!—Now for the speech. (*Apart to Blushington.*)

Blush. (*Apart to Gyp.*) My tongue sticks to my throat: I couldn't utter a syllable to save my life.

Sir T. Allow me to introduce you to Lady Friendly. Lady Friendly, Mr. Blushington—

Blush. Happy—proud—dinner—sorry—acquaintance—

Sir T. Ay, ay; well thought of. Go, varlets, and hurry the dinner. No giggling, hussies!—Away! (*Exeunt Nick and Servants.*) Evans, take Mr. Blushington's man into the pantry, and make him welcome.

Blush. Oh dear! no; no occasion for that, Sir Thomas. Lord bless me! don't leave me, Gyp. What shall I do by myself, if they take my only prop away. (*Aside to Gyp.*)

Gyp. Courage, sir! you get on famously. I must go, you see—can't help it. (*Aside to Blushington.*) Poor fellow!

Evans. This way, if you please, sir. (*Exeunt Gyp and Evans.*)

Blush. What will become of me! without guide or rudder! I'm lost!

Sir T. Take a chair, Mr. Blushington: you seem warm.

Blush. (*Aside.*) I'm frying!

Sir T. You perceive, Mr. Blushington, we're like you—dabble in literature a little; smack of the classics a bit!

Blush. The classics: I can launch out here; I'm on safe ground. (*Aside.*) Yes, Sir Thomas—certainly—by all means.

Sir T. Delightful study. I fagged hard, hard, at college, Mr. Blushington; and was, I can assure you, very near being elected senior wrangler.

Blush. I don't doubt it. I chafe like a bull. (*Aside.*)

Lady F. We are all great readers, Mr. Blushington; my daughter Dinah, in particular; before she was twelve years old, she had gone twice through "The Complete Housewife," and

"The Whole Duty of Man." You'll suit one another to a T, in that respect.

Blush. Hum! Oh, yes, certainly, my lady, by all means; though I can't say I've been through "The Whole Duty of Man," and "The Complete Housewife." They're rather ignorant: I must astonish them a little bit, with the extent of my learning. I begin to get more courage than I thought for. Yes, I'll surprise them now. (*Aside.*) Bless me, that's a very remarkable edition of Xenophon there—sixteen volumes folio; allow me to examine it. (*Getting up.*)

Sir T. (*Rising.*) Stop, stop, my dear Mr. Blushington, I—

Blush. Oh! Sir Thomas, I couldn't think of giving you the trouble. (*Goes, as he supposes, to lay hold of one of the volumes, when the board falls down on the slab, breaks the Hercules's head, and upsets the ink-stand.*) Hey! what! books—boards! what have I done? what shall I do? I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir Thomas; upon my word, I didn't mean to do it. If I'd known it had only been sham—bless me! here's all the ink down too. Oh dear! oh dear! what an accident.

Lady F. I thought what would come of your fine management, Sir Thomas. Where's a cloth? the table will be spoiled!

Blush. Here's a cloth, my lady. (*Takes his white cambric handkerchief, and begins wiping up the ink.*) Bless me! I'm inking my handkerchief. (*Folds up the handkerchief, the inky part inside, and puts it in his pocket.*) Excuse my awkwardness, my lady: I—I—oh dear! that I could but run away. If Gyp was but here!

(*Enter Evans.*)

Evans. Dinner's on table, Sir Thomas.

Blush. Here's a relief, then. I'm in a furnace.

Sir T. I won't have another word on the subject; there's no harm done; only the cover taken off the books, Hercules's head broke, and Mr. Blushington's handkerchief stained. You've received no material contusion yourself, I hope, my dear young friend?

Blush. Oh dear, no! I'm in no material confusion at all: quite cool, I assure you. I wish I could jump out of the window. Mount Vesuvius is an ice-house, to this. (*Aside.*)

Sir T. Come along, then, and I'll introduce you at once to Dinah and dinner.

Blush. More trials! what shall I have to go through next? Heaven preserve me! Lady Friendly, allow me to offer my

arm. (*Offers his arm to Evans, by mistake, and hugs him off, unknowingly.*)

Sir T. I'll take your other wing, as I'm rather lame. Stop, stop. Eh! zounds! you young fellows are so brisk. I can't run races now. Why, hang me if he hasn't carried off the butler! (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—The great Dining-room in Friendly Hall; tables laid out for dinner.

(*Enter Dinah and Frank.*)

Frank. Now, then, Di., for the important moment. An't you all in a twitter?

Dinah. La, Frank, how you do go on! Has Evans summoned the family to dinner yet?

Frank. He is gone now. Poor Ned! I can well conceive the agony he is in, at this moment; blushing like a full-blown rose, every step he takes. Hey! here they come.

(*Enter Sir Thomas, Lady Friendly, and Blushington; followed by Evans, Gyp, Nick, and Servants.*)

Ha! my dear Blushington! Welcome, welcome! I rejoice to meet a fellow cantab, a brother soph, once again. Allow me to introduce you to my sister. Brother Soph, sister Di.; sister Di., brother Soph.

Blush. Thank ye, my dear fellow, thank ye—hope you're well, with all my heart and soul. (*Advances timidly, and, without looking towards Dinah, shakes her heartily by the hand, supposing her to be young Friendly.*)

Sir T. Eh! that's Dinah. This is Frank.

Blush. Happy to see you, miss—hope you're quite well, miss. (*Bowing to Frank, who has taken Dinah's place, supposing him to be Dinah.*)

Frank. Nay, nay; here's Dinah.

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly—by all means. Another mistake. (*Aside.*) Extremely proud, Mr. Friendly—great honor—happy—see—Miss Dinah—

Dinah. Very gratified, Mr. Blushington, to have the honor of meeting any friend of my brother.

Sir T. But come, take your places; the dinner's getting cold. Mr. Blushington, you will sit by my daughter.

Blush. Yes, certainly; by all means—that is—oh! with great pleasure. What will become of me? oh! that wooden Xenophon. I feel my cheeks burning like a firebrand; and misfor-

tunes never come alone. (*Aside.*) Dear me; if I haven't taken the young lady's chair: beg pardon. (*After some blunders on the part of Blushington, with the chairs, they sit down to dinner—he first by seating himself in Dinah's lap by mistake; the baronet and his lady sit at the back, fronting the audience—Frank on one side, and Dinah and Blushington on the outside, nearest the audience, so that they can see the motions of all parties.*)

Sir T. Now, then, Mr. Blushington, allow me to send you some soup, and you, Dinah; 'tis turtle, and fit for young lovers.

Blush. You're very good—a little drop—I'm getting somewhat cool now, if it does but last. (*Aside.*) Bread, Miss Dinah; allow me to help you. Eh! bless me; if I haven't knocked over the salt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Excuse my awkwardness, miss. I'm at it again. (*Aside.*)

Dinah. Don't mention it, I beg; 'tis not of the slightest consequence. We are not in the least superstitious here.

Sir T. Throw a little over your left shoulder, Mr. Blushington. (*Blushington, in throwing some of the salt over his left shoulder, almost blinds Nicholas, who is standing behind him with his mouth open, and receives it in his face; endeavoring to amend the error, he then salutes Sir Thomas in a similar manner, and, in his confusion, tilts his plate of hot soup into his lap.*)

Blush. Oh dear! Oh dear!

Sir T. Hey! zounds, what's the matter now?

Nick. 'Squire ha' tilted the hot soup over his breeches, Sir Thomas.

Sir T. Dear! dear! what an accident! Some clean cloths, rascal.

Lady F. It's always unlucky to upset the salt. I thought something fatal would happen through it.

Dinah. I hope no material injury is like to occur from this, Mr. Blushington!

Frank. You haven't completely scalded yourself. Nothing fatal, is there, Ned? Why don't you bring some napkins, Nicholas?

Blush. I musn't appear to mind it, though I am more than three parts parboiled. (*Aside.*) Not at all—not at all—'tis a mere trifle.

Nick. I'll wipe you down, sir. Nothing shall be spoiled: your silks will be as good as ever, with a little washing. It hasn't taken the skin off, has it, sir? There, now you're as well as if nothing had happened.

Blush. (*Aside.*) As well as if nothing had happened, after such a fomentation as this? Why, my legs and thighs seem stewing in a boiling cauldron. Oh dear! oh dear! if anybody would but chuck me into the New River now.

Sir T. Here, Nicholas, take away the soup. You don't wish for any more, do you, Mr. Blushington?

Blush. Not a drop, I can assure you.

Sir T. No; I think we've had enough. Shall I trouble you to cut up that capon?

Blush. Carve a capon! Lord bless me, I couldn't carve a cabbage; but I must not let them see my ignorance. I must try and hack it, somehow. (*Aside.*) Oh, yes; certainly, by all means. Eh! there, if I haven't knocked over the butter-boat. Nothing but misfortunes. Oh! that I could hide myself forever from the light of day!

Lady F. Allow me, Mr. Blushington. You young bachelors are not so used to carving, as us old married folks: Dinah is as awkward at carving, as any one. Matrimony is the only thing to make good carvers.

Blush. Certainly; by all means! Your ladyship is extremely good.—I'd give a thousand pounds if dinner was but once well over. (*Aside.*)

Frank. Mr. Blushington, Dinah will take a glass of wine with you.

Blush. Oh! yes, certainly; by all means! Lord bless me! Shall I take the liberty, miss?

Dinah. I beg your pardon, Mr. Blushington, but that is the vinegar cruet you have in your hand; there is the bucellas.

Blush. Ask ten thousand pardons, I'm sure; but my sight —(*Takes hold of a jug of beer.*)

Dinah. No; that is the beer.

Blush. True: yes, certainly; by all means! that is the beer: this is the wine. Very laughable! Can't think how I can make so many mistakes! Am extremely happy to nob and hob—that is, hob and nob.

Sir T. Let me recommend a piece of this pudding, Mr. Blushington: you'll find it uncommonly good; I can assure you, I do.

Blush. Oh! yes; certainly, by all means. (*Sir Thomas helps Blushington to some pudding; he cuts a piece, and is about to put it into his mouth.*)

Dinah. Shall I trouble you for a part of that widgeon, Mr. Blushington?

Blush. Oh! yes; certainly, by all means. (*Pops the piece of pudding into his mouth.*) Eh! oh! ah! I—my mouth! my mouth!—fire! water!—I'm burnt! I'm—oh! ah! eh!

Sir T. God bless me!—Ah! there's nothing so bad as hot pudding. Some water there, Nicholas!

Lady F. No; oil is the best for drawing out fire, Sir Thomas. The poor young man is full of accidents!

Dinah. If I might advise, Mr. Blushington, I would recommend wine.

All. Ay, ay; a glass of sherry.

Frank. Nicholas, bring a glass of sherry, rascal!

Nich. (*Aside.*) Sherry! I'll give him a little brandy. He needs something, so dashed as he is: besides, he gave me some strong ale this morning, and one good turn deserves another.—Here it be, sir. (*Gives Blushington a glass of brandy.*)

Blush. Certainly, by all means—thank ye. (*Drinks.*) Oh! murder, murder; I'm scarified—I'm skinned—I'm—oh dear! oh dear!—the brandy, the brandy!

Gyp. I must get him away; he's incurable.

Sir T. What do you mean, scoundrel, by giving the gentleman brandy! You incendiary, do you think we are playing at Snap-dragon? Silence your giggling there, or I'll discharge the whole of you! Compose yourself, Mr. Blushington. Be cool! Sit down a bit.

Blush. I'm in a perspiration—a conflagration! Where's my handkerchief? (*Takes his inky handkerchief, and blacks his face.*)

Sir T. Oh! oh! but I can't stand that.

Gyp. I must get him away. Leave the place, sir. (*Taking away his chair, to give him room.*)

Blush. Eh! leave the place, Gyp! certainly, by all means. I—(*Blushington rushes off, drawing the table-cloth—which he has fastened to his button-hole—after him, overturning the whole of the dinner things.*) (*Exeunt.*)

VIII.—FROM PAUL PRY.—*Poole.*

TANKARD—BILLY—OLDBUTTON—PAUL PRY.

(*Enter Tankard and Billy.*)

Tankard. Now, Billy, as this is the first week of your service, you must stir about you, look well to the customers, and see they want nothing.

Billy. I warrant me, sir; though the folks say I look harmless, I'm sharp; I carry my wits about me in a case, as my grandmother carries her scissors; but, sir, when I like, I can draw and cut, I assure you.

Tan. Well, this is to be proved; now you know what you have to do, to-day.

Bil. First, there's to attend to Captain Hawkesley, in the blue room; he that locks himself up all day, and only comes out with the stars. Then there's to look to the fire-works, when the company arrives. Then there's to get ready the room that you call the Elephant, for the new company, Mr. Oldbutton, and—and the last of all—

Tan. To get rid of that impudent Paul Pry.

Bil. I'll do it, sir.

Tan. Will you? it's more than I can; I have only taken this inn six months, and he's been here every day. First, he asked me where I got the money to take the house; then, if I was married; whether my wife bore an excellent character; whether my children had had the measles; and, as I wouldn't answer any of these questions, he hoped he didn't intrude, but begged to know how many lumps of sugar I put into a crown bowl of punch.

Bil. Oh! sir, that's nothing to what he asked me last night; he asked me whether you gave me good wages.

Tan. Well, and I hope you gave him an answer.

Bil. Yes, I did, sir.

Tan. What did you say?

Bil. Why, I told him my wages were like his good manners; very little of 'em, but I hoped they would both soon mend.

Tan. Well, Billy, only rid me of this intolerable Paul, and your wages shall mend. Here has this Mr. Pry, although he has an establishment of his own in the town, been living and sleeping here these six days! But I'm determined to get rid of him; and do you instantly go, Billy, and affront him; do any thing with him, so as you make him turn his back upon the house. Eh, here's a coach driven up; it is surely Mr. Oldbutton; run, Billy, run. (*Exit Billy.*) Roaring times, these. (*Billy enters, showing in Mr. Oldbutton.*) Welcome, sir, most welcome to the Golden Chariot.

Mr. Oldbutton. Landlord, I have some letters to answer; which is my apartment?

Tan. Why, sir; confound that Paul Pry, he has the gentleman's room, and I can't get him out of it; why, sir, I did not

expect you some hours yet ; if you'll have the kindness to step into this apartment for a few minutes, your own room shall be properly arranged. I really beg ten thousand—

Mr. Old. No compliments, Mr. Landlord, and when you speak to me in future, keep yourself upright ; I hate tradesmen, with backs of whale-bone.

Tan. Why, civility, Mr. Oldbutton—

Mr. Old. Is this the room ? (*Tankard bows. Exit Oldbutton.*)

Tan. Now such a customer would deeply offend a man, if he had not the ultimate satisfaction of making out his bill.

(*Enter Billy.*)

Oh, you've just come in time : ask no questions ; there's Mr. Pry's room ; if you get him out of the house, I'll raise your wages ; if you do not, you shall go yourself ; now you know the terms. (*Exit.*)

Bil. Then it is either you or myself, Mr. Pry ; so here goes. (*As Billy is running towards the room, he sees Pry, with his head out of door, listening. Enter Paul Pry.*)

Paul Pry. Hope I don't intrude ; I say, Billy, who is that old gentleman, who just came in ?

Bil. Old gentleman ?—why, there's nobody come in.

Paul. Don't fib, Billy, I saw him.

Bil. You saw him !—why, how could you see him, when there's no window in the room ?

Paul. I always guard against such an accident, and carry a gimblet with me. (*Producing one.*) Nothing like making a little hole in the wainscot.

Bil. Why, surely you haven't—

Paul. It has been a fixed principle of my life, Billy, never to take a lodging or a house, with a brick wall to it. I say, tell me, who is he ?

Bil. (*Aside.*) Well, I'll tell him something. Why, if you must know, I think he's an army lieutenant, on half-pay.

Paul. An army lieutenant ! half-pay ! ah ! that will never afford ribbons and white feathers.

Bil. Now, Mr. Pry, my master desires me to say, he can't accommodate you any longer ; your apartment is wanted, and really, Mr. Pry, you can't think how much you'll oblige me by going.

Paul. To be sure, Billy, I wouldn't wish to intrude for the world—your master's doing a great deal of business in this house—what did he give for the good will of it ?

Tan. (*Without.*) Billy!

Bil. There now, I'm called—and I've to make ready the room for the Freemasons, that meet to-night—they that wouldn't admit you into their society.

Paul. Yes, I know; they thought I should intrude.

Tan. (*Without.*) Billy!

Bil. Now you must go—good bye, Mr. Pry—I'm called.

Paul. Oh, good bye—good morning. (*Exit.*)

Bil. He's gone!—I'm coming, sir. (*Exit.*)

(*Re-enter Paul Pry.*)

Paul. An army lieutenant! Who can it be? I shouldn't wonder if it's Mrs. Thomas's husband; who, she says, was killed in India! If it should be, it will break off her flirting with Mr. Cinnamon, the grocer—there's pretty doings in that quarter, for I caught the rheumatism watching them in a frosty night last winter! An army lieutenant! Mrs. Thomas has a daughter; I'll just peep through the key-hole, and see if there's a family likeness between them. (*Goes to the door and peeps.*) Bless me! why, there certainly is something about the nose—oh! she's writing. (*The door is suddenly opened by Oldbutton, who discovers Paul.*)

Paul. I hope I don't intrude—I was trying to find my apartment.

Mr. Old. Was it necessary to look through the key-hole for it, sir?

Paul. I'm rather short-sighted, sir; sad affliction! my poor mother was short-sighted, sir; in fact, it's a family failing; all the Prys are obliged to look close.

Mr. Old. Whilst I sympathize with your distresses, sir, I trust to be exempt from the impertinence which you may attach to them.

Paul. Would not intrude for the world, sir. What may be your opinion, sir, of the present state of the kingdom? How do you like peace? It must press hard upon you gentlemen of the army; a lieutenant's half pay now, is but little, to make both ends meet.

Mr. Old. Sir!

Paul. Especially when a man's benevolent to his poor relations. Now, sir, perhaps you allow something out of your five-and-six-pence a day, to your mother, or maiden sister. Between you and me, I must tell you what I have learnt here.

Mr. Old. Between you and me, sir, I must tell you what I have learnt in India.

Paul. What, have you been in India? Wouldn't intrude an observation for the world; but I thought you had a yellowish look; something of an orange-peeling countenance. You've been in India? Although I'm a single man, I wouldn't ask an improper question; but is it true that the blacks employ no tailors nor milliners? If not, what do they do to keep off the flies?

Mr. Old. That is what I was about to inform you; they carry canes. Now, sir, five minutes' conversation with you, has fully convinced me that there are flies in England, as well as in India; and that a man may be as impertinently inquisitive at Dover, as at Bengal. All I have to add is—I carry a cane.

Paul. In such a case, I'm the last to intrude. I've only one question to ask—Is your name Thomas? whether you have a wife? how old she is? and where you were married?

Mr. Old. Well, sir, a man may sometimes play with a puppy, as well as kick him; and, if it will afford you any satisfaction, learn my name is Thomas.

Paul. Oh! poor Mr. Cinnamon! This is going to India! Mr. T., I'm afraid you'll find that somebody here has intruded in your place—for between you and me—(*Oldbutton surveys him contemptuously, and, whilst Paul is talking, Oldbutton stalks off. Paul, on looking round.*) Well, it isn't that I interfere much in people's concerns; if I did, how unhappy I could make that man. This Freemason's sign puzzles me; they wouldn't make me a member; but I have slept six nights in the next room to them; and, thanks to my gimblet, I know the business. There was Mr. Smith, who was only in the Gazette last week, taking his brandy and water; he can't afford that, I know. Then there was Mr. Hodgkins, who makes his poor wife and children live upon baked potatoes six days out of the week, (for I know the shop where they are cooked,) calling, like a lord, for a Welch rarebit; I only wish his creditors could see him; but I don't trouble my head with these matters; if I did—eh!—Why there is one of the young Jones, going again to Mr. Notick, the pawnbroker's; that's the third time this week; well, I've just time enough to run to Notick's, and see what he's brought, before I go to inquire at the Post Office, who in the town has letters. (*Exit.*)

IX.—FROM THE SWORD.—*Berquin.*

LORD ONSBURG—AUGUSTUS, HIS SON—HENRIETTA, HIS DAUGHTER
—FRANK RAYNTON, WILLIAM RAYNTON, EDWARD DUDLEY,
CHARLES DUDLEY, FRIENDS OF AUGUSTUS—CRAPE, A SERVANT
TO LORD ONSBURG.

Scene 1.—The apartment of Augustus.

Augustus. Aha! this is my birthday! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's see, what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat, when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I should have forced him to show me what he was carrying. But hist! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

(*Enter Lord Onsbury, holding in his hand a sword and belt.*)

Lord Onsbury. Ah! are you there, Augustus! I have already wished you joy of your birthday; but that is not enough, is it?

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there?

Lord O. Something that I fear will not become you well. A sword—look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me? Oh! give it to me, dear papa; I will be so good and so diligent for the future—

Lord O. Ah! if I thought that! But do you know that a sword requires a man? That he must be no longer a child who wears one, but should conduct himself with circumspection and decency; and, in short, that it is not the sword that adorns the man, but the man who adorns the sword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I shall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to say to those mean persons—

Lord O. Whom do you call those mean persons?

Aug. I mean those who cannot wear a sword—those who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord O. For my part, I know of no mean persons but those who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worse way of conducting themselves; who are disobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: so that I see many mean persons

among the nobility, and many noble among those whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the same manner.

Lord O. What were you saying, then, just now, of wearing a sword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility consist in such fopperies? They serve to distinguish ranks, because it is necessary that ranks should be distinguished in the world. But the most elevated rank does only add more disgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe, papa. But it will be no disgrace to me to have a sword, and to wear it.

Lord O. No. I mean that you will render yourself worthy of this distinction no otherwise, than by your good behavior. Here is your sword, but remember—

Aug. Oh! yes, papa. You shall see! (*He endeavors to put the sword by his side, but cannot. Lord Onsbury helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord O. Eh! why, it does not sit so ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord O. It becomes you surprisingly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good bye! (*Going, he returns.*) I had forgot; I have just sent for your little party of friends, to spend the day with you. Observe to behave yourself suitably.

Aug. Yes, papa. (*He struts up and down the room, and now and then looks back, to see if his sword be behind him.*) This is fine! This is being something like a gentleman! Let any of your citizens come in my way now. No more familiarity, if they do not wear a sword: and if they take it amiss—aha! out with my rapier. But, hold! let us first see if it has a good blade. (*Drawing his sword, and using furious gestures.*) What, does that tradesman mean to affront me? One—two! Ah! you defend yourself, do you? Die, scoundrel!

(*Enter Henrietta.*)

Henrietta. (*Who screams on hearing the last words.*) Bless me! Augustus, are you mad?

Aug. Is it you, sister?

Hen. Yes, you see it is. But what do you do with that instrument? (*Pointing to the sword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman should do.

Hen. And who is he that you are going to send out of the world?

Aug. The first who shall dare to take the wall of me.

Hen. I see there are many lives in danger. And if I should happen to be the person—

Aug. You? I would not advise you. I wear a sword now, you see. Papa made me a present of it.

Hen. I suppose to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug. Aint I the honorable? If they do not give me the respect due, smack, a box on the ear. And, if your little commoner will be impertinent—sword in hand—(*Going to draw it.*)

Hen. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And, lest I should run the risk of affronting you unknowingly, I wish to be informed what the respect is that you demand.

Aug. You shall soon see. My father has just sent for some of my young acquaintance. If those little puppies do not behave themselves respectfully, you shall see how I will manage.

Hen. Very well; but I ask you what we must do, to behave ourselves respectfully towards you?

Aug. In the first place, I insist upon a low bow—very low.

Hen. (*With an affected gravity, making him a low courtesy.*) Your lordship's most humble servant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, Henrietta, if you please; or else—

Hen. Nay, I am quite serious, I assure you. We must take care to know and perform our duty to respectable persons. It would not be amiss to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have some sport with those fellows; give one a pull, another a pinch, and play all sorts of tricks on them.

Hen. Those, I take it, are some of the duties of a gentleman who wears a sword; but if those fellows should not like the sport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No; they have neither hearts nor swords.

Hen. Really, papa could not have given you a more useful present. He saw plainly what a hero was concealed in the person of his son, and that he wanted but a sword to show him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, sister! it is my birthday; we must divert ourselves. However, you will not say any thing of it to papa.

Hen. Why not? he would not have given you a sword, if he did not expect some exploit of this sort, from a gentleman newly equipped. Would he have advised you otherwise?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Hen. What has he been preaching to you?

Aug. Preaching ! why he said that I should adorn my sword, and not my sword me.

Hen. In that case, you understand him properly, I must say ; to adorn one's sword, is to know how to make use of it ; and you are willing to show already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, sister ! you think to joke ; but I would have you to know, madam—

Hen. Oh ! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me ; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your sword ?

Aug. What is that ? (*Unbuckles the belt, and looks all over the sword.*) I do not see that there is the least thing wanting.

Hen. Really, you are a very clever swordsman. But a sword-knot now ! Ah ! how a blue and silver knot would dangle from that hilt !

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye ! you have a whole band-box full of ribbons, in your room ; so—

Hen. I was thinking of it ; provided that you do not give me a specimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonsense ! here is my hand, that is enough ; you have nothing to fear. But quick, a handsome knot ! when my little party comes, they shall see me in all my grandeur.

Hen. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*Giving her the sword.*) There, make haste ! you will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Hen. Depend on me.

(*Enter Crape.*)

Crape. The two Master Dudleys, and the Master Rayntons, are below.

Aug. Well ! cannot they come up ? , Must I go to receive them at the bottom of the stairs ?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no—it is better to wait for them here.

Hen. Nay, but since mamma desires that you will go down—

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony ! Well, I shall go directly. Come, what are you doing ? Will this make my sword-knot ? Go, run, and let me find it on my table, properly done. Do you hear ? (*Exeunt Augustus and Crape.*)

Hen. The little insolent ! in what a tone he speaks to me ! Luckily, I have the sword. A proper instrument indeed, in the hands of so quarrelsome a boy ! Yes, yes, stay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you so well as I do. But he must be told—ah ! here he is.

(*Enter Lord Onsborg.*)

Hen. You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

Lord O. What have you, then, of so much consequence, to tell me ?—But what do you do with your brother's sword ?

Hen. I have promised him to put a handsome knot to it ; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again, whatever you do.

Lord O. Why should I take back a present I have given him ?

Hen. At least be so good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I just now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his first trial of fencing, upon his companions that come to see him.

Lord O. The little quarreler ! If he will use it for his first exploits, they shall not turn out to his honor, I promise you. Give me the sword.

Hen. (*Giving him the sword.*) There, sir, I hear him on the stairs.

Lord O. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

Scene 2.

(*Enter Augustus, Edward and Charles Dudley, Frank and William Raynton.—Augustus enters first, with his hat on ; the others follow him, uncovered.*)

Edward. (*Aside to Frank.*) This is a very polite reception.

Frank. (*Aside to Edward.*) I suppose it is the fashion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them in one's own house.

Aug. What are you mumbling there ?

Ed. Nothing, Mr. Onsborg ; nothing.

Aug. Is it something that I should not hear ?

Frank. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I insist upon knowing it.

Frank. When you have a right to demand it.

Ed. Softly, Raynton—it does not become us in a strange house—

Frank. It is still less becoming to be impolite in one's own house.

Aug. (*Haughtily.*) Impolite! I impolite! Is it because I walked before you?

Frank. That is the very reason. Whenever we have the honor to receive your visits, or those of any other person, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me—

Frank. What then, from you to me?—

Aug. Are you noble?

Frank. (*To the two Dudleys and his brother.*) Let us leave him to himself, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Ed. Fie! Mr. Onsburg! if you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? We did not ask that honor.

Aug. It was not I who invited you; it was my papa.

Frank. Then we will go to my lord, and thank him for his civility. At the same time, we shall let him know that his son thinks it a dishonor to receive us. Come, brother.

Aug. (*Stopping him.*) You cannot take a joke, Master Raynton. Why, I am very happy to see you. It was to do me a pleasure, that papa invited you, for this is my birthday. I beg you will stay with me.

Frank. This is another affair. But be more polite for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not suffer any one to offend me, without resenting it.

Ed. Be quiet, Raynton; we should be good friends.

Charles. This is your birthday, then, Mr. Onsburg?

Ed. I wish you many happy returns of it.

Frank. So do I, sir; and all manner of prosperity, (*Aside,*) and particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

William. I suppose you have had several handsome presents.

Aug. Oh! of course.

Charles. A great many cakes and sweetmeats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? that would be pretty, indeed. I have them every day.

Wil. Ah! then I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (*Disdainfully.*) Something better, and which I alone,

of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear. (*Frank and Edward talk aside.*)

Wil. If I had what has been given to you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (*Looking at him with an air of contempt.*) Poor creature! (*To the two elder brothers.*) What, are you both whispering there again? I think you should assist to amuse me.

Ed. Only furnish us with the means.

Frank. He who receives friends, should study their amusement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton?

(*Enter Henrietta, bringing a plate, with cakes.*)

Hen. Your servant, gentlemen—I am glad to see you well.

Frank. Much at your service, miss. (*Bowing to her.*)

Ed. We are happy to see you, miss, among our party.

Hen. Sir, you are very obliging. (*To Augustus.*) Brother, mamma has sent you this, to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up presently, and I shall have the pleasure of helping you.

Frank. Miss, you will do us a great deal of honor.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it, my sword-knot!

Hen. You will find the sword and the knot, in your room. Good bye, gentlemen, until I see you again.

Frank. Shall we soon have the favor of your company, miss?

Hen. I am going to ask mamma's leave. (*Exit.*)

Aug. (*Sitting down.*) Come, take chairs, and sit down. (*They look at each other, and sit down, without speaking. Augustus helps the two younger, and then himself, so plentifully, that nothing remains for the two elder.*) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you some.

Frank. Oh! no, we do not desire it.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart.

Ed. If this be the politeness of a young nobleman—

Aug. Is it with such as you, that one must stand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up something else. You may take it when it comes, or not take it; you understand that?

Frank. Yes, that is plain enough; and we see plainly, too, in what company we are.

Ed. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onsbury, Raynton, fie! (*Augustus rises; all the rest also.*)

Aug. (*Going up to Frank.*) In what company are you, then, my little cit?

Frank. (*Firmly.*) With a young nobleman, that is very rude and very impudent—who values himself more than he ought—and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to the other.

Ed. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman!

Frank. Yes, I say it again—very rude and very impudent—though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (*Striking him.*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking. (*Frank goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door.*)

Ed. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? he will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Frank. His father is a man of honor. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Charles. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Wil. No—my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill-used.

Frank. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburg. (*Augustus enters, with his sword undrawn. The two younger boys run, one in a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Frank and Edward stand firm.*)

Aug. (*Going up to Frank.*) Now, I'll teach you, you little insolent. (*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short, in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.*)

Frank. Come on! let us see the temper of your sword!

Ed. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Wil. Aha! This was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear!

Charles. He will not do any terrible harm to any body, with that terrible weapon.

Frank. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

Ed. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

Wil. Good bye to you, Mr. Knight of the turkey's feather!

Charles. We shall not come here again, until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now! (*As they are going, Frank stops them.*)

Frank. Let us stay, and give an account of our behavior to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Ed. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him?

(*Enter Lord Onsburg. They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburg. Augustus goes aside, and cries for spite.*)

Lord O. (*To Augustus, looking at him with indignation.*) Well, sir, you have honored your sword nobly—shame! sir, shame! (*Augustus sobs, but cannot speak.*)

Frank. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears among us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr. Onsburg received us so ill—

Lord O. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning, my son's unbecoming discourse. He is the more blamable, as he had just been making me the fairest promises. I have suspected his impertinence, for a long time, but I wished to see myself how far he was capable of carrying it; and, for fear of mischief, I put a blade to his sword, that, as you see, will not spill much blood. (*The children burst out a laughing.*)

Frank. Excuse the freedom, my lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord O. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman, and deserve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honor. As a token of my esteem and acknowledgment, accept this sword; but I will first put a blade to it, that may be worthy of you.

Frank. Your lordship is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onsburg, to-day.

Lord O. No, no—my dear boys, you shall stay. My son's presence shall not disturb your pleasure. You may divert yourselves together, and my daughter shall take care to provide you with whatever may amuse you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, sir, (*To Augustus,*) do not offer to stir from this place. You may celebrate your birthday here, all alone. You shall never wear a sword again, until you deserve one.

(*Exeunt.*)

X.—FROM THE DOCTOR IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF.—

Fielding.

GREGORY—SIR JASPER—SQUIRE ROBERT—HARRY—JAMES—
DORCAS.



Oh! oh! I'm whatever you'd please to have me!

Scene 1.—A Wood.

(*Enter Dorcas and Gregory.*)

Gregory. I tell you no, I won't comply, and it is my business to talk and to command.

Dorcas. And I tell you, you shall conform to my will; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humors.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, "that a wife is worse than a plague."

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman, with his Aristotles.

Greg. And a learned man I am, too. Find me out a maker of faggots, that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education!

Greg. Ay, woman, a regular education; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master; from whence I attended a traveling physician six years, under

the facetious denomination of a Merry Andrew, where I learnt physic.

Dor. O that thou hadst followed him still! Ah! ill-fated hour, wherein I answered the parson—I will.

Greg. And ill-fated be the parson that asked me the question!

Dor. You have reason to complain of him, indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment, returning thanks to Heaven, for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself.—I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserve such a wife as I.

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.—Come, come, madam, it was a lucky day for you, when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky, indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on't.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You'll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who, from morning till night, is constantly in an ale house.

Greg. It's genteel; the squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dor. My four little children, that are continually crying for bread!

Greg. Give 'em a rod! best cure in the world, for crying children.

Dor. And do you imagine, sot—

Greg. Hark ye, my dear; you know my temper is not over-and-above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor, beggarly, insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy—

Greg. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find. (*Beats her.*)

Dor. O murder! murder!

(*Enter Squire Robert.*)

Robert. What's the matter here? Fie upon you, neighbor, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner.

Dor. Well, sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, madam! I give my consent, with all my heart and soul.

Dor. What's that, you saucebox? Is it any business of yours?

Rob. No, certainly, madam.

Dor. Here's an impertinent fellow for you; won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

Rob. Neighbor, I ask your pardon, heartily; here, take and thrash your wife; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if I ever attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself. (*Exit.*)

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me so?

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dor. I desire your will crack your jests on your own bones next time, not on mine.

Greg. Psha! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself, when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future, I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I'm sorry for't.

Dor. For once, I pardon you,—but you shall pay for it.

Greg. Psha! psha! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel, between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again. (*Exit.*)

Dor. If I am not revenged on those blows of yours!—Oh, that I could but think of some method to be revenged on him!—Oh, that I could find out some invention to get him well drubbed!

(*Enter Harry and James.*)

Harry. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor?

James. Blame your own paltry memory, that made you

forget his name. For my part, I'll travel through the world, rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a sad misfortune! to lose the letter! I should not even know his name, if I were to hear it.

Dor. Can I find no invention to be revenged? (*Aside.*)
—Heyday! who are these?

Jam. Hark ye, mistress; do you know where—where—where doctor what-d'ye-call him, lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

Jam. Doctor—doctor—what's his name?

Dor. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts, famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr. Impertinence.

Har. Don't mistake us, good woman; we don't mean to banter you; we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician, who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth, to return without him.

Dor. There is one Doctor Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile, to save the lives of a thousand patients.

Jam. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha! revenge inspires me with one of the most admirable thoughts to punish the cruel churl. (*Aside.*) He's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives?

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own house; but, if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood!

Jam. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs, you mean.

Dor. No, he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world; he goes dressed like a common clown; for there is nothing he so much dreads, as to be known for a physician.

Jam. All your great men have strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat, before he will own himself to be a physician: and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel and thrash him into it; 'tis what we are all forced to do, when we have any need of him.

Jam. What a ridiculous whim is here!

Dor. Very true; and in so great a man.

Jam. And is he so very skillful a man?

Dor. Skillful! why, he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, it is said, she had been dead some time; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he poured a little drop of something down her throat,—he had no sooner done it, than she walked about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. Oh, prodigious!

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old, fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its skull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubbed into making him a visit, than having rubbed the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and ran away to play.

Both. Oh, most wonderful!

Har. Hey! James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

Jam. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! why, the curate of our parish's wife, was born dumb, and the doctor, they say, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue till he set it a-going, so that in less than a month's time, she out-talked her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yes, no doubt; and see, yonder he is.

Jam. What, that he, yonder?

Dor. The very same.—He has spied us, and is taking up his bill.

Jam. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.—Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favor.

Dor. Be sure and make good use of your sticks.

Jam. He shan't want for that. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Another part of the Wood.

(Enter James, Harry, and Gregory.)

Greg. Feugh! 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

Jam. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

Greg. Sir, your servant. (Bowing.)

Jam. We are mighty happy in finding you here.

Greg. Ay, like enough.

Jam. 'Tis in your power, sir, to do us a very great favor. We come, sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

Jam. Sir, you are extremely obliging; but, dear sir, let me beg you'd be covered—the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. Oh, do, good sir, do be covered.

Greg. These should be footmen, by their dress; but courtiers, by their ceremony. (Aside.)

Jam. You must not think it strange, sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

Jam. O dear, sir!

Greg. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper elsewhere; but, if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word, then, with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

Jam. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

Jam. Dear sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

Jam. O pray, sir, leave this idle discourse. Can a person, like you, amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician, like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a ninny.

Jam. Let me entreat you, sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, sir, we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

Jam. Why, we know you, sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth! I a physician!

Jam. The fit is on him.—Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to—you know what.

Greg. Know what! No, sir; I don't know what. But I know this, that I'm no physician.

Jam. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find. And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

Jam. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Jam. Well, if we must, we must. (*Beats him.*)

Greg. Oh! Oh! Gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I'm whatever you'd please to have me!

Jam. Why will you oblige us, sir, to this violence?

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

Jam. I assure you, sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

Jam. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. To be sure I do—I am no physician.

Har. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be hanged, if I am. (*They beat him.*) Oh! oh! Dear gentlemen! Oh! for mercy's sake! I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me. I had rather be any thing, than be knocked o' the head.

Jam. Dear sir, I am rejoiced to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forced us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceived myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

Jam. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cured all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The dickens I have!

Jam. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs, immediately after it had broke 'em.

Jam. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, sir; you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

Jam. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself. Well—and what is the distemper I am to cure?

Jam. My young mistress, sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. Well, what if she has; do you think I've found it? But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physican can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—Sir Jasper's House.

(*Enter Sir Jasper and James.*)

Sir Jasper. Where is he? where is he?

Jam. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, sir, for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again. He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir J. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humors you mentioned.

Jam. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself. Here he is.

(*Enter Gregory.*)

Sir, this is the doctor.

Sir J. Dear sir, you are the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says, we should both be covered.

Sir J. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of hats.

Sir J. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly traveled in the highway of letters—

Sir J. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, doctor.

Sir J. Ha! ha!—I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What! you're no doctor?

Sir J. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor ?

Sir J. Doctor ! no.

Greg. There—'tis done. (*Beats him.*)

Sir J. Done ! in the name of mischief, what's done ?

Greg. Why, now you are made a doctor of physic. (*Aside.*)
I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

Sir J. What bedlamite of a fellow have you brought here ?

Jam. I told you, sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir J. Whims, quotha !—Truly ! I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behavior, if he have any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir J. Oh ! it's very well ; it's very well, for once.

Greg. I am sorry for these blows.

Sir J. Nothing at all, nothing at all, sir.

Greg. Which I was obliged to have the honor of laying so thick on you.

Sir J. Let's talk no more of 'em, sir—my daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoyed to hear it ; and I wish, with all my heart, you, and your whole family, had the same occasion for me as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir J. Sir, I am obliged to you.

Greg. I assure you, sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir J. I do believe you, sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name ?

Sir J. My daughter's name is Charlotte.

Greg. Are you sure she was christened Charlotte ?

Sir J. No, sir ; she was christened Charlotta.

Greg. Hum ! I had rather she should have been christened Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient ; and, let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient, as the physician is. Pray, what's the matter with your daughter ? what's her distemper ?

Sir J. Why, her distemper, doctor, is, that she has become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg. Kept back her marriage ! why so ?

Sir J. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cured.

Greg. O lud ! was ever such a fool, that would not have his

wife dumb!—Would to heaven my wife was dumb; I'd be far from desiring to cure her. Does this distemper oppress her very much?

Sir J. Yes, sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir J. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. We great physicians know a distemper immediately. I know some of the college would call your daughter's distemper the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb; so I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her—if she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir J. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds.

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for. Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir J. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir J. But, if you please, dear sir, your sentiment upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has, upon that subject, said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir J. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man; he was indeed a very great man, who, upon that subject, was a man that—but, to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humors, which our great physicians call—humors—humors—ah! you understand Latin—

Sir J. Not in the least.

Greg. What! not understand Latin?

Sir J. No, indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci Thurum Cathalimus, Singulariter non. Hæc musa, hic, hæc, hoc, Genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc, Musæ, Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia Substantivo et Abjectivum concordat in Generi, Numerum, et Casus, sic aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, et similibus.

Sir J. Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

Jam. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, sir, certain spirits, passing from the left side,

which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Periwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplasumus, and because the said humors have—you comprehend me well, sir?—and because the said humors have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you—

Sir J. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity, that is caused—be attentive, if you please—

Sir J. I am.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humors engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these vapors, Propriaque maribus tribuunter, mascula dicas, Ut sunt divorum.—This, sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Jam. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir J. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear sir, there is one thing—I always thought till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, sir, so they were formerly, but we have changed all that. The college, at present, sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir J. I ask your pardon, sir.

Greg. Oh, sir, there's no harm; you're not obliged to know so much as we do.

Sir J. Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warmed with a brass warming-pan: cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mixed with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double refined sugar.

Sir J. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, sir! Ay, sir; and what's better than punch, to make people talk? Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels—your—your—this, and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time. I love to do a business all at once.

Sir J. Doctor, I ask pardon, you shall be obeyed. (*Gives money.*)

Greg. But hold!—Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself, took a little lenitive physic: I shall prepare something for you.

Sir J. Ha! ha! ha! No, no, doctor; I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolved the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, sir? Why, then, if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te Domine Domitii veniam goundi foras. (*Exit.*)

Sir J. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humors. He, no doubt, understands himself, however, and I have great faith in his prescription. I honor the learned doctor. (*Exeunt.*)

XI.—FROM THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.—*Colman and Garrick.*

MR. STERLING—SIR JOHN MELVILL.

(*Enter Sterling and Melvill.*)

Sterling. And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length; after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Ster. Uneasiness! what uneasiness? Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions, I agree to receive you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows, of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill, after acceptance.

Sir J. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Ster. Why! what is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir J. In one word, then, it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfill my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Ster. How, Sir John! Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What, refuse to—

Sir J. Be assured, sir, that I neither mean to affront nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family, by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Ster. Why, did you not tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir J. True. But you have another daughter, sir.

Ster. Well!

Sir J. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her: nay, Miss Sterling herself, is also apprised of it; and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself; and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Ster. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughters, like servants to a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the grand seignior, and throw the handkerchief first to one and to t'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them, and—

Sir J. A moment's patience, sir. Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny, should have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family: and even now, I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Ster. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make, in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir J. Come, come, Mr. Sterling, I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavoring to make it advantageous to you.

Ster. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir J. I'll tell you, sir. You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Well!

Sir J. Now, if you will but consent to my waiving that marriage—

Ster. I agree to your waiving that marriage! Impossible, Sir John! Impossible!

Sir J. I hope not, sir; as, on my part, I will agree to waive my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Ster. How! how! 'Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir J. Yes, sir; and accept of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Ster. Fifty thousand—(*Pausing.*)

Sir J. Instead of fourscore.

Ster. Why, why, there may be something in that. Let me see. Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsey with fourscore. Let me see.—Why, to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir J. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And, after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary; such things happen every day; and as the world has only heard generally, of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Ster. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir J. Exactly! The very thing!

Ster. Odso! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our host here. There is another difficulty.

Sir J. You alarm me. What can that be?

Ster. I can't stir a step in this business, without consulting my sister, Heidelberg. The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offense.

Sir J. But if you come into this measure, surely, she will be so kind as to consent.

Ster. I don't know that; Betsey's her darling, and I can't

tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favorite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first; and by the time I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir J. I'll fly to her immediately. You promise me your assistance?

Ster. I do.

Sir J. Ten thousand thanks for it! And, oh! success attend me. (*Going.*)

Ster. Hark ye, Sir John! (*Sir John returns.*) Not a word of the thirty thousand pounds, to my sister.

Sir J. O, I am dumb, I am dumb, sir, depend on't. (*Going.*)

Ster. You'll remember it is thirty thousand?

Sir J. To be sure I do.

Ster. But, Sir John! one thing more. (*Sir John returns.*) My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir J. Not for the world! Let me alone! let me alone for that! (*Offering to go.*)

Ster. (*Holding him.*) And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir J. To be sure. A bond, by all means; a bond, or whatever you please. (*Exit hastily.*)

Ster. I should have thought of more conditions. He's in a humor to give me every thing. Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; they cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! As changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation, truly! Here does this whirligig man of fashion, offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it were a China orange, or a sugar plum. By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his terra firma: and if he wants more money, as he certainly will, let him have children by my daughter or no; I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family. Well; thus it is, that the children of citizens who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits.

(*Exit.*)

XII.—FROM THE HONEYMOON.—*Tobin.*

HOSTESS—QUACK—BALTHAZAR.

Scene.—An Inn.

*(Enter Hostess, followed by the Quack.)**Hostess.* Nay, nay, another fortnight.*Quack.* It cannot be.*The man's as well as I am ; have some mercy !
He has been here almost three weeks already.**Host.* Well, then, a week.*Quack.* We may a week detain him !*(Enter Balthazar behind, in his night-gown, with a drawn sword.)**You talk now like a reasonable hostess,
That sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience.**Host.* He still believes he has an inward bruise.*Quack.* I would to heaven he had ! or that he'd slipt
His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two,
Not that I bear his person any malice,
Or luxed an arm, or even sprained his ancle !*Host.* Ay, broken any thing, except his neck.*Quack.* However, for a week I'll manage him.
To-morrow we phlebotomize again ;
Next day my new-invented patent draught :
I've tried it on a dog. Then I have some pills prepared.
On Thursday we throw in the bark ; on Friday—*Balthazar.* *(Coming forward.)* Well, sir, on Friday ! what
on Friday ? Come—

Proceed—

Quack. Discovered !*Host.* Mercy, noble sir ! *(They fall on their knees.)**Quack.* We crave your mercy.*Balt.* On your knees—'tis well ;*Pray, for your time is short.**Host.* Nay, do not kill us !*Balt.* You have been tried, condemned, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with ?*Quack.* The lady, by all means, sir !*Balt.* Come, prepare. *(To the Hostess.)**Host.* Have pity on the weakness of my sex.

Balt. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—
If you attempt it—(to the Quack, who is endeavoring to make
off,)—you have cooked up for me.

Host. None, as I hope for mercy !

Balt. Is not thy wine a poison ?

Host. No, indeed, sir !

'Tis not, I own, of the first quality :

But——

Balt. What ?

Host. I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.

Balt. Ease your conscience !

I'll ease your conscience for you ! (*Raises his sword.*)

Host. Mercy, sir !

Balt. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Host. Your commands, sir ?

Balt. If in five minutes all things are prepared
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Host. It shall be done in less.

Balt. Away, thou lump-fish ! (*Exit Hostess.*)

Quack. (*Aside.*) So, now comes my turn ! 'tis all over
with me !

There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane, in his looks.

Balt. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man !
Thou thing, that has no shadow in the sun !
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of Death by Famine ! thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard !—

Quack. I do confess my leanness. I am spare,
And therefore spare me ! Man, you know, must live !

Balt. Yes ; he must die, too.

Quack. For my patients' sake !

Balt. I'll send you to the major part of them.

The window, sir, is open ;—come, prepare.

Quack. Pray, consider, sir,
I may hurt some one in the street.

Balt. Why then,

I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice box,
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder,
For thou must sup with Pluto ;—so, make ready !
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out—for blood thou hast none—

And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle with a pin stuck through him.

Quack. Consider my poor wife !

Balt. Thy wife !

Quack. My wife, sir.

Balt. Hast thou dared to think of matrimony, too ?

No conscience, and take a wife !

Quack. I have a wife, and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless !

Balt. Well, well, your wife and children shall plead for you.
Come, come, the pills ! where are the pills ? Produce them.

Quack. Here is the box.

Balt. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Quack. What, all ?

Balt. Ay, all ; and quickly too :—come, sir, begin !
That's well ;—another.

Quack. One's a dose !

Balt. Proceed, sir !

Quack. What will become of me ?

I do beseech you, let me have some drink,
Some cooling liquid, sir, to wash them down !

Balt. Oh, yes—produce the phial.

Quack. Mercy on me !

Balt. Come, sir, your new-invented patent draught :
You've tried it on a dog ; so there is no danger.

Quack. If you have any mercy, think of me.

Balt. Nay, no demur !

Quack. May I entreat to make my will first ?

Balt. No ; you have nought but physic to bequeath ;
And that no one will take, though you should leave it.

Quack. Just to step home, and see my wife and children !

Balt. No, sir.

Quack. Let me go home and see my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency !—

Balt. Away, and thank thy lucky star I have not
Brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Quack. Would I were one ! for they can feed on air.

Balt. Home, sir, and be more honest ! (*Exit.*)

Quack. If I am not,
I'll be more wise at least ! (*Exit.*)

XIII.—FROM THE WEATHERCOCK.—*Allingham.*

OLD FICKLE—TRISTRAM FICKLE—BRIEFWIT—SNEER—BARBER.

*Tristram.*—Coals, my lord, are brought all the way from New Castle.

Scene 1.—A Chamber in Fickle's House.

(Enter Old Fickle and Tristram Fickle.)

Old Fickle. What reputation, what honor, what profit, can accrue to you, from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tristram. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and haut-boys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the Tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle, down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barreling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him any thing, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the

whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to any thing but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy, well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better; I am overjoyed. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy. (*Tristram makes gestures, as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury—

Old F. Why, Tristram—

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend upon. (*Tristram continues making gestures.*)

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo! excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'Tis done, sir.

Old F. What! already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning!—Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber!—What! is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me, if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice—he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force,—the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks—he denounces, and indignation fills the bosoms of his hearers—he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin—he threatens the tyrant, they grasp their swords—he calls for vengeance, their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of an orator.

Old F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! But come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happy this determination of yours will further it.—You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer—

Tri. But, as I have justice on my side—

Old F. Zounds! he doesn't hear a word I say!—Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now attend—

Tri. As my learned friend observes,—go on, sir, I am all attention.

Old F. Well—my friend, the counselor—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the law always—

Old F. Well, well, my learned friend—

Tri. A black patch!—

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows, of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry, and sit down happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo, ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counselor.

Tri. I remove by habeas corpus.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then. (*Hurrying him off.*)

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a cause—(*Old Fickle pushes him off.*)

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord chancellor, one day or other, I dare be sworn—I am sure he has talents! Oh how I long to see him at the bar.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant. Mr. Briefwit, sir.

Old F. Ah, my good friend, Mr. Briefwit!

Briefwit. The aforesaid. (*Shaking hands.*)

Old F. You are welcome to Whimshall.

Bri. Whimshall—the locus in quo—good.

Old F. This is all right; this gives me an opportunity of talking to you a little.

Bri. Consult—take an opinion—good.

Old F. Come, I'll introduce you to my son. What say you, sir?

Bri. Good.

Old F. Good—ay, I hope so. I have to tell you, that my son is one of the most serious, studious young men living.

Bri. Id certum est quod certum reddi potest: vulgarly in the proverb, "the proof of the pudding, is in the eating."

Old F. Always at his books.

Bri. Good.

Old F. And what now, what, of all things, do you think employs his mind? (*Briefwit looks at him without speaking.*) Come, guess now; what do you think he reads?

Bri. (*After a pause.*) Books.

Old F. You are not far from the mark there, old Caution; he does read books—he studies the law.

Bri. Dat operam legibus Angliæ—good.

Old F. Ay, I thought you would say so. The law is a fine profession, is it not? I am sure I have a specimen before me of what the law will do for a man.

Bri. Hum! It will do for a man—good.

Old F. I knew you would be doubly anxious about this match, between your ward and him, when you heard of his having embraced that profession.

Bri. Hum!

Old F. Conversation fatigues you.

Bri. Non liquet—it appeareth not.

Old F. And when you do speak, there's no understanding you. (*Aside.—Briefwit reads his papers.*) A very entertaining companion, truly.—Pray, sir, read out.

Bri. (*Looks suspiciously at him, and pockets his papers.*) Good.

Old F. So good that you seem determined to keep it all to yourself. Come, we'll go and see my boy, if you please; it's a pity to disturb him, though. Oh! he's so studious, you'll be delighted with him—so steady—so like yourself, he will talk to you in your own way. (*Going, he stops.*) I beg pardon, the law takes precedence of every profession.

Bri. Good. (*Walks off, with great gravity.*)

Old F. Very good, indeed. You certainly are one of the most pleasant, agreeable, facetious, conversable, witty, and entertaining disciples of Lycurgus, that ever wore a wig with two tails. (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—Tristram Fickle's apartment. Musical instruments, books, globes, &c., all about the room, in disorder. A table, wig block, a lawyer's gown and wig, a regimental coat, hat, and sword.

(*Sneer discovered.*)

Sneer. What's here? Another change!—Law books!—Well, master of mine, how long will you continue in this mind? A gown and wig too! Why, here's a lawyer's whole stock in

trade, and we may open shop immediately. Here he is, as grave as a judge, already, I declare.

(Enter *Tristram*.)

Tri. The law!—By the law, how many men reach the highest preferment!

Sne. That they do : the gallows, for instance.

Tri. Yes ; I will study the law.

Sne. Ah, sir, you must go through a great many trials, then.

Tri. I am convinced that I possess great powers of oratory ; I'll prove it to you, *Sneer*. Now, you fancy yourself a judge.

Sne. No I don't, indeed, sir.

Tri. I mean that you are to personate a judge : to act the part of a judge.

Sne. I am afraid I shall do it very badly.

Tri. I will try you.

Sne. No ; if I am to be the judge, I must try you. (*Goes to the back of the stage, and brings forward an arm chair.*)

Tri. Silence in the court.—Now you are a judge—I am a barrister, going to plead before you.—These (*pointing to the audience*) are the gentlemen of the jury. That wig block, opposite, is my opponent. (*Puts on his gown and wig.*)

Sne. Stop, sir, one moment, if you please. If I am to be a judge, I must have a wig, too ; for what's a judge without a wig ? (*Fetching a white handkerchief from the table.*) He's a soldier without arms, a baker without an oven, or an apothecary without a cane ! Now if you can fancy me a judge, you can fancy this my wig. (*Throwing the handkerchief over his head, and sitting down in a chair.*) Now, let the cause proceed.

Tri. My lord, my lord, the cause to which I have the honor of claiming your lordship's attention, is a cause which most materially interests all orders of society, inasmuch as it is the cause of violent heats, perpetual broils, and smokings and roastings without number. The cause of all these, my lord, is coals, as I will take upon myself, by many witnesses of unquestionable veracity, to prove to your lordship's entire satisfaction. Coals, my lord, are brought all the way from New Castle, for the purpose of increasing the domestic comforts of the inhabitants of this great city, and parts adjacent. But, my lord, I believe no man will be found bold enough to stand up in your lordship's presence, and declare that it is conducive to the comforts of an inhabitant of this great city, or any of the parts adjacent, as afore-

said, that the cinders, ashes, refuse, or dust, to which these coals are burnt, should be thrown into their eyes, to deprive them of one of the choicest faculties of their nature. No, my lord; better far that these coals were left in the pits from whence they are dug—better that the hands which dig them should drop off—better that the ships which bring them should founder—better that the wagons on which they are drawn should be burnt—better that the fires which consume them should be quenched, than an inhabitant of this great city should have his eyes put out by ashes, and, ah! ignoble thought! his mouth made into a dust hole.

Sne. Very fine, indeed, sir. Making a dust hole of a man's mouth, is as fine an idea as ever came into a man's head.

Tri. Then you allow that I am qualified for the law?

Sne. Qualified! I should have thought you had been at it all your life. Why, sir, that speech convinces me that you are able to confound all the judges and jurors that ever sat in Westminster Hall. You see, sir, your opponent here (*pointing to the wig block*) has not a word to say for himself.

Tri. Oh! blessed moment when the dustman almost blinded me: 'tis to that circumstance I owe the discovery of my talents for the bar.

Sne. Ay, sir! At the bar you must look to have dust thrown in your eyes sometimes.

Tri. Yes, I am determined no power on earth shall make me change my mind.

Sne. So you have often said before.

Tri. Never so firmly as I do now. I am now most absolutely resolved. How do I look in this dress, Sneer?

Sne. But queerish, I think, sir.

Tri. That's awkward, particularly as I am to be a lover.—Fetch the looking-glass. (*Sneer brings the glass.*) I wish it was the custom to plead in the old Roman toga. These trappings are rather ridiculous. (*Looks in the glass.*) Oh, hang it, I may gain a suit in Westminster Hall, but I shall never gain a suit with the fair.

Sne. No; you must give that suit over, if you are to be suited so. (*Takes the looking-glass to the table.*)

Tri. Give it over! rather let Westminster Hall be in flames, or inundated again.—What do you think of the stage, Sneer?

Sne. Admirable! Your person and features must strike.

Tri. In Romeo.

Sne. Excellent!

Tri. Take the gown and wig. (*Throws them off.*)

Sne. (*Puts them on fantastically.*) Brief, let me be.

Tri. Now, my good fellow, do stand up for Juliet.

Sne. I'm well dressed for the part!

Tri. Here, take this stool, and get upon it. (*Sneer gets upon the stool.*) "See how she leans her cheek upon her hand.—Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might taste that cheek.—Ah! she speaks—yet she says nothing."

Sne. Not a syllable. Come, I wish you would make haste and get in at the window, for I can't hold out any longer.

Tri. Come down, then, and I'll try a soliloquy. (*Sneer descends from the stool, and puts down the gown and wig.*) "I do remember an apothecary"—

Sne. Oh, hang him, so do I; he blistered and bled me till he made me as thin as a broomstick. I have reason to remember him.

Tri. An apothecary—physic.—How do you like physic, Sneer?

Sne. Not at all, sir. The sight of a phial, pill-box, or gallipot, is enough to throw me into a fever at any time.

Tri. And yet, if you had at this moment a most horrible colic, and I were a physician, and were to come to you, thus, and, after feeling your pulse and shaking my head, were to tell you that you had not half an hour to live, what would you say then?

Sne. Why, if I had the colic, I should make no scruple of calling out for a dram.

Tri. Imagine yourself this moment at death's door. I am a physician—I am sent for in haste—I arrive—I judge of your symptoms—I bleed you. Pull off your coat, and let me bleed you. (*Takes Sneer's hand.*)

Sne. No, sir; we may as well fancy it, if you please.

Tri. Well, I bleed you—you mend from that moment—in a few days, you recover—you look on me with gratitude—you are a nobleman, or a minister of state—you patronize me—the whole town follows me—I have so much business I can't get through it—I have scarcely time to eat my meals, or take my needful rest. Egad! that would be very uncomfortable, though.

Sne. Oh, very, sir. Only think—just as you are sitting down to a fine dinner, with a keen appetite, Alderman Goblewell is taken with a fit of the gout in the stomach, and must be cured before you eat a morsel.

Tri. Oh, I could never bear it; "throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!" One might just as well go for a soldier.

Sne. Ay, and live on gunpowder.

Tri. A soldier! a general! Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Wolfe, Abercrombie, Wellington! These are great names—they cut a figure in the page of history. I'll emulate their great example:—glory, renown, honor, everlasting fame; a warlike fury fills my breast, and the rage of ten thousand lions swells my bold heart. (*Pulls off his coat, and snatches a sword.*) Ha! ha! (*Flourishing his sword.*)

Sne. Mercy on me! would I were out of his way. (*Aside.*)

Tri. Give me my volunteer coat and hat.

Sne. Here, sir. (*Fearfully, and assisting to put them on.*)

Tri. Now, sir, you are an enemy in the field of battle.

Sne. Who, I, sir? No, sir, not I; you know I'm on your side.

Tri. Rascal! do you contradict me? Say you are an enemy, or I'll cleave you from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot. (*Attacks him.*)

Sne. O murder! murder! murder! (*Enter Barber, with shaving tackle.*)

Tri. Ha! what, another of the enemy! (*Attacks the Barber.*)

Barber. No, sir; no enemy, sir—I'm only a poor barber, sir, come to shave your honor's head.

Tri. A barber—vile caitiff! my sword thirsts for nobler blood than thine. (*Cuts the wig-block to pieces.*) Any more of ye, come on. (*Enter Old Fickle and Briefwit.*) Ha! more of the enemy! I'm surrounded; but I'd cut my way through them, if there were a million: come on, dastards. (*Attacks Old Fickle and Briefwit.—The Barber runs off.*)

Old F. What! is he mad?

Bri. Non compos mentis.

Sne. As mad as a Bedlamite, sir. (*During this time, Tristram keeps attacking Briefwit, Old Fickle, and Sneer.*)

Tri. I am defeated, routed, overthrown, and forced to quit the field; and now I will do as many a great general has done before me—retreat. (*Exit.*)

Old F. Oh, Tristram! Tristram!

Bri. Studios—non constat.

Old F. Ah!

Bri. Quiet—a false return.

Old F. Oh dear!

Bri. Steady—error in judgment.

Old F. Oh, what, you can open your mouth now ! (*Exit.*)

Bri. Nonsuited—good—move the action out of court.

Sne. This poor fellow (*the wig-block*) is the greatest sufferer ; he has had a terrible thwack on the head, in this affray, though, to my certain knowledge, he never opened his mouth either on one side or the other. (*Exit.*)

Bri. (*Making memorandums.*) Assault and battery, sword in hand—*Vi et armis*, bodily fear—(*Looks at his watch*)—four o'clock, P. M.—Good. (*Exit.*)

XIV.—FROM EDUCATION.—*Morton.*

DAMPER—TEMPLETON—MRS. TEMPLETON—SERVANT.

(*Enter Mr. Damper and Servant.*)

Damper. Is Mr. Templeton within ?

Servant. I'll thank you for your name, sir.

Damp. Mr. Damper.

Serv. He is not, sir.

Damp. Pogh, pogh ! I'm his intimate friend.

Serv. O no, sir, there you'll pardon me. I keep a most accurate list of my master's friends. (*Showing a list.*)

Damp. Indeed ! a convenient sort of reference ; for, to know friends, as times go, is no very easy matter. Hark you, fellow, tell your master that Mr. Damper, from Lombard street, a stranger to his present fashionable nomenclature, but one who formerly was in his books, insists on seeing him instantly.

Serv. Sir, I shall give in your name ; but making speeches is not in my department.

Damp. Indeed ! then I presume you are what is called a figure footman, and hired by measure—(*Servant bows*)—six feet of more accomplished assurance, I never looked up to.

Serv. You are pleased to flatter.

Damp. But if the distance across your shoulders was not included in the estimate, here is a measure, (*showing his cane*), which will in one moment ascertain it, unless you exactly obey my orders. (*Exit Servant.*) Bad memories indeed, when friends cannot be remembered without a book. When in London and in active life, he was above these modern fopperies. But a young, gay wife, sadly alters your middle-aged gentlemen.

(Enter Mr. Templeton and Servant.)

Damp. Templeton! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Templeton. What! My old partner, Dampier! welcome, thrice welcome, my worthiest friend.

Damp. (To Servant.) Do you hear that, puppy? his worthiest friend; book me this instant, or I'll cane you. (Exit Servant.) You look tolerably hearty and cheerful—but—

Tem. But! oh, old Dampier still, I see. When will you leave your vile buts, and doubts, and perhapses?

Damp. When my friend's conduct no longer requires them. But, you are married again, I hear.

Tem. Yes, I have tried it once more—but—

Damp. But what, pray?

Tem. I have got a wife who has had a perverted modern education; for in our stylish manufactories of female attainments, the muses and graces so struggle for precedency, that the unassuming domestic virtues are jostled into a corner; and from this telescope of fashion issues an abundant supply of female poets, attitudinarians, philosophizing daughters, waltzing wives, and infidel mothers.

Damp. The effects on Mrs. Templeton—

Tem. Are an active taste for expense, with a decided aversion to all household duties; and thus, while we abound in economical theories, we are ruined by unthrifty practices. So that in Mrs. Templeton's room you may see the "Lady's Best Companion" entombed in the dust it aims to sweep away, and a satirical spider has drawn his web over the "Complete Housewife." But here she comes; you shall see for yourself.

Mrs. Templeton. (Without.) Pray don't tease me now; tell them all to be sure and come to-morrow. (Enters.) My dear Mr. Templeton, you will be delighted with the guest your son Vincent has introduced. Such commanding talents, such superior taste. He has found fault with every thing he has seen, and has pronounced the house and grounds so detestable, that I can't endure the sight of them.

Tem. I ought to be much obliged to him.

Mrs. T. We've laid such delightful plans. The house is to come down, the farm to be parked, and the meadows to be put under water. Now, my love, you'll have no trouble, but—

Tem. The trouble of paying for it.

Mrs. T. O, but he says people of fashion never think of that. So I shall give orders to begin.

Tem. When, my dear?

Mrs. T. O, to-morrow. But who is that old man?

Tem. My late partner. And I am happy to afford you the gratification of making welcome my friend Damp.

Mrs. T. I have never seen his name on our list; but my tall man is shockingly inaccurate. Do you know, last winter, sir, he told me I was quite intimate with Lady Paramount; but on making her a visit, the old Goth denied ever having heard of me. But I must away. I've a thousand things to arrange for to-morrow. I hope I may look forward, sir, to a long visit. (*Exit.*)

Damp. Rid your house of the new comer immediately. Here is another instance of the blessed effects of modern education, which has armed every witling with the weapons of personal satire. For now, cities are visited, tours are made, not to paint the world's beauties, but to caricature its pitiable deformities; not to cull the sweets of nature, but to collect the poison of defamation; not to bestow instruction, but to purvey the insatiable appetite of slander, and teach the rising generation to prey on garbage. (*Exeunt.*)

XV.—FROM THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—*Sheridan.*

SIR PETER TEAZLE—LADY TEAZLE.

Sir Peter Teazle. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis not above six months since my Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men, and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells were done ringing. In less than a month I was nearly choked with gall, and had lost every satisfaction in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. I am laughed at by her, and the jest of all my acquaintance. And yet, the worst of it is, I am afraid I love her, or I should never bear all this; but I am determined never to be weak enough to let her know it. But here she comes, apparently in mighty good humor; I wish I could tease her into loving me a little.

(*Enter Lady Teazle.*)

Lady Teazle. What's the matter, Sir Peter? You seem to be out of humor.

Sir P. Ah! Lady Teazle, it is in your power to put me in a good humor at any time.

L. Teaz. Is it? I'm glad of it, for I want you to be in a monstrous good humor now. Come, do be good humored and let me have a hundred pounds.

Sir P. What the plague! Can't I be in good humor without paying for it? But look always thus, and you shall have two hundred pounds. Be satisfied with that sum now, and you shall not much longer have it in your power to reproach me for not making you a proper settlement. I intend shortly to surprise you.

L. Teaz. Do you? You can't think, Sir Peter, how good humor becomes you. Now you look just as you did before I married you.

Sir P. Do I indeed?

L. Teaz. Don't you remember when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and asked me if I could like an old fellow who could deny me nothing?

Sir P. Aye, and you were so attentive and obliging to me then.

L. Teaz. To be sure I was, and used to take your part against all my acquaintance; and when my cousin Mary used to laugh at me for thinking of marrying a man old enough to be my father, and call you an ugly, stiff, formal old bachelor, I contradicted her, and said, I did not think you so ugly by any means, and that I dared say you would make a good sort of a husband.

Sir P. That was very kind of you. Well, and you were not mistaken; you have found it so, have not you? But shall we always live thus happy?

L. Teaz. With all my heart. I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you will own you are tired first.

Sir P. With all my heart.

L. Teaz. Then we shall be as happy as the day is long, and never, never, never quarrel more.

Sir P. Never, never, never: and let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

L. Teaz. Aye!

Sir P. But, my dear Lady Teazle, my love, indeed you must keep a strict watch over your temper, for you know, my dear, that in all our disputes and quarrels, you always begin first.

L. Teaz. No, no, my dear Sir Peter, 'tis always you that begin.

Sir P. No, no, no such thing.

L. Teaz. Have a care ; this is not the way to live happy, if you fly out thus.

Sir P. No, no, 'tis you.

L. Teaz. No, 'tis you.

Sir P. Zounds, I say 'tis you.

L. Teaz. Law ! I never saw such a man in my life ; just what my cousin Mary told me.

Sir P. Your cousin Mary is a forward, saucy, impertinent minx.

L. Teaz. You are a very great bear to abuse my relations.

Sir P. But I am well enough served for marrying you, a pert, forward, rural coquette, who had refused half the honest squires in the country.

L. Teaz. I am sure I was a great fool for marrying you, a stiff old bachelor, who was unmarried at fifty, because nobody would have you.

Sir P. You were very glad to have me ; you never had such an offer before.

L. Teaz. O yes I had ; there was Sir Tivey Terrier, whose estate was full as good as yours, and he has broken his neck since we were married.

Sir P. Very well, very well, madam, you're an ungrateful woman : and many plagues light on me if I ever try to be friends with you again ; you shall have a separate maintenance.

L. Teaz. By all means a separate maintenance.

Sir P. Very well, madam, oh very well. Ah, madam, you shall rue this—I'll have a divorce.

L. Teaz. A divorce !

Sir P. Aye, zounds, I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

L. Teaz. Well, well, Sir Peter, be it so. I see you are going to be in a passion, so I'll leave you ; and when you come properly to your temper, we shall be the happiest couple in the world, and never, never, never quarrel more. (*Exeunt.*)

XVI.—FROM SELF-INTEREST.—*Fielding.*

LOVEPOOR—SURGEON—STRANGER—HOSTESS—BETTY.

Scene.—An Inn.

*(Enter Hostess and Betty.)**Hostess.* Betty !*Betty.* Here, madam.*Host.* Where's your master ?*Betty.* He's without, madam ; and has sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who has been robbed and murdered on the road.*Host.* Touch one if you dare, you jade ! Your master is a pretty sort of a man to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I'll have no such doings. If you touch one, I'll—I'll—I'll—Go send your master to me. *(Exit Betty.)* Pretty work, pretty work this, truly. We should make fine way ahead, if my husband were at the helm.*(Enter Mr. Lovepoor.)*

What do you mean by this, Mr. Lovepoor ? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a set of pennyless rascals ?

Lovepoor. My dear, this is a poor wretch—*Host.* I know it is a poor wretch, but what have we to do with poor wretches ? The law makes us provide for too many already.*Love.* My dear, this man has been robbed of all he had.*Host.* Well, where's his money then, to pay his reckoning ? Why doth not such a fellow go to an alehouse ? I shall send him packing immediately, I assure you.*Love.* My dear, common charity won't suffer you to do that.*Host.* Common charity, indeed ! Common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves and our families, and I and mine won't be ruined by your charities, I assure you.*Love.* Well, my dear, do as you will, you know I never contradict you.*(Enter Surgeon.)**Surgeon.* I come to acquaint you that your guest is in such extreme danger, that I can scarcely see any hopes of his recovery.

Host. Here's a pretty kettle of fish you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense.

Love. My dear, I am not to blame. He was brought hither by the stage coach, and Betty had put him to bed before I was stirring.

Host. And what induced Tom Whipwell to bring such guests to my house, when there are so many ale-houses on the road, proper for their reception.

(Enter Betty.)

Betty. The wounded man begs you for mercy-sake to let him have a little tea.

Host. Tea, indeed! Nothing will serve his delicate stomach, then, but tea. Tea costs money, tell him.

Betty. I am sure, madam, you will lose nothing by serving the gentleman, for I know he is one by the delicacy of his skin.

Host. His skin! Yes, I suppose that is all we are like to have for his reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the Dragon. But there is a carriage at the door. Run, Lovepoor, and lead them into the best parlor. Law! how neglectful you are, Mr. Lovepoor; here is the gentleman now.

(Enter a Stranger, in a great-cloak.)

Betty, go and tell the murdered man to pack up and be off, and make ready something for this gentleman's supper.

Stranger. What murdered man do you speak of?

Host. O, sir, only a poor wretch who was knocked down and robbed on the high road a few hours ago.

Stran. Are there no hopes of his recovery?

Sur. I defy all the surgeons in London to do him any good.

Stran. Pray, sir, what are his wounds?

Sur. Why, do you know any thing of wounds?

Stran. Sir, I have a slight acquaintance with surgery.

Sur. A slight acquaintance—ha! ha! ha! I believe it is a slight one, indeed. I suppose, sir, you have traveled.

Stran. No, sir.

Sur. Have practiced in the hospitals, perhaps?

Stran. No, sir.

Sur. Whence, then, sir, if I may be so bold as to inquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?

Stran. Sir, I do not pretend to much, but the little I know I have acquired from books.

Sur. Books! I suppose, then, you have read Galen and Hippocrates.

Stran. No, sir, neither.

Sur. How, understand surgery and not read Galen and Hippocrates !

Stran. Sir, I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors.

Sur. I believe so too, more shame for them ; but thanks to my education, I have them by heart and very seldom go without them both in my pocket.

Stran. They are pretty large books, though, to carry in the pocket.

Sur. Aye, I presume I know how large they are, better than you do. I suppose you understand physic too, as well as surgery. (*A general laugh.*)

Stran. Rather better.

Sur. Aye, like enough. (*Winking.*) Why, I know a little of physic too.

Love. I wish I knew half as much ; I'd never wear an apron again.

Sur. Why, I believe, landlord, there are few men, though I say it, who handle a fever better.

Stran. I am thoroughly convinced, sir, of your great learning and skill, but I will thank you to let me know your opinion of the patient's case, above stairs.

Sur. Sir, (*with much solemnity,*) his case is that of a dead man. The contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and divellicated that radical, small, minute, invisible nerve, which coheres to the pericranium—

Stran. That will do, sir. You have convinced me that you are—

Sur. Are what, sir ?

Stran. A quack, whose aim it is to impose upon the ignorant and unfortunate.

Sur. And what are you, sir ?

Stran. Dr. Bland, president of the college of physicians, and surgeon to Lord Dixby, who has just been robbed, and lies ill in this house. One of his servants, who escaped when the robbery was committed, brought me the information. Your servant, sir. (*Speaking to the Surgeon, who is making towards the door.*) Now, landlord, conduct me to your guest. (*Exit with landlord.*)

Host. Betty, John, Samuel, where are you all ? Have you no ears or no consciences, not to tend the sick better ? See what the gentleman wants. But any one may die for all you ; you have no more feeling than my husband. If a man lived a

fortnight in his house without spending a penny, he would never put him in mind of it. See whether the gentleman drinks tea or coffee for supper. (*Exit Servant.*)

(*Enter Mr. Lovepoor.*)

Love. My dear, this wounded traveler must be a greater man than we took him for. Some servants in livery have just arrived, and inquired for him.

Host. God forbid that I should not discharge the duty of a Christian, since the poor gentleman is brought to our house. I have a natural antipathy to vagabonds, but can pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another.

Love. If the traveler be a gentleman, though he have no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter ; so you may begin to score as soon as you please.

Host. Hold your simple tongue, and don't pretend to instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman's misfortune with all my heart, and I hope the villains who have used him so barbarously, will be hanged. Let us go and see what he wants. God forbid he should want any thing in my house. (*Exeunt.*)

XVII.—*Cibber and Vanburgh.*

LADY GRACE—LADY TOWNLY.

Lady Townly. Oh, my dear Lady Grace ! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while ?

Lady Grace. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief ; for he has been in such a fluster here—

Lady G. Bless me ! for what ?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast ; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—we have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it : sure it must be a vast happiness when man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation !

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world !

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world ! Married people have things to talk of, child, that never entered into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my Lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter ; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it ! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête a tête* meal, sat us down by the fireside, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth kind of way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any others being in the room.—At last, stretching himself and yawning—My dear, says he—aw—you came home very late last night.—'Twas but just turned of two, says I.—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he.—So you are every night, says I.—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late.—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often !—Upon which we entered into a conversation : and though this is a point that has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family-dialogues, (though extremely well for passing the time,) dosen't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness ?

Lady T. Oh, yes ! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but a sentimental old prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady T. Though to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it this bout ; for it grew so sour at last, that, I think, I almost told him he was a fool ; and he again, talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady G. Oh ! have a care of that.

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for it.

Lady G. How so ?

Lady T. Why, when my good Lord first opened his honorable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humors.

Lady G. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

Lady G. Why, if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you teaze one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me? And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly perhaps by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates. I doat upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera, I expire. Then, I love play to distraction; cards enchant me, and dice put me out of my little wits—dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it sits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well—and, upon ill-luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad, wrong word, is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp, and swallow it.

Lady G. Well—and is it not enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes; I have often forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly, a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that ?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child ; I should not lead you so far into the world ; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do in a good degree incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable ; for you will marry, I suppose ?

Lady G. I can't tell, but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town ?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars ! and you would really live in London half the year, to be sober in it ?

Lady G. Why not ?

Lady T. Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country ?

Lady G. So I would,—t'other half year.

Lady T. And, pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now for your summer and winter sober entertainments ?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it, under a great tree ; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend ; perhaps hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards, soberly ; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any ; or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly : and, possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature ! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years.—Under a great tree !—ha ! ha ! ha !—But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme, too, for I am charmed with the country one.

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there, too.

Lady T. Well, though I am sure it will give me the vapors, I must hear it.

Lady G. Why, then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first dutchess: though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it—

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why, the men say that's a great step to be made one.—Well, now you are drest, pray let's see to what purpose!

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form, as possible. I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly; nay, play at quadrille—soberly. I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then go to an opera; but I would not expire there—for fear I should never go again; and, lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some cologne water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, (not to say a word of devotion,) the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable!—Deplorable. Why, child, all you propose, is but to endure life: now, I want to enjoy it.

XVIII.—FROM THE SCHOOL FOR RAKES.—*Centlivre.*

LORD EUSTACE—FRAMPTON.

Lord Eustace. Well, my dear Frampton, have you secured the letters?

Frampton. Yes, my lord, for their rightful owners.

Lord Eust. As to the matter of property, Frampton, we will not dispute much about that. Necessity, you know, may sometimes render a trespass excusable.

Fram. I am not casuist sufficient to answer you upon that subject; but this I know, that you have already trespassed against the laws of hospitality and honor, in your conduct towards Sir William Evans and his daughter.—And as your friend

and counselor both, I would advise you to think seriously of repairing the injuries you have committed, and not increase your offense, by a farther violation.

Lord Eust. It is actually a pity you were not bred to the bar, Ned ; but I have only a moment to stay, and am all impatience to know if there be a letter from Langwood, and what he says.

Fram. I shall never be able to afford you the least information upon that subject, my lord.

Lord Eust. Surely, I do not understand you. You said you had secured the letters.—Have you not read them ?

Fram. You have a right, and none but you, to ask me such a question. My weak compliance with your first proposal, relative to these letters, warrants your thinking so meanly of me. But know, my lord, that though my personal affection for you, joined to my unhappy circumstances, may have betrayed me into actions unworthy of myself, I never can forget that there is a barrier fixed before the extreme of baseness, which honor will not let me pass.

Lord Eust. You will give me leave to tell you, Mr. Frampton, that where I lead, I think you need not halt.

Fram. You will pardon me, my lord ; the consciousness of another man's errors, can never be a justification of our own : and poor indeed must that wretch be, who can be satisfied with the negative merit, of not being the worst man he knows.

Lord Eust. If this discourse were uttered in a conventicle, it might have its effect, by setting the congregation to sleep.

Fram. It is rather meant to rouse, than lull your lordship.

Lord Eust. No matter what it is meant for ; give me the letters, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. Yet, excuse me ; I could as soon think of arming a madman's hand against my own life, as suffer you to be guilty of a crime that will forever wound your honor.

Lord Eust. I shall not come to you to heal my wound : your medicines are too rough and coarse for me.

Fram. The soft poison of flattery might perhaps please you better.

Lord Eust. * Your conscience may probably have as much need of palliatives as mine, Mr. Frampton ; as I am pretty well convinced, that your course of life has not been more regular than my own.

Fram. With true contrition, my lord, I confess part of your sarcasm to be just. Pleasure was the object of my pursuit; and pleasure I obtained, at the expense both of health and fortune; but yet, my lord, I broke not in upon the peace of others: the laws of hospitality I never violated.

Lord Eust. You may, perhaps, have cause to repent your present conduct, Mr. Frampton, as much as I do our past attachment.

Fram. Rather than hold your friendship upon such terms, I resign it forever. Farewell, my lord.—(*Goes away, but immediately returns.*)—Ill-treated as I have been, I find it impossible to leave you surrounded by difficulties.

Lord Eust. That sentiment should have operated sooner, Mr. Frampton. Recollection is seldom of use to our friends, though it may sometimes be serviceable to ourselves.

Fram. Take advantage of your own expression, my lord, and recollect yourself. Born and educated as I have been, a gentleman, how have you injured both yourself and me, by admitting and uniting in the same confidence, your rascally servant!

Lord Eust. The exigency of my situation is a sufficient excuse to myself, and ought to have been so to the man who called himself my friend.

Fram. Have a care, my lord, of uttering the least doubt upon that subject; for could I think you once mean enough to suspect the sincerity of my attachment to you, it must vanish at that instant.

Lord Eust. The proofs of your regard have been rather painful of late, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. When I see my friend upon the verge of a precipice, is that a time for compliment? Shall I not rudely rush forward, and drag him from it? Just in that state you are at present, and I will strive to save you. Virtue may languish in a noble heart, and suffer her rival, vice, to usurp her power; but baseness must not enter, or she flies forever. The man who has forfeited his own esteem, thinks all the world has the same consciousness, and therefore is, what he deserves to be, a wretch.

Lord Eust. Oh, Frampton! you have lodged a dagger in my heart.

Fram. No, my dear Eustace, I have saved you from one, from your own reproaches, by preventing your being guilty of a meanness, which you could never have forgiven yourself.

Lord Eust. Can you forgive me, and be still my friend?

Fram. As firmly as I have ever been, my lord.—But let us, at present, hasten to get rid of the mean business we are engaged in, and forward the letters we have no right to detain.

XIX.—FROM THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.—*Farquhar.*

BONIFACE—AIMWELL.

Boniface. This way, this way, sir.

Aimwell. You're my landlord, I suppose.

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon the road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, sir, what will your honor please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield, much famed for ale: I think I'll taste that!

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar, ten ton of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children.—I'll show you such ale!—Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if any one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon my ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale. (*Enter tapster, with a tankard.*) Now, sir, you shall see:—your worship's health. (*Drinks.*) Ha! delicious, delicious! Fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. (*Drinks.*) 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong, that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir ; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass ?

Bon. I don't know how, sir. She was for qualifying it every now and then, with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman, that came this way, from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh ; but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so—she, good lady, did what could be done : she cured her of three tympanies ; but the fourth carried her off. But she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who is that Lady Bountiful, you mentioned ?

Bon. Odds, my life, sir, we'll drink her health. (*Drinks.*) My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year ; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses, for the good of her neighbors.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation ?

Bon. Yes, sir, she had a daughter by Sir Charles—the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day ; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. (*Drinks.*)

Aim. What sort of a man is he ?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough ; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith ; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose ?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure ; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together, sometimes.

Aim. Fine sportsman, truly !—and married, you say ?

Bon. Ay ; and to a curious woman, sir.—But he's my landlord ! and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. (*Drinks.*) Though I value not a far-thing what he can do to me ; I pay him his rent at quarter day : I have a running trade—I have but one daughter, and can give her—no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface : pray, what other company have you in town ?

Bon. A power of fine ladies ; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O, that's right ; you have a good many of those gentlemen. Pray, how do you like their company ?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had many more of them. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for taking of 'em ; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little : one of 'em lodges in my house. (*Bell rings.*) I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you again in half a minute. (*Exeunt.*)

XX.—FROM THE HEIR AT LAW.—*Colman.*

LORD DUBERLY—DOCTOR PANGLOSS.

Lord Duberly. Doctor, good morning.—Take a chair, doctor ?

Doctor. Pardon me, my lord ; I am not inclined to be sedentary ; I would, with permission, “erectos ad sidera tollere vultus”—Ovid.—Hem !

Lord D. Tollery vultures ! I suppose that means, you had rather stand ?

Doct. Fie, this is a locomotive morning with me. Just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts ; whence, I may say, “I have borne my blushing honors thick upon me”—Shakspeare.—Hem !

Lord D. And what has put your honors to the blush, this morning, doctor ?

Doct. To the blush ? A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning—he, he, he ! Hem—you shall hear, my lord. “Lend me your ears”—Shakspeare, again.—Hem ! 'Tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen, long since conferred upon me the dignity of LL. D. ; and as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say, they dubbed me with a degree, from sheer consideration of my celebrity.

Lord D. True.

Doct. For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose the Scotch college to be swayed by one pound, fifteen shillings and three pence, three farthings, paid on receiv-

ing my diploma, as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned heads of that seminary.

Lord D. Oh, hang it, no ; it wasn't for the matter of money.

Doct. I do not think it was altogether the "*auri sacra fames*"—Virgil.—Hem!—But this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock, A. M., the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits—he, he, he!—have admitted me an unworthy member ; and I have, henceforward, the privilege of adding to my name the enviable title of A. double S.

Lord D. And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have rightly deserved it. I warrant a man don't get A. double S. tacked to his name for nothing.

Doct. Decidedly not, my lord.—Yes, I am now *Artium Societatis Socius*. My two last publications did that business.—"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*"—Horace.—Hem !

Lord D. And what might these two books be about, doctor ?

Doct. The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep by an infusion of opium into their ears :—the efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

Lord D. I wonder it wasn't hit upon before by the doctors.

Doct. Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. He, he, he!—"To die—to sleep—no more"—Shakspeare.—Hem.—My second treatise was a proposal for erecting dove-houses, on a principle tending to create the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm, has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion—"nec gemere cessabit turtur"—Virgil.—Hem!—I am about to publish a third edition, by subscription. May I have the honor to pop your lordship down among the pigeons ?

Lord D. Aye, aye ; down with me, doctor.

Doct. My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. What may be your lordship's sponsorial and patronymic appellations ?

Lord D. My what ?

Doct. I mean, my lord, the designations given to you, by your lordship's god-fathers and parents.

Lord D. Oh, what, my christian and surname?—I was baptized Daniel.

Doct. "*Abolens baptismate labum*"—I forgot where—Hem ! The Right Honorable Daniel—(*Writing.*)

Lord D. Dowlas.

Doct. (Writing.) Dowlas—"Filthy Dow"—Hem!—Shakspeare.—The Right Honorable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly. And now, my lord, to our lesson for the day.

Lord D. Now for it, doctor.

Doct. The process which we are now upon, is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate cacology, and which the vulgar call slip.slop.

Lord D. I'm afraid, doctor, my cakelology will give you a tolerable tight job of it.

Doct. "Nil desperandum"—Virgil.—Hem!—We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on;—when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

Lord D. At a consort.

Doct. Umph! *Tête a tête* with Lady Duberly, I presume.

Lord D. No, *tête a tête* with five hundred people, hearing music.

Doct. Oh! I conceive. Your lordship would say, concert. Mark the distinction. A concert, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now, a consort is a wife—little conducive to harmony, in the present day, and seldom visited by a man of fashion, unless she happens to be his friend's, or his neighbor's.

Lord D. A wide, sad difference, indeed! Between you and I, doctor, now my lady's out of hearing, a wife is the plague—the—the—

Doct. He, he, he! There are plenty of Jobs in the world, my lord.

Lord D. And plenty of Jezabels, too, doctor. But patience, as you say—for I never give my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in the tantrums, and talks high, I always sit mum chance.

Doct. "So spake our mother, Eve, and Adam heard"—Milton.—Hem!—Silence is most secure, my lord, in these cases; for, if once your lordship opens your mouth, 'tis twenty to one, but bad language would follow.

Lord D. Oh, that's a sure thing; and I never like to disperse the women.

Doct. Asperse.

Lord D. Humph! there's another stumble!—After all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

Doct. Your knowledge of our native, or vernacular language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. Vermicular

is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, except in the case of puppies who want to be wormed.

Lord D. Well, then, I aint so much out, doctor ; I've met plenty of puppies, since I came to town, whose tongues are so very troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning my own family.

Doct. Disclose, my lord.

Lord D. Why, you must know, I expect my son, Dicky, in town, this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you mend his cakelology, mayhap it might be better worth than the mending of mine.

Doct. I smell a pupil. (*Aside.*) Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come ?

Lord D. You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of a good family distraction—

Doct. Ex.

Lord D. Though I'm of a good family extraction, 'tis but t'other day I kept a shop at Gosport.

Doct. The rumor has reached me.—“Fama volat”—

Lord D. Don't put me out.

Doct. Virgil.—Hem !—Proceed.

Lord D. A tradesman, you know, must mind the main chance ; so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpus, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the Devil's-peak, to take Dick 'prentice, at half price. He's just now out of his time, and I warrant him, as wild and as rough as a rock ; now, if you, doctor—if you would but take him in hand, and soften him a bit—

Doct. Pray, my lord—“To soften rocks”—Congreve. Hem !—Pray, my lord, what profession may the Honorable Mr. Dowlas have followed ?

Lord D. Who, Dick ? He served his clerkship to an attorney, at Castleton.

Doct. An attorney !—Gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

Lord D. Yes, but the pay may make it worth the while ; I'm told that Lord Spindle gives his eldest son, master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year ; and besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs and the children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't be grudge it you.

Doct. Three hundred a year!—Say no more, my lord.—LL. D., A. double S., and three hundred a year—I accept the offer.—“*Verbam Sat*”—Horace.—Hem!—I’ll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—no, I’ve got it all on—and—(*Going.*)

Lord D. Hold! hold! not so hasty, doctor; I must first send you for Dick, to the Blue-boar?

Doct. The Honorable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue-boar!

Lord D. Aye, in Holborn, as I aint fond of telling people good news beforehand, for fear they may be balked: Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

Doct. Three hundred a year—I’ve often wished that I had clear, for life, six—no—three—three hundred—

Lord D. I wrote him just before I left Gosport, to tell him to meet me in London with—

Doct. “Three hundred pounds a year”—Swift.—Hem!

Lord D. With all speed, upon business; d’ye mind me?

Doct. Doctor Pangloss with an income of—no lap-dogs, my lord?

Lord D. Nay, but listen, doctor; and as I didn’t know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue-boar this morning, by the stage-coach—why, you don’t hear what you are talking about, doctor?

Doct. Oh, perfectly, my lord.—A Blue-boar in a stage-coach, with the annuity of—

Lord D. Well, step into my room, doctor, and I’ll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

Doct. Skin! jump! zounds, I’m ready to jump out of mine. I follow your lordship.—Oh, Doctor Pangloss, where’s your philosophy now?—I attend you, my lord—“*œquam memento*”—Horace.—“*Servare mentem.*”—Hem! Bless me, I’m all in a fluster! LL. D., A. double S., and three hundred a—! I attend your lordship. (*Exeunt.*)

XXI.—FROM NOLENS VOLENS.—*Hall.*

SIR CHRISTOPHER—QUIZ.

[NOTE.—Sir Christopher is an elderly gentleman, who has a son at college, against whom he is much enraged for having fallen prematurely in love. Quiz, under the assumed name of "Blackletter," personates a professor of languages, having come for the purpose of pacifying Sir Christopher, and thus to obtain money for the son.]

Sir Christopher. And so, friend Blackletter, you are just come from college.

Quiz. Yes, sir.

Sir Ch. Ah, Mr. Blackletter, I once loved the name of a college, until my son proved so worthless.

Quiz. In the name of all the literati, what do you mean? You fond of books, and not bless your stars in giving you such a son?

Sir Ch. Ah, sir, he was once a youth of promise.—But do you know him?

Quiz. What! Frederick Classic?—Ay, that I do—heaven be praised!

Sir Ch. I tell you, Mr. Blackletter, he is wonderfully changed.

Quiz. And a lucky change for him.—What, I suppose he was once a wild young fellow?

Sir Ch. No, sir, you don't understand me, or I don't you. I tell you, he neglects his studies, and is foolishly in love, for which I shall certainly cut him off with a shilling.

Quiz. You surprise me, sir. I must beg leave to undeceive you—you are either out of your senses, or some wicked enemy of his has, undoubtedly, done him this injury. Why, sir, he is in love, I grant you, but it is only with his book. He hardly allows himself time to eat; and as for sleep, he scarcely takes two hours in the twenty-four.—This is a thumper; for the dog has not looked into a book these six months, to my certain knowledge. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. I have received a letter from farmer Downright this very day, who tells me he has received a letter from him, containing proposals for his daughter.

Quiz. This is very strange—I left him at college as close to his books as—oh, oh—I believe I can solve this mystery, and much to your satisfaction.

Sir Ch. I should be happy indeed if you could.

Quiz. Oh, as plain as that two and three are five. 'Tis thus : an envious fellow, a rival of your son's—a fellow who has not as much sense in his whole corporation, as your son has in his little finger—yes, I heard this very fellow ordering a messenger to farmer Downright, with a letter ; and this is, no doubt, the very one. Why, sir, your son will certainly surpass the Admirable Crichton.—Sir Isaac Newton will be a perfect automaton compared with him ; and the sages of antiquity, if resuscitated, would hang their heads in despair.

Sir Ch. Is it possible that my son is now at college, making these great improvements ?

Quiz. Ay, that he is, sir.

Sir Ch. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Oh, the dear fellow, the dear fellow !

Quiz. Sir, you may turn to any part of Homer, and repeat one line—he will take it up, and by dint of memory, continue repeating to the end of the book.

Sir Ch. Well, well, well. I find I was doing him great injustice ; however, I'll make him ample amends—oh, the dear fellow, the dear fellow, the dear fellow—(*with great joy,*)—he will be immortalized ; and so shall I, for if I had not cherished the boy's genius in embryo, he would never have soared above mediocrity.

Quiz. True, sir.

Sir Ch. I cannot but think what superlative pleasure I shall have, when my son has got his education. No other man's in England shall be comparative with it—of that I am positive. Why, sir, the moderns are such dull, plodding, senseless barbarians, that a man of learning is as hard to be found, as the unicorn.

Quiz. 'Tis much to be regretted, sir ; but such is the lamentable fact.

Sir Ch. Even the shepherds, in days of yore, spoke their mother tongue in Latin ; and now, hic, hæc, hoc, is as little understood as the language of the moon.

Quiz. Your son, sir, will be a phenomenon, depend upon it.

Sir Ch. So much the better, so much the better. I expected soon to have been in the vocative, for, you know, you found me in the accusative case, and that's very near it—ha ! ha ! ha !

Quiz. You have reason to be merry, sir, I promise you.

Sir Ch. I have, indeed. Well, I shall leave off interjections and promote an amicable conjunction with the dear fellow. Oh ! we shall never think of addressing each other in plain English—no, no, we will converse in the pure classical language of the ancients. You remember the Eclogues of Virgil, Mr. Blackletter ?

Quiz. Oh, yes, sir, perfectly ; have 'em at my finger ends.—Not a bit of a one did I ever hear of in my life. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. How sweetly the first of them begins!

Quiz. Very sweetly, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) Zounds ! I wish he would change the subject.

Sir Ch. “Tytere, tu patulæ recubans ;” faith, 'tis more musical than fifty hand-organs.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I had rather hear a jew's-harp.

Sir Ch. Talking of music, though—the Greek is the language for that.

Quiz. Truly is it.

Sir Ch. Even the conjugations of the verbs far excel the finest sonata of Pleyel or Handel—for instance, “tupto, tupso, tetupha,”—can any thing be more musical?

Quiz. Nothing—“stoop low, stoop so, stoop too far.”

Sir Ch. Ha ! ha ! ha ! “stoop too far !” that's a good one.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Faith, I have stooped too far. All's over now, by Jupiter.

Sir Ch. Ha ! ha ! ha ! a plaguy good pun, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Tolerable. (*Aside.*) I am well out of that scrape, however.

Sir Ch. Pray, sir, which of the classics is your favorite?

Quiz. Why, sir, Mr. Frederick Classic, I think—he is so great a scholar.

Sir Ch. Po, po, you don't understand me.—I mean, which of the Latin classics do you admire most?

Quiz. Hang it ! what shall I say now. (*Aside.*) The Latin classics ? Oh, really, sir, I admire them all so much, it is difficult to say.

Sir Ch. Virgil is my favorite. How very expressive is his description of the unconquerable passion of Queen Dido, where he says, “haret lateri lethalis arundo.” Is not that very expressive?

Quiz. Very expressive, indeed, sir. (*Aside.*) I wish we were forty miles asunder. I shall never be able to hold out much longer, at this rate.

Sir Ch. And Ovid is not without his charms.

Quiz. He is not, indeed, sir.

Sir Ch. And what a dear, enchanting fellow, Horace is !

Quiz. Wonderfully so !

Sir Ch. Pray, what do you think of Xenophon?

Quiz. Who the plague is he, I wonder. (*Aside.*) Xenophon ! oh, I think he unquestionably wrote good Latin, sir.

Sir Ch. Good Latin, man !—he wrote Greek—good Greek, you meant.

Quiz. True, sir, I did. Latin, indeed ! (*In great confusion.*) I meant Greek—did I say Latin ? I really meant Greek. (*Aside.*) Zounds ! I don't know what I mean, myself.

Sir Ch. Oh ! Mr. Blackletter, I have been trying a long time to remember the name of one of Achilles's horses, but I can't for my life think of it—you doubtless can tell me.

Quiz. O yes, his name was—but which of them do you mean ?—What was he called ?

Sir Ch. What was he called ? Why, that's the very thing I wanted to know. The one I allude to¹ was born of the Harpy Celæno. I can't for the blood of me, tell it.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) Zounds ! if I can either. (*To him.*) Born of the Harpy—oh ! his name was—(*striking his forehead.*) Gracious ! I forget it now. His name was,—was,—was,—zounds, 'tis as familiar to me as my A, B, C.

Sir Ch. Oh ! I remember—'twas Xanthus, Xanthus—I remember now—'twas Xanthus—plague o' the name—that's it.

Quiz. Egad ! so 'tis. "Thankus, Thankus"—that's it—strange I could not remember it. (*Aside.*) 'Twould have been stranger, if I had.

Sir Ch. You seem at times a little absent, Mr. Blackletter.

Quiz. Zounds ! I wish I was absent altogether. (*Aside.*)

Sir Ch. We shall not disagree about learning, sir. I discover you are a man, not only of profound learning, but correct taste.

Quiz. (*Aside.*) I am glad you have found that out, for I never should. I came here to quiz the old fellow, and he'll quiz me, I fear. (*To him.*) O, by the by, I have been so confused—I mean, so confounded ; pshaw ! so much engrossed with the contemplation of the Latin classics, I had almost forgot to give you a letter from your son.

Sir Ch. Bless me, sir ! why did you delay that pleasure so long ?

Quiz. I beg pardon, sir, here 'tis. (*Gives a letter.*)

Sir Ch. (*Puts on his spectacles, and reads.*) "To Miss Clara."

Quiz. No, no, no—that's not it—here 'tis.—(*Takes the letter, and gives him another.*)

Sir Ch. What, are you the bearer of love epistles, too, Mr. Blackletter ?

Quiz. (*Aside.*) What a horrid blunder. (*To him.*) Oh, no, sir, that letter is from a female cousin at a boarding school, to Miss Clara Upright,—no, Downright. That's the name.

Sir Ch. Truly, she writes a good masculine fist. Well, let me see what my boy has to say.—(*Reads.*)

“Dear Father,—There is a famous Greek manuscript just come to light. I must have it.—The price is about a thousand dollars. Send me the money by the bearer.”

Short and sweet. There’s a letter for you, in the true Lacedæmonian style—laconic. Well, the boy shall have it, were it ten times as much. I should like to see this Greek manuscript. Pray, sir, did you ever see it?

Quiz. I can’t say I ever did, sir. (*Aside.*) This is the only truth I have been able to edge in, yet.

Sir Ch. I’ll just send to my bankers for the money. In the mean time, we will adjourn to my library. I have been much puzzled with an obscure passage in Livy—we must lay our heads together for a solution. But I am sorry you are addicted to such absence of mind, at times.

Quiz. ’Tis a misfortune, sir; but I am addicted to a greater than that, at times.

Sir Ch. Ah! what’s that?

Quiz. I am sometimes addicted to an absence of body.

Sir Ch. As how?

Quiz. Why thus, sir.—(*Takes up his hat and stick, and walks off.*)

Sir Ch. Ha, ha, ha,—that’s an absence of body, sure enough—an absence of body with a vengeance!—A very merry fellow this. He will be back for the money, I suppose, presently. He is at all events, a very modest man, not fond of expressing his opinion—but that’s a mark of merit.

XXII.—DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.—*Anonymous.*

DIGIT, A MATHEMATICIAN—TRILL, A MUSICIAN—SESQUIPEDALIA,
A LINGUIST AND PHILOSOPHER—DRONE, A SERVANT OF MR.
MORRELL.

Scene.—In Mr. Morrell’s House.

(*Digit discovered.*)

Digit. If theologians are in want of a proof that mankind are daily degenerating, let them apply to me, Archimedes Digit; I can furnish them with one as clear as any demonstration in

Euclid's third or fifth book ; and it is this : the sublime and exalted science of mathematics is falling into general disuse. O that the patriotic inhabitants of this extensive country should suffer so degrading a circumstance to exist ! Why, yesterday, I asked a lad of fifteen, which he preferred, algebra or geometry ; and he told me, oh, horrible, he told me he had never studied them. I was thunderstruck, I was astonished, I was petrified ! Never studied geometry ! never studied algebra ! and fifteen years old ! The dark ages are returning. Heathenish obscurity will soon overwhelm the world, unless I do something immediately to enlighten it ; and for this purpose, I have now applied to Mr. Morrell, who lives here, and is celebrated for his patronage of learning and learned men. (*Calls.*) Who waits there ? (*Enter Drone.*) Is Mr. Morrell at home ?

Drone. (*Speaking very low.*) Can't say ; 'spose he is ; indeed, I'm sure he is, or was, just now.

Digit. Why, I could solve an equation while you are answering a question of five words. I mean, if the unknown terms were all on one side of the equation. Can I see him ?

Drone. There's nobody in this house by the name of Quation.

Digit. Now here's a fellow that cannot distinguish between an algebraic term, and the denomination of his master. I wish to see Mr. Morrell, upon an affair of infinite importance.

Drone. O, very likely, sir ; I will inform him that Mr. Quation wishes to see him, (*mimicing,*) on an affair of infinite importance.

Digit. No, no. Digit, Digit. My name is Digit.

Drone. O, Mr. Digy—Digy, very likely. (*Exit Drone.*)

Digit. (*Alone.*) That fellow is certainly a negative quantity. He is minus common sense. If this Mr. Morrell is the man I take him to be, he cannot but patronize my talents. Should he not, I don't know how I shall obtain a new coat. I have worn this ever since I began to write my theory of sines and co-tangents ; and my elbows have so often formed right angles with the plane surface of my table, that a new coat, or a parallel patch, is very necessary. But here comes Mr. Morrell. (*Enter Sesquipedalia.*) Sir, (*bowing low,*) I am your most mathematical servant. I am sorry, sir, to give you this trouble, but an affair of consequence, (*pulling the rags over his elbows,*) an affair of consequence, as your servant informed you—

Sesquipedalia. Servus non est mihi, Domine ; that is, I

have no servant, sir. I presume you have erred in your calculation ; and—

Digit. No, sir, the calculations I am about to present you, are founded on the most correct theorems of Euclid. You may examine them, if you please. They are contained in this small manuscript. (*Producing a folio.*)

Sesq. Sir, you have bestowed a degree of interruption upon observations. I was about, or, according to the Latins, *futurus sum*, to give you a little information concerning the luminary who appears to have deceived your vision. My name, sir, is Tullius Maro Titus Crispus Sesquipedalia, by profession, a linguist and philosopher. The most abstruse points in physics or metaphysics, to me, are as transparent as ether. I have come to this house for the purpose of obtaining the patronage of a gentleman who befriends all the literati. Now, sir, perhaps I have produced conviction, in *mente tua*, that is, in your mind, that your calculation was erroneous.

Digit. Yes, sir, as to your person, I was mistaken ; but my calculations, I maintain, are correct to the tenth place of a circulating decimal.

Sesq. But what is the subject of your manuscript ? Have you discussed the infinite divisibility of matter ?

Digit. No, sir, I cannot reckon infinity ; and I have nothing to do with subjects that cannot be reckoned.

Sesq. Why, I can reckon about it. I reckon it is divisible ad infinitum. But perhaps your work is upon the materiality of light ? And if so, which side of the question do you espouse ?

Digit. O, sir, I think it quite immaterial.

Sesq. What ! light immaterial ! Do you say light is immaterial ?

Digit. No, I say it is quite immaterial which side of the question I espouse. I have nothing to do with it. And, besides, I am a bachelor, and do not mean to espouse any thing at present.

Sesq. Do you write upon the attraction of cohesion ? You know matter has the properties of attraction and repulsion.

Digit. I care nothing about matter, so I can find enough for mathematical demonstration.

Sesq. I cannot conceive what you have written upon, then. O, it must be the centripetal and centrifugal motions.

Digit. (*Peevishly.*) No, no. I wish Mr. Morrell would come. Sir, I have no motions, but such as I can make with my pencil upon my slate, thus—(*figuring upon his hand*)—six,

minus four, plus two, equal eight, minus six, plus two. There, those are my motions.

Sesq. O, I perceive you grovel in the depths of arithmetic. I suppose you never soared into the regions of philosophy. You never thought of the vacuum which has so long filled the heads of philosophers?

Digit. Vacuum! (*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Let me think.

Sesq. Ha! what! have you got it sub manu, that is, under your hand! ha! ha! ha!

Digit. Eh! under my hand? What, do you mean, sir, that my head is a vacuum? Would you insult me, sir? insult Archimedes Digit? Why, sir, I'll cipher you into infinite divisibility. I'll set you on an inverted cone. I'll give you a centripetal and centrifugal motion out of the window, sir. I'll scatter your solid contents.

Sesq. Da veniam, that is, pardon me, it was merely a lapsus linguæ, that is—

Digit. Well, sir, I am not fond of lapsus linguæ at all, sir. However, if you did not mean to offend, I accept your apology. I wish Mr. Morrell would come.

Sesq. But, sir, is your work upon mathematics?

Digit. Yes, sir. In this manuscript I have endeavored to elucidate the squaring of the circle.

Sesq. But, sir, a square circle is a contradiction in terms. You cannot make one.

Digit. I perceive you are a novice in this sublime science. The object is to find a square which shall be equal to a given circle, which I have done by a rule drawn from the radii of the circle, and the diagonal of the square. And, by my rule, the area of the square will equal the area of the circle.

Sesq. Your terms are to me incomprehensible. Diagonal is derived from the Greek dia and gone, that is, "through the corner." But I don't see what it has to do with a circle; for, if I understand aright, a circle, like a sphere, has no corners.

Digit. You appear to be very ignorant of the science of numbers. Your life must be very insipidly spent in poring over philosophy and the dead languages. You never tasted, as I have, the pleasure arising from the investigation of a difficult problem, or the discovery of a new rule in quadratic equations.

Sesq. Poh! Poh! (*Turns round in disgust, and hits Digit with his cane.*)

Digit. O! you villain!

Sesq. I wish, sir—

Digit. And so do I wish, sir, that that cane was raised to the fourth power, and laid over your head as many times as there are units in a thousand. Oh! oh!

Sesq. Did my cane come in contact with the sphere of repulsion around your shin! I must confess, sir—(*enter Trill*,)—O, here is Mr. Morrell, Salve Domine! Sir, your most obedient.

Trill. Which of you, gentlemen, is Mr. Morrell?

Sesq. O! neither, sir. I took you for that gentleman.

Trill. No, sir, I am a teacher of music. Flute, harp, viol, violin, violoncello, organ, or any thing of the kind—any instrument you can mention. I have just been displaying my powers at a concert, and come recommended to the patronage of Mr. Morrell.

Sesq. For the same purpose are that gentlemen and myself here.

Digit. (*Still rubbing his shin.*) Oh! oh!

Trill. Has the gentleman the gout? I have heard of its being cured by music. Shall I sing you a tune? Hem! hem! Faw—

Digit. No, no. I want none of your tunes. I'd make that philosopher sing, though, and dance too, if he hadn't made a vulgar fraction of my leg.

Sesq. In veritate, that is, in truth, it happened forte, that is, by chance.

Trill. (*Talking to himself.*) If B be flat, me is in E.

Digit. Aye, sir, this is only an integral part of your conduct, ever since you came into this house. You have continued to multiply your insults in the abstract ratio of a geometrical progression, and, at last, have proceeded to violence. The dignity of Archimedes Digit never experienced such a reduction descending, before.

Trill. (*To himself.*) Twice faw sol law, and then comes me, again.

Digit. If Mr. Morrell does not admit me soon, I'll leave the house, while my head is on my shoulders.

Trill. Gentlemen, you neither keep time nor chord. But, if you can sing, we will carry a trio before we go.

Sesq. Can you sing an ode of Horace or Anacreon? I should like to hear one of them.

Digit. I had rather hear you sing a demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition, first book.

Trill. I never heard of those performers, sir ; where do they belong ?

Sesq. They did belong to Italy and Greece.

Trill. Ah ! Italy ! there are our best masters—Correlli, Morrelli, and Fuseli. Can you favor me with their compositions ?

Sesq. O yes, if you have a taste that way, I can furnish you with them, and with Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, Quintillian, and I have an old Greek Lexicon which I can spare.

Trill. Ad libitum, my dear sir, they will make a handsome addition to my musical library.

Digit. But, sir, what pretensions have you to the patronage of Mr. Morrell ? I don't believe you can square the circle.

Trill. Pretensions, sir ! I have gained a victory over the great Tantomarrara, the new opera singer, who pretended to vie with me. 'Twas in the symphony of Handel's oratorio of Saul, where, you know, every thing depends upon the tempo giusto, and where the primo should proceed in smorgando, and the secondo, agitati. But he was on the third ledger line, I was an octave below, when, with a sudden appoggiatura, I rose to D in alt, and conquered him.

(*Enter Drone.*)

Drone. My master says how he will wait on you, gentlemen.

Digit. What is your name, sir ?

Drone. Drone, at your service.

Digit. No, no, you need not drone at my service. A very applicable name, however.

Sesq. Drone ! That is derived from the Greek Draon ; that is, flying or moving swiftly.

Trill. He seems to move in andante measure ; that is, to the tune of old hundred.

Drone. Very likely, gentlemen.

Digit. Well, as I came first, I will enter first.

Sesq. Right. You shall be the antecedent, I the subsequent, and Mr. Trill the consequent.

Trill. Right. I was always a man of consequence.—Faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, &c., &c. (*Exeunt.*)

XXIII.—FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.—*Shakspeare.*

DUKE FREDERICK, A USURPER—LE BEAU, A COURTIER—CHARLES,
THE DUKE'S WRESTLER—OLIVER AND ORLANDO, BROTHERS—
ADAM AND DENNIS, SERVANTS TO OLIVER—TOUCHSTONE, A
CLOWN—ROSALIND, DAUGHTER TO THE BANISHED DUKE—CELIA,
DAUGHTER TO FREDERICK—LORDS—ATTENDANTS.



Adam.—Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance,
be at accord !

Scene 1.—An Orchard near Oliver's House.

(*Enter Orlando and Adam.*)

Orlando. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me : By will, but a poor thousand crowns ; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well ; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques, he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at home : or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept. For, call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage ; and to that end, riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him, but growth ; for the which, his animals are as much bound to him as I. Besides, this nothing, that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his

countenance seems to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This it is, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

(Enter Oliver.)

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oliver. Now, sir, what make you here ?

Orla. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir ?

Orla. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir ?

Orla. O, sir, very well : here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir ?

Orla. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me, is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy !

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

Orla. I am no villain : I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois ; he was my father : and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam.—Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance, be at accord !

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, till I please : you shall hear me. My

father charged you, in his will, to give me good education : you have trained me like a peasant ; obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that, I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do ? beg, when that is spent ? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you : you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog, my reward ? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service—God be with my old master ! he would not have spoke such a word. (*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*)

Oli. Is it even so ? Begin you to grow upon me ? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns, neither.—Holla, Dennis !

(*Enter Dennis.*)

Dennis. Calls your worship ?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me ?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. (*Exit Dennis.*) 'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

(*Enter Charles.*)

Charles. Good morrow to your lordship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles !—what's the new news at the new court ?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news : that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother, the new duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke ; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

Cha. O, no ; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle, than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke ?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me, to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well, as he shall run into : in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, labored to dissuade him from it ; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow in France ; full of ambition ; an envious emulator of every man's good parts ; a secret and villainous contriver against me, his natural brother ; therefore use thy discretion ; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger. And thou wert best look to't ; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other : for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous, this day living. I speak but brotherly of him ; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship. (*Exit.*)

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him ; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet, he's gentle ; never schooled, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts, enchantingly beloved ; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprized : but it shall not be so long ; this wrestler shall clear all : nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

(*Enter Rosalind and Celia.*)

Celia. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

(*Enter Le Beau and Touchstone.*)

Cel. Bonjour, monsieur Le Beau : what's the news ?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport ! of what color ?

Le Beau. What color, madam ? How shall I answer you ?

Rosalind. As wit and fortune will.

Touchstone. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said ; that was laid on with a trowel.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies ; I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet, tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end ; for the best is yet to do ; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well—the beginning, that is, dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons—

Cel. I could match this beginning, with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence ;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—Be it known unto all men by these presents—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler ; which Charles, in a moment, threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him : so he served the second, and so the third : yonder they lie ; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas !

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost ?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men grow wiser every day ! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides ? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking ?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin ?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here ; for here is the

place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

(*Flourish.—Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.*)

Duke Frederick. Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man ?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young : yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege : so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so ; I'll not be by. (*Duke goes apart.*)

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler ?

Orla. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir, your reputation shall not, therefore, be misprized. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have

none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orla. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. (*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*)

Ros. O, excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. (*Charles is thrown.—Shout.*)

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace. I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles ?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. (*Charles is borne out.*) What is thy name, young man ?

Orla. Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. Thou art a brave, a gallant youth ; farewell ! (*Exit.*)

Cel. Sir, you have well deserved ;
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, (*giving him a chain from her neck,*)
Wear this for me—one out of suits with fortune.
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies. Farewell. (*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*)

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue ?
 O, poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;
 Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee. (*Exit.*)

XXIV.—FROM THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—*Sheridan.*

SIR OLIVER—CHARLES—CARELESS—ROWLEY—MOSES.

[NOTE.—Sir Oliver has just returned to his native land, after a long absence in the East Indies. His nephew, Charles, for whom he has cherished the warmest affection, but who is represented to him as a profligate, unprincipled young man, is unacquainted with the circumstance of his arrival. Sir Oliver determines, therefore, on the suggestion of Rowley, an old attached steward of Charles's deceased father, to assume the disguise of a broker, Mr. Premium, and, in company with Moses, a Jew—"who wash this very evening to bring him a gentleman from the city, to advance him moneyshs, who does not know him"—to ascertain the facts for himself. The selection is full of wit, and presents a striking picture of some of the strange inconsistencies, follies, and virtues of the human character.]

Scene 1.—Parlor in Charles' House.

(*Enter Charles, Moses, and Sir Oliver, as Premium.*)

Moses. This, sir, is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honor and secrecy, who always performs what he undertakes ; and, Mr. Premium, this is——

Charles. Pshaw, pshaw, hold your tongue, Moses. Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expressing himself ; he'll be an hour giving us our titles ; and, Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this : I am an extravagant young fellow, that wants to borrow money, for which I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent., rather than not have it. You, I presume, are a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend, and are rogue enough to take a hundred, if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver. Exceeding frank, upon my word : I see you are not a man of many compliments.

Char. O no, sir ; plain dealing in business, I always think best.

Sir O. Sir, I like you the better for it ; however, you are mistaken in one thing. I have no money to lend.

Char. No !

Sir O. But believe I could have some of a friend ; but then, he is a unconscionable dog, isn't he, Moses ? And must sell stock to accommodate you, mustn't he, Moses ?

Mos. Yesh, indeed—you know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie.

Char. So most people that speak truth generally do.—But these are trifles, master Premium ; I know money is not to be had without paying for it.

Sir O. But what security can you give me—you have no land, I suppose ?

Char. Not a molehill, nor a twig but what's in beau-pots out at the windows.

Sir O. Nor any stock, I presume ?

Char. Nothing but live stock, and that's only a few ponies and pointers. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted with any of my connections ?

Sir O. Why, to say truth, I am.

Char. Why then, you must know that I have a fine old rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have great expectations.

Sir O. That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard ; but how far your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Char. O no ; that I am a prodigious favorite, there can be no doubt : he talks of leaving me every thing.

Sir O. Indeed ! This is the first I have heard of it.

Char. Yes, yes, 'tis just so ; Moses knows 'tis true ; don't you, Moses ?

Mos. O yesh, I will shwear it.

Sir O. (*Aside.*) Egad ! they'll persuade me that I am at Bengal, presently.

Char. Now, I propose if it's agreeable to you, to grant you a post obit on Sir Oliver's life ; though at the same time the old gentleman has been so liberal to me, that I should be very sorry to hear any thing had happened him.

Sir O. Not more than I should, I assure you ; but the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me, for I might live to a hundred, and never recover the principal.

Char. Yes, yes, you would ; for the moment Sir Oliver dies, you would come on me for the money.

Sir O. Then, I believe, I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Char. What! you are afraid Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir O. No, no, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as remarkably hale and healthy as any man of his years, in Christendom.

Char. There again you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably. Poor uncle Oliver! Yes, he breaks apace, I am told, and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him.

Sir O. His nearest relations don't know him! That's droll, that's very droll; ha, ha, ha.

Char. Ha, ha, ha; you're glad to hear that, little Premium.

Sir O. No, no, I am not.

Char. Yes, yes, you are; that mends your chance, you know.

Sir O. But I am told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

Char. Pshaw; sure I must know better than you, whether he's come or not; no, no, depend on't he is this very moment at Calcutta: isn't he, Moses?

Mos. Yesh, certainly.

Sir O. Why, true, as you say, you must know better than I; though I had it from very good authority; hadn't I, Moses?

Mos. Yesh, most undoubtedly.

Sir O. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you would dispose of? For instance now, I have heard that your father left you a large quantity of massy old plate.

Char. O lud! that's gone long ago; Moses can tell how, better than I.

Sir O. Goodluck, all the family race-cups and corporation bowls! Then it was also supposed his library was one of the most valuable and complete in the kingdom.

Char. Yes, yes, so it was, by far too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition—so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir O. Mercy on me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! Pray, what are become of the books?

Char. You must inquire of the auctioneer, master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you there.

Mos. I never meddle with books—except the book of interest.

Sir O. So, so; nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

Char. Not much, indeed, unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have them at a bargain.

Sir O. Old paintings! sure you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

Char. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir O. What, your great uncles and aunts!

Char. Yes, and my grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir O. Why, what the plague! Have you no bowels for your kindred? Odslife, do you take me for old Shylock in the play, that you'd raise money of me on your own flesh and blood!

Char. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry; what need you care if you have your money's worth.

Sir O. Well, I'll be the purchaser; I think I can dispose of the family canvass.—O, I'll never forgive him this—never!—
(*Aside.*)

(*Enter Careless.*)

Careless. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Char. I can't come yet; we are going to have a sale above; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors,

Care. O, burn your ancestors.

Char. No, no; he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you—egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Care. Have with you, if that's the case; believe me, I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box.

Sir O. O the profligate! (*Aside.*)

Char. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one; how's this, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir O. O, yes I do, vastly; ha, ha, ha; yes, faith, I think it a very good jest to sell one's family by auction; ha, ha, ha.—O the prodigal! (*Aside.*)

Char. To be sure, when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—The Picture Room in Charles's House.

(Enter Charles, Sir Oliver, Careless, and Moses.)

Char. Walk in, pray ; walk in, gentlemen ; here they are ; the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

Sir O. Aye, and, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Char. Aye, aye, they are in the true spirit of portrait painting ; no volunteer grace or expression ; not like the works of your modern Raphael, who gives you the strongest resemblance, yet contrives to make your own portrait independent of you ; so that you may sink the original, and not hurt the pictures. No, no, the merit of these is, the inveterate likeness ; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing else in human nature besides.

Sir O. Oh, we shall never see such figures of men again !

Char. I hope not. Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am ; here I sit of an evening, surrounded by my family. But come ; eh, Careless, what, what in the name of my ancestors, shall we do for a pulpit for you ? Oh, zounds ! here's (*draws on a chair*) an old gouty chair of my grandfather's, will answer the purpose.

Care. Aye, this will do. But what shall I do for a hammer ? What's an auctioneer good for, without his hammer ?

Char. A hammer ? let me see—what the plague have we here ? (*Takes scroll from settee.*) Richard, son of Gilbert, son to Ralpho—our genealogy in full—you shall have no common piece of mahogany, my boy ; here's the family tree for a hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue ! (*Aside.*)

Car. Yes, yes, here's a list of your family indeed ; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for it will serve not only for a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Going, a going, a going, once, twice, thrice—gone.

Char. Bravo, Careless !—ha, ha, ha ; well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you ; he served in all the duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye in the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium ? look at him ; there he is ; not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped

captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should; what do you bid for him?

Sir O. Bid him speak. (*Aside to Moses.*)

Mos. Master Premium would have you speak.

Char. Come, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and, I am sure, that is not dear for a staff officer.

Sir O. O, conscience defend me! his famous uncle, Sir Richard, for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Char. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here's a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a sweet shepherdess, feeding her flock; you shall have her for five pounds ten, and the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Oh, me! poor Deborah! a woman that set such a value upon herself, for no more than five pounds ten. (*Aside.*) She's mine.

Char. Knock down my aunt Deborah: here are two that were a sort of cousins of hers—these you see, Moses, were pictures done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies wore their own hair.

Sir O. Yes, truly; head dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Char. Well, take that couple for the same sum.

Sir O. Very well, I take them.

Char. Careless, this now is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, and well known on the western circuit: what do you rate him at, Moses?

Mos. Four guineas.

Char. Four guineas! Why, zounds, you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Char. Careless!

Car. Gone. (*Knocks Moses on the head.*)

Mos. I an't no judge.

Char. Here are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and, what is very extraordinary, I believe this the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary indeed! come, I'll take them at your price, for the honor of parliament.

Car. Well said, little Premium ; I'll knock them down at forty.

Sir O. Agreed.

Char. Here's a jolly fellow ; I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Bristol : take him for eight pounds.

Sir O. No ; six will do for the mayor.

Char. Six ? no, eight.

Sir O. No ; six is enough.

Char. Come, then, make them guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen into the bargain.

Sir O. They are mine.

Mos. Mayor and aldermen going for eight pounds ! what will become of the corporation ?

Char. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on it, master Premium, we shall be all day retailing it in this manner ; do let us deal wholesale ; what say you ? give me three hundred, and take all that remain, each side, in the lump.

Car. That will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you ; they are mine. But there's one portrait which you have always passed over.

Car. What, that little ill-looking fellow, over the settee.

Sir O. Yes, sir, I mean that ; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Char. What, that ? O, that's my uncle Oliver ; it was done before he went to India.

Car. Your uncle Oliver ! egad, then you'll never be friends, Charles ; that now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw ; an unforgiving eye, and a most determined, disinheriting countenance. Don't you think so, little Premium ?

Sir O. Upon my word I do not : I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive ; but I suppose your uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber.

Char. No, hang it, I'll not part with poor Noll ; the old fellow has been very good to me, and I'll keep his picture as long as I have a room to put it in.

Sir O. (*Aside.*) The rogue is my nephew, after all. But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Char. I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Why, sir, haven't you enough of them ?

Sir O. I forgive him every thing. (*Aside.*) But, when I

take a whim in my head, I don't value money ; I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Char. Don't tease me, master broker ; I tell you, I'll not part with him ; and there's an end on't.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is ! (*Aside.*) Well, I have done. (*To Charles.*) I did not perceive it before, but I never saw such a resemblance. (*Aside.*) But come, let me give you a draft for the sum ; there. (*Gives him a bill.*)

Char. Why, this is for eight hundred, master Premium, and mine is only five.

Sir O. Then you'll not let Oliver go ?

Char. Zounds, no, I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance it another time ; but give me your hand on the bargain ; you're an honest fellow, Charles—odd, I beg pardon for being so free. Your servant, your servant ; come along, Moses. (*Going.*)

Char. Whew, this is a whimsical old fellow. (*Aside.*) But hark'ee, master Premium ; you'll take care and provide lodgings for these gentlemen ?

Sir O. Yes, yes ; I'll send for them in a day or two.

Char. Aye, and pray, master Premium, do now send a genteel conveyance for them ; for, I assure you, most of them used to ride in their own coaches.

Sir O. Well, well, I will, for all but Oliver.

Char. Aye, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that ?

Char. Peremptorily, peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear, extravagant rogue ! (*Aside.*) Come, Moses. Good day. (*To Charles.*) Let me hear, now, who calls him profligate. (*Aside.—Exit with Moses.*)

Car. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw.

Char. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think ; I wonder where Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. But hark, here's Rowley ; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a moment.

Car. I will ; but don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money in old, musty debts, or any such nonsense ; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows—

Char. Very true ; and paying them, is only encouraging them.

Car. Nothing else.

Char. Aye, aye ; never fear. (*Exit Careless.*) So, this

was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see ; two-thirds of this is mine by right ; five hundred and thirty odd. Truly, I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for. Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful humble servant. (*Enter Rowley.*) Ha, Rowley, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Rowley. Yes, I heard they were going ; but I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

Char. Why, there's the point ; my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits ; but I shall be rich and splenetic all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations. To be sure, 'tis very affecting, but, hang 'em, they never move a muscle ; so why should I ?

Row. There is no making you serious a moment.

Char. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, get me this (*gives a bill*) changed directly, and carry a hundred pounds of it to old Stanley, immediately.

Row. A hundred pounds ! consider, only—

Char. Zounds, man, don't talk about it ; poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and, if you don't make better haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

Row. Ah ! there's the point ; I shall never cease dunning you with the old proverb—

Char. Be just before you are generous, hey ? Why, so I would, if I could ; but justice is an old, lame, hobbling beldam, and I can't get her to keep pace with generosity for the soul of me.

Row. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

Char. Aye, aye, it's very true ; but hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, I'll give ; so silence your economy, and haste to Stanley with the cash. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—Chamber in Charles's House.

(*Enter Sir Oliver and Moses.*)

Mos. Well, sir, as Sir Peter says, you have seen maister Charles in all his glory ; tis great pity he is so extravagant.

Sir O. True, but the rogue would not sell my picture.

Mos. And loves play and wine so much.

Sir O. But he would not sell my picture.

Mos. And games so deep.

Sir O. But he would not sell my picture. (*Enter Rowley.*)
O, here's Rowley!

Row. O, Sir Oliver! I find you have made a purchase.

Sir O. Yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors, like old tapestry.

Row. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the money; I mean in your necessitous character, you know, of his poor relation, old Stanley.

Mos. Aye, there's the pity of all; he's so monstrously charitable.

Sir O. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too; odds my life, I am not sorry he has run out of the course a little. For my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.

Row. I rejoice, Sir Oliver. You will find in this gay, thoughtless, but generous young man, a being who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has, as our immortal bard expresses it—

———— A tear for pity,
And a hand open as day
For melting charity.

XXV.—FROM THE BLIND GIRL.—*Anonymous.*

VICEROY OF PERU—DON VALENTIA, A SPANISH NOBLEMAN—
LUPOSO, HIS CONFIDANT—BONITO, A VIRTUOUS CITIZEN—FRED-
ERICK, A SHIPWRECKED STRANGER—CLARA BONITO, THE BLIND
GIRL.

Scene 1.—A Street in the City.

Frederick. 'Tis now the second day since I have wandered without food on this inhospitable shore, and what awaits me in this splendid city, is known only to Omniscience. But I can meet the worst, and come what will—(*Cry of distress without.*) Hark! though I would not draw my sword to save this wretched life, yet while it lasts, the wretched shall not sue to me in vain. (*Exit.—Clashing of swords is heard.*)

(*Re-enter Frederick, leading Clara.*)

Fred. Be composed, you are safe. I will protect you with my life.

Clara. Who are you ?

Fred. A stranger in this city.

Clara. O, I fear—perhaps you belong to that wicked man who has just torn me from my home.

Fred. Convince yourself. Let me remove this bandage from your eyes.

Clara. O, I cannot see you ! I am blind ! torn from my father ! abandoned to despair !

Fred. What interesting innocence ! (*Aside.*)

Clara. If you are good, then lead me to my father ; he lives in the Plaza d'Almagro.

Fred. Fair creature, I am a stranger. Shipwrecked on your coast, with difficulty have I reached your city. But, let me ask, how came such innocence in so much danger ?

Clara. Generous man, I will inform you. To-day, as I was sitting with my harp and singing to the virgin for protection, I heard a loud, alarming whispering, and instantly some strangers rushed into my room, and forced me off ; and 'twas from these you rescued me. But I hear footsteps—'tis my father's tread. Father ! father !

(*Enter Bonito.*)

Bonito. Clara ! Clara !

Clara. This generous man is my deliverer.

Bon. He has a father's thanks, a father's grateful tears. You seem a stranger, sir, and in distress.

Fred. I am from England, sir. The healing art has been my arduous study ; and to extend my knowledge, I was led to explore these distant regions. Shipwreck has landed me upon your coast.

Bon. Your distress commands our hospitality, had not your valor earned more than we can ever pay. The little I possess, command. Would it were more. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Another part of the City.

Valentia. Lost to me and restored to her father, and by a single stranger. Idiots ! cowards !—Welcome, Luposo.

Luposo. By my soul, Don Valentia, your anger is as ridiculous as your love. Give up the pursuit.

Val. What, be foiled and made a butt for you to shoot your jests at.

Lup. Come, come, what will you say to me, if by merely

lending Bonito a little money, I could contrive to place both father and daughter in your power.

Val. I would worship you. But here he comes! let us avoid him.

Lup. And so confirm his suspicions. No, boldly deny the fact. Make him your friend.

Val. But how?

Lup. You know he's poor almost to beggary, and that he holds me in the highest estimation.

Val. What then?

Lup. Only assent to what I shall propose. But hush.

(*Enter Bonito.*)

Bon. So, viper, ruffian, libertine!

Lup. How dare you thus address a lord of Spain? Consider that a knight has many privileges.

Bon. So has a father, and—

Val. To the point, good Signior; with what crime do you charge me?

Bon. With an act which in your language is but being well with a fine girl, and laughing at an old man's agonies; but in the language of human nature, is the crime of devoting innocence to perdition, and tearing from a doating father the crutch on which his old age rested. Did you not force my blind child from these withered arms?

Val. No—nor should I thus tamely bear your taunts, but, that even now I have heard of your wrongs, and pity you. I came here your friend. I came here to prove myself—but no matter; come, Luposo.

Bon. Nay, stay. I am as unwilling to inflict, as suffer injury. Could I but believe you innocent.

Lup. Shame, Bonito! You will blush to learn that Don Valentia and myself, having a thousand crowns now idle, were absolutely coming to place them in your hands, for your own benefit.

Bon. Is it possible!

Lup. And we will do it. Don Valentia, I insist that one condition of his bond to us must be, that he make repayment only when we both demand it. Do you mark?

Val. With all my heart.

Bon. Now you are secured. This generous loan will preserve my old age from misery, and help me to provide for my poor child. Farewell. (*Exit.*)

Val. I long to be initiated into the mystery of your scheme, Luposo.

Lup. I will explain it at our leisure. Let us now retire.
(*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—A Room in Bonito's House.

(*Enter Frederick, leading Clara, who carries in her hand a rose.*)

Clara. If this flower be as rich in beauty as in fragrance, why do we not live in gardens? None but the blind, methinks, should be immured in houses. When my father was in prosperity, he gave me pearls to wear, but they did not smell like this rose. Now, Frederick, pray tell me what in the world you think most handsome?

Fred. Yourself.

Clara. Yes, I'm sure I'm handsome.

Fred. Indeed! how do you know that?

Clara. Because I know I do not repine at the will of heaven; because I love my father and feel grateful to you; and I know you are handsome, because you are brave and generous. Ah! I fear you are laughing at me; but surely, Frederick, virtue must be always lovely. But you promised to tell me of the wondrous waters you have passed.

Fred. Here comes your father.

Clara. Then I'll go to work. (*He takes her hand, to lead her.*) Would you lead me, if I had living eyes?

Fred. You would not then need my assistance.

Clara. Indeed, then even blindness has its happiness. (*Sits at a table, working.*)

(*Enter Bonito.*)

Fred. I am glad to see you look so cheerful.

Bon. I ought to be so. I have now the means to make us happy.

Fred. Bonito, I have something of importance to impart. I mean not to offend you when I say the arts in England have attained a perfection here unknown. Tell me, was Clara born thus blind?

Bon. No, she lost her sight in infancy.

Fred. Then mark me: I have examined her malady, and think her sight may be restored.

Clara. (*Shrieking.*) Ah! where are you, Frederick?

Fred. Here, Clara. (*Taking her hand.*)

Clara. (*Falling on her knees.*) What did I hear?

Fred. Nothing, sweet girl.

Clara. Do not say so. Do not make me blind again. (*Rising.*) Father, did he not say my sight may be restored? Tell me—he did—I'm sure he did—(*putting her hand to his heart*)—your kind heart leaps for joy. Is there a hope? O, Frederick, be it ever so feeble, only say there is hope.

Fred. There is.

Clara. O, shall I see the light of heaven? Shall I behold my father's face? Shall I behold you?

Fred. Clara, I can only say, 'tis possible.

Clara. O, thank you; I am satisfied.

Fred. And are you willing, Clara, to endure the agony I must inflict?

Clara. Talk not of pain. With what length of torments would I not purchase one short hour of light. You shall see me smile, and kiss the hand that gives the wound.

Fred. And should I fail?

Clara. Why, then, I should be blind as I am now; but the consoling thought, that the best of men has exerted all human means for my relief, will teach me resignation.

Bon. My dear child, you are faint; go into the air.

Fred. Do, sweet Clara, and prepare your mind.

Clara. I am prepared.

Fred. Be not impatient. My agitation renders me unfit at present: you know not what passes in my heart!

Clara. How should I? My father says the eye is the tongue of the heart. Give me my eyes, Frederick, and see with what joy they will commune with yours! (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Don Valentia.*)

Val. How! Luposo sailed for Europe, without returning me the money! and Clara's sight restored too, by the stranger! 'Twere vain to chase Luposo. I'll to Bonito's. Now let him comply with my demands, or take the consequence.

(*Enter Bonito and Frederick.*)

Bon. Don Valentia, I am honored by the interest you take in my child's happiness. Gratitude, I am sure, she will feel; but the affections of her heart are disposed of.

Val. To whom?

Bon. Even to this generous youth.

Val. Bonito, she must be mine. I'll give her provinces.

Bon. He has given her a world.

Val. I will bestow on her the richest gems of earth.

Bon. He has shown her the glittering stars of heaven.

Val. Are you so negligent of wealth?

Bon. No—most provident; for my wealth is Clara's happiness. And such a miser am I, that no human power can induce me to part with the least atom of it.

Fred. My good friend, and you, Don Valentia, listen to me. Though I adore the lovely Clara, yet believe me, I will never call her mine, unless her eye confirm the choice of her imagination. I fear she has bestowed on me her gratitude, not love. Would I could appear before her as a stranger.

Val. That may be done. Suppose her father calls me Frederick, you Valentia.

Fred. I agree. Dear Bonito, let it be so.

Bon. If you insist on it. I mean even now to lead her to the garden, when, for the first time, this world of beauty will burst upon her. Pray, retire a moment. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—A Garden.

(*Bonito and Clara discovered.*)

Clara. O! I could gaze forever. My father, I am giddy with delight. Yet I weep, and my tears put out my eyes again. But where is Frederick?

Bon. Here he comes, with Don Valentia. O, may her heart guide her eye to the real Frederick. (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Valentia and Frederick, on opposite sides. Valentia gazes on her; she runs towards him, but stops and averts her eyes.*)

Clara. I dare not look at him. His eyes fill me with alarm. O how unlike the softness of his voice. (*Looks again.*) And his clothes shine so, my weak eyes cannot bear it.—(*Turning from him, she sees Frederick.*)—My father, who is that?

Bon. Don Valentia.

Clara. Indeed! Why does not Frederick look as he does?

Bon. Don Valentia wishes to be your lover.

Clara. Does he? No, no, I will be grateful. Here, Frederick, here is my hand. (*Going to Valentia, mournfully.*)

Val. Confusion!—(*Walks up the stage.*)

Clara. Ah! that voice: I know it not. (*Turning to the real Frederick.*)—Speak!

Fred. Clara!

Clara. Ah! that is Frederick's voice. But I'll close my eyes, and then I shall be sure. Are you glad to see me?

Fred. Yes, my dear Clara.

Clara. My own dear Frederick ! O let me kneel and worship you. Father, Frederick is handsomer than you ; and how beautiful his dress. But why is Don Valentia dressed so bright ? Has he done wrong ? Is he compelled to wear it for a punishment ?

Val. Am I then your sport ?—'Tis well—this is gratitude !

Bon. Do me no wrong, sir. Is gratitude due for the mockery of assisting me with money, and the next hour withdrawing it ?

Val. I do not understand you.

Bon. It is in vain to deny that you sent Luposo to me, who brought you back the money you deposited with me.

Val. Upon my honor he did not.

Bon. Sir, you make me your sport. You will credit the evidence of your eyes. Here's my bond, which he returned.
(*Shows a sealed paper.*)

Val. No, here is your bond.

Bon. (*Breaks the seal of his paper, and finds it a blank.*)
Ruin ! Ruin ! Then Luposo is—

Val. A villain, and has fled to Europe. But if you have been his dupe, I must not suffer for your folly. Therefore, instantly refund the money.

Bon. You know it is impossible !

Val. Then redeem it by placing your daughter in my power.

Bon. Villain, no !

Val. Indeed. Then try what effect the prison walls will have. (*Calls.*) What, ho ! (*Enter an officer.*) Arrest Signior Bonito. (*They seize him.*)

Clara. O do not harm my father. I'll not laugh at you. I will not say I hate to see you, though I do ever so much. O ! save him !

Val. You may.

Clara. How ?

Val. By being mine.

Clara. Never, wretch !

Val. In prison you will have time for reflection. (*Exit.*)

Fred. Abandoned villain.

Bon. And hast thou gained thy sight, only to behold thy father in prison !

Clara. Do not despond. Rather bless heaven that this misfortune did not reach you till it restored my sight ; now I can learn to work, and Frederick and I will live with you.

Bon. O my children, farewell !

Fred. and Clara. We will go to the viceroy ; he is benevo.

lent. We will beseech him to restore our father. In the mean time, do not, do not despair. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 5.—Hall of Justice.

Viceroy. (*Takes his seat.*) Who is the accuser?

Val. (*Haughtily.*) I am.

Vice. Come hither. (*Takes off Valentia's hat, and throws it away.*) Now proceed.

Val. Briefly, then : Luposo and myself, to help Bonito, lent him a thousand crowns, on the express condition that repayment should be only made in the presence of us both.

Vice. Very well, what then?

Val. Which he has violated, by paying the money to Luposo, who has fled with it to Europe.

Vice. (*To Bonito.*) What answer do you make?

Bon. All this is strictly true. I was deceived. I ask for mercy.

Vice. Which cannot be granted, at the expense of justice. Don Valentia, this is a hard case ; you must not press it.

Val. Be the odium on my head. What is your decree?

Vice. That Signior Bonito pay the money, when legally demanded, or remain prisoner for life.

Val. I now demand it. So away with him.

Vice. Not so fast, young man. I said, when legally demanded. Now mark : according to the bond, he can only pay the money when both the lenders are present. You must therefore produce Luposo, before you can demand it. And, 'till that is done, worthy Bonito, you are free. Valentia, quit my presence.

Clara. O, my father!

Fred. My Clara!

Vice. Be happy. And, to show that I rejoice with you, I promise Clara, on her wedding day, what villainy would now have basely wrung from her poor father. (*Exeunt.*)

XXVI.—FROM A CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE.—*Morton.*

VORTEX—YOUNG RAPID—OLD RAPID—BRONZE—LANDLORD—
WAITER—SERVANT—MISS VORTEX.



Old Rapid.—Why don't you finish the job!—why don't you?

Scene 1.—A Room in an Inn.

Waiter. (*Without.*) Coming, sir!

Young Rapid. (*Without.*) Zounds, why don't you come? Why don't all of you come, eh?

(*Enter Waiter, with luggage, meeting Bronze.*)

Bronze. Waiter, who are these people?

Waiter. I don't know, Mr. Bronze. The young one seems a queer one; he jumped out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipped the turnspit into a gallop, and bade him keep moving; and though not a minute in the house, he had been in every room, from the garret to the cellar. Father and son, I understand. The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

Bronze. Rapid! (*Aside.*) Perhaps it is my old master, the great tailor, and his harum-scarum son. I'll observe.

Waiter. Here he comes, full dash, and the old man trotting after him, like a terrier. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Old and Young Rapid.*)

Y. Rap. Come along, dad—push on, my dear dad. Well, here we are. Keep moving.

Old Rapid. Moving! zounds, haven't I been moving all night, in the mail coach, to please you?

Y. Rap. Mail! famous thing, isn't it? Je up! whip over counties in a hop, step, and jump. Dash along!

O. Rap. Odd rot such hurry scurry doings, I say. Here have I ground my old bones all night in the mail, to be eight hours before my appointment with Sir Hubert Stanley, and here I must sit biting my fingers.

Y. Rap. Biting your fingers! No, no, I'll find you something to do. Come, we'll keep moving! (*Takes his father by the arm, who resists.*)

(*Enter Landlord.*)

Landlord. Gentlemen, I beg leave—

Y. Rap. No prosing—to the point.

O. Rap. For shame; don't interrupt the gentleman.

Y. Rap. Gently, dad—dash away, sir.

Land. A servant of Sir Hubert Stanley has been inquiring for Mr. Rapid.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Land. And expects him at the castle.

Y. Rap. That will do; push off, brush, run! (*Exit Landlord, running.*) That's the thing—keep moving. I say, dad!

O. Rap. What do you say, Neddy?

Y. Rap. Neddy! Neddy! don't call me Neddy. I hate to be called Neddy.

O. Rap. Well, I won't.

Y. Rap. That's settled. I say, what's your business with Sir Hubert?—Some secret, eh?

O. Rap. (*Aside.*) I won't tell you. Oh, no:—a bill he owes me for making his clothes and liveries.

Y. Rap. Pugh! he's a ready money man. I never made a bill out for him in my life. It won't do.

O. Rap. Well, then, sit down, and I'll tell you. (*They sit.*) Can you sit still a moment?

Y. Rap. (*Jumping up.*) To be sure I can—now tell me briefly—briefly. (*Sits again.*)

O. Rap. (*Aside.*) Indeed, I will not. You must know—

Y. Rap. Ay—

O. Rap. You must know—

Y. Rap. Zounds! you have said that twice—now don't say it again.

O. Rap. Well, I won't. You must know—'tis a very long story:

Y. Rap. (Rising.) Then I'll not trouble you.

O. Rap. (Aside.) I thought so. And pray, what might induce you to come with me?

Y. Rap. (Aside.) Won't tell him of Jessy. Oh, as we had given up trade—left off stitching—you know my way—I like to push on—change the scene, that's all—keep moving.

O. Rap. Moving! (*Yawns.*) Oh, my poor old bones! Waiter, bring me a night gown. (*Waiter helps him on with a night gown—he lays his coat on a chair.*)

Y. Rap. What are you at, dad?

O. Rap. Going to take a nap on yon sofa.

Y. Rap. A nap—pugh!

O. Rap. Zounds! I've no comfort of my life, with you.

Y. Rap. Say no more.

O. Rap. But I will, though;—hurry, hurry—odd rabbit it, I never get a dinner that's half dressed; and as for a comfortable sleep, I'm sure—

Y. Rap. You sleep so slow.

O. Rap. Sleep slow! I'll sleep as slow as I please; so, at your peril, disturb me. Sleep slow, indeed! (*Yawning.—Exit.*)

Y. Rap. Now to visit Jessy. Waiter! (*Enter Waiter.*)

Waiter. Sar! (*With great quickness.*)

Y. Rap. That's right—sir—short—you're a fine fellow.

Waiter. Yes, sar.

Y. Rap. Does farmer Oatland live hereabouts?

Waiter. Yes, sar.

Y. Rap. How far?

Waiter. Three miles.

Y. Rap. Which way?

Waiter. West.

Y. Rap. That will do—get me a buggy.

Waiter. Yes, sar. (*Exit.*)

Y. Rap. Oh, if my old dad had left off business as some of your flashy tailors do, I might have kept a curricule, and lived like a man. Is the buggy ready? (*Calls.*)

Waiter. (Without.) No, sar.

Y. Rap. But to cut the shop with a paltry five thousand. Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. (Without.) No, sar.

Y. Rap. Or to have dashed to Jessy, in a curricule. Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. (Without.) No, sar.

Y. Rap. To have flanked along a pair of blood things, at

sixteen miles an hour. (*Puts himself in the attitude of driving, and sits on the chair where Old Rapid left his coat—springs from it again.*) What the deuce is that? Zounds! something has run into my back. I'll bet a hundred, 'tis a needle in father's pocket. Confound it! what does he carry needles now for? (*Searches the pocket.*) Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe. Ah! eh! what's this? (*Reads.*) "To Mr. Rapid—free—Hubert Stanley." Ha, ha, ha! here's dad's secret. Now for it! (*Reads very quick.*) "Sir Hubert Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the castle, and would be glad to extend the mortgage, which is now £50,000"—what's this? (*Reads again.*) "Extend the mortgage, which is now £50,000, to seventy." Fifty thousand! huzza! 'tis so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps seventy—perhaps—I'll—no—I'll—

(*Enter Waiter.*)

Waiter. The buggy's ready, sar.

Y. Rap. Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and I'll—

Waiter. Perhaps you would prefer a chaise and pair?

Y. Rap. No, I'll have a chaise and twelve. Abscond! (*Exit Waiter.*) I must, I must keep moving—I must travel for improvement. First, I'll see the whole of my native country—its agriculture and manufactories. That, I think, will take me full four days and a half. Next, I'll make the tour of Europe, which, to do properly, will, I dare say, employ three weeks or a month. Then, returning, as completely versed in foreign manners and languages as the best of them, I'll make a push at high life. In the first circles, I'll keep moving. Fifty thousand! perhaps more—perhaps—oh!

Waiter. (*Without.*) You can't come in.

Bronze. (*Without.*) I tell you, I will come in.

Y. Rap. Will come in!—that's right—push on, whoever you are.

(*Enter Bronze.*)

Bronze. I thought so. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's foreman, when you were a boy?

Y. Rap. Ah, Bronze! how do you do, Bronze?—Anything to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do you know, Bronze, by this letter I have discovered that my father is worth—how much, think you?

Bronze. Perhaps ten thousand.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Twenty.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Thirty.

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Bronze. Forty.

Y. Rap. Fifty ; perhaps—sixty—seventy—oh ! I'll tell you.
He has lent 50,000 pounds, on mortgage, to an old baronet.

Bronze. Sir Hubert St——

Y. Rap. (*Stopping him.*) I know his name as well as you do.

Bronze. (*Aside.*) Here's news for my master ! Well, sir, what do you mean to do ?

Y. Rap. Do ! push on—become a man of fashion, to be sure.

Bronze. What would you say, if I were to get you introduced to a nabob ?

Y. Rap. A nabob ! Oh ! some flash-in-the-pan chap.

Bronze. Oh, no !

Y. Rap. What, one of your real, genuine, neat-as-imported nabobs ?

Bronze. Yes ; Mr. Vortex. Did you never hear of him ?

Y. Rap. To be sure I have. But will you ?

Bronze. Yes.

Y. Rap. Ah ! but will you do it directly ?

Bronze. I will.

Y. Rap. Then push off ; stop—stop—I beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop any man, because I wish every body to keep moving. But won't dad's being a tailor, make an objection ?

Bronze. No ; as you never went out with the pattern books.

Y. Rap. (*Sighing.*) Oh ! yes I did.

Bronze. That's awkward. But you never operated ?

Y. Rap. (*With melancholy.*) What do you say ?

Bronze. I say you never—(*describes in action, the act of sewing.*)

Y. Rap. (*Sighing deeper.*) Oh ! yes I did.

Bronze. That's unlucky.

Y. Rap. Very melancholy, indeed !

Bronze. I have it. Suppose I say you are merchants ?

Y. Rap. My dear fellow, sink the tailor, and I'll give you a hundred.

Bronze. Will you ? thank you.

Y. Rap. Now push off.

Bronze. But don't be out of the way.

Y. Rap. Me ! bless you, I'm always in the way.

Bronze. Don't move.

Y. Rap. Yes, I must move a little—away you go—(*pushes Bronze off.*) Huzzah ! now to awake old dad. (*Exit, and returns with Old Rapid.*) Come along, dad.

O. Rap. Yes, sir—yes, sir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

Y. Rap. He's asleep. Awake !

O. Rap. What's the matter, eh ? what's the matter ?

Y. Rap. What's the matter ? I've found fifty thousand in that letter.

O. Rap. Indeed ! (*Opens the letter eagerly.*) Ah ! Neddy, have you found out—

Y. Rap. I have—that you are worth—how much ?

O. Rap. Why, since what's past—

Y. Rap. Never mind what's past.

O. Rap. I've been a fortunate man. My old partner used to say, "Ah ! you are lucky, Rapid. Your needle always sticks in the right place."

Y. Rap. No, not always. (*Shrugging.*) But how much ?

O. Rap. Why, as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage. Item, fifteen thousand in the consols—item—

Y. Rap. Never mind the items. The total, my dear dad, the total.

O. Rap. What do you think of a plum ?

Y. Rap. A plum ! oh, sweet, agreeable, little, short word !

O. Rap. Besides seven hundred and ninety—

Y. Rap. Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad ? Hang me, you must have kept moving.

O. Rap. Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds ; which, at compound interest, if you multiply—

Y. Rap. No ; you have multiplied it famously. It's my business to reduce it. (*Aside.*) Now, my dear dad, in the first place, never call me Neddy.

O. Rap. Why, what must I call you ?

Y. Rap. Ned—short—Ned.

O. Rap. Ned ! oh, Ned !

Y. Rap. That will do. And in the next place, sink the tailor. Whatever you do, sink the tailor.

O. Rap. Sink the tailor ! what do you mean ?

Y. Rap. I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich nabob.

O. Rap. You don't say so ! Huzzah ! it will be the making of us.

Y. Rap. To be sure. Such fashion ! such style !

O. Rap. Ay, and such a quantity of liveries, and—oh, dear me. (*With great dejection.*)

Y. Rap. What's the matter ?

O. Rap. (*Sighing.*) I forgot I had left off business.

Y. Rap. Business ! confound it ! Now, pray keep the tailor under, will you ? I'll—I'll send an express to London. (*Runs to the table.*)

O. Rap. An express ! for what ?

Y. Rap. I don't know.

(*Enter Waiter.*)

Waiter. The bill of fare, gentlemen.

Y. Rap. Bring it here. (*Reads.*) "Turbots—salmon—soles—haddock—beef—mutton—veal—lamb—pork—chickens—ducks—turkeys—puddings—pies." Dress it all—that's the short way.

Waiter. All !

Y. Rap. Every bit.

O. Rap. No, no, nonsense. The short way, indeed ! Come here, sir. Let me see—(*reads,*) "um—um. Ribs of beef." That's a good thing ; I'll have that.

Y. Rap. What ?

Waiter. Ribs of beef, sir.

Y. Rap. Are they the short ribs ?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap. That's right.

Waiter. What liquor would your honor like ?

Y. Rap. (*Jumping up.*) Spruce beer.

Waiter. Very well, sir.

Y. Rap. I must have some clothes.

O. Rap. I'm sure, that's a very good coat.

Y. Rap. Waiter ! I must have a dashing coat, for the nabob. Is there a rascally tailor any where near you ?

Waiter. Yes, sir ; there are two close by. (*They look at each other.*)

Y. Rap. Umph ! then tell one of them to send me some clothes.

Waiter. Sir, he must take your measure.

O. Rap. To be sure he must.

Y. Rap. Oh, true! I remember the fellows do measure you somehow with long bits of—well, send for the scoundrel.
(*Exit Waiter.*)

O. Rap. Oh, for shame of yourself! I've no patience.

Y. Rap. Like you the better; hate patience as much as you do; ha, ha! must swagger a little.

O. Rap. Ah! I'm too fond of you, I am, Ned. Take my fortune, but only remember this—by the faith of a man, I came by it honestly—and all I ask is, that it may go as it came.

Y. Rap. Certainly. But we must keep moving, you know?

O. Rap. Well, I don't care if I do take a bit of a walk with you.

Y. Rap. Bit of a walk! hang it! we'll have a gallop together. Come along, dad. Push on, dad. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—A Room in an Inn.

(*Enter Old Rapid, with a letter, and a Servant following.*)

O. Rap. What! a real letter from the real nabob? Dear me! where is Neddy? Make my humble duty to your master; proud to serve him—no—very proud to see him; grateful for the honor of his custom—no—no—for his company. I wish you a pleasant walk home, sir. The nabob coming here directly! Oh, dear me! where's Neddy? Waiter! (*Exit Servant.—Enter Waiter.*) Do you know where my boy is?

Waiter. Not a minute ago I saw him fighting in a field behind the house.

(*Enter Young Rapid, his coat torn.*)

O. Rap. Fighting! oh dear! where is he?

Y. Rap. Here am I, dad.

O. Rap. What has been the matter?

Y. Rap. Only a small rumpus; went to peep at the castle; pushing home, the road had a bit of a circumbendibus; hate corners, so I jumped the hedge, cut right across—you know my way—kept moving, up came a farmer, wanted to turn me back, would not do, tustled a bit, carried my point, came straight as an arrow.

O. Rap. Fy, fy! but read that letter.

Y. Rap. What! the nabob coming here directly, and I in this pickle! Waiter! are my clothes come home?

Waiter. No, sir.

Y. Rap. Why, the fellow gave his word—

Waiter. Yes, sir ; but what can you expect from a tailor ?

(*Exit.*)

Y. Rap. That's very true.

O. Rap. Impudent rascal !

Y. Rap. What the deuce shall I do ? The most important moment of my life.

O. Rap. 'Tis unlucky.

Y. Rap. Unlucky ! 'tis perdition—annihilation—a misfortune that—

O. Rap. I can mend.

Y. Rap. How ?

O. Rap. By mending the coat.

Y. Rap. An excellent thought. Come, help me off—quick, quick.

O. Rap. I always have a needle in my pocket.

Y. Rap. (*Rubbing his back.*) I know you have.

O. Rap. Now give it me.

Y. Rap. What ! suffer my father to mend my coat ! No, no, not so bad as that, neither. As the coat must be mended, hang it, I'll mend it myself.

O. Rap. Will you, though ? Will you, Neddy ; will you, Ned ? I should like to see you ; here's a needle ready threaded, and a thimble ; you can't think how I shall like to see you ; don't hurry, that's a dear boy. (*Young Rapid sits down, gathers his legs under him—Old Rapid puts his spectacles on, and sits close to him, looking on.*)

Y. Rap. Now mind, dad, when—hang the needle ! (*Pricks his finger.*)

O. Rap. That's because you're in such a hurry.

Y. Rap. When the nabob comes, sink the tailor.

O. Rap. I will, but that's a long stitch.

Y. Rap. Be sure you sink the tailor ; a great deal depends upon the first impression ; you shall be reading a grave book, with a melancholy air.

O. Rap. Then I wish I had brought down my book of bad debts ; that would have made me melancholy enough.

(*Enter Mr. and Miss Vortex, who advance slowly ; the nabob the side where Young Rapid is, Miss Vortex the other side.*)

Y. Rap. I—ha, ha ! I say, dad, if the nabob was to see us now, ha, ha !

O. Rap. Ha, ha ! true ; but mind what you are about.

Y. Rap. I'll be discovered in a situation that will surprise—

a striking situation, and in some bold, elegant attitude. (*Looks up, and sees the nabob.*)

O. Rap. Why don't you finish the job!—why don't you? (*Sees the nabob—they look round the other way, and see Miss Vortex—they both appear ashamed and dejected—Young Rapid draws his legs from under him.*)

Vortex. Gentlemen, I and my daughter, Miss Vortex, have done ourselves the honor of waiting upon you, to—

Miss Vortex. But I beg we may not interrupt your amusement; 'tis uncommon whimsical!

Y. Rap. (*Recovering himself.*) Yes, ma'am, very whimsical—I must keep moving. (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha! you see, dad, I've won, I've won—ha, ha!

O. Rap. (*With amazement.*) Oh! he has won, has he?

Y. Rap. Yes, you know I've won; he, he! Why don't you laugh? (*Aside to Old Rapid.*)

O. Rap. (*With difficulty.*) Ha! he!

Y. Rap. You see, madam, the fact is, I had torn my coat; so says I to my father, I'll bet my bays against your opera box, that I mend it; and so—ha, ha! (*To Old Rapid.*) Laugh again.

O. Rap. I can't; indeed, I can't.

Y. Rap. And so I—I won—upon my soul, I was doing it very well.

O. Rap. No, you were not; you were doing it a shame to be seen.

Y. Rap. (*Apart.*) Hush! Ah, father, you don't like to lose.

Vor. Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over.

Y. Rap. Yes, sir, it is quite over. (*Aside.*) Thank heaven!

Vor. Suppose we adjourn to Bangalore Hall?

Y. Rap. Sir, I'll go with you directly, with all the pleasure in life. (*Running.*)

Miss Vor. I believe my curricule is the first carriage.

O. Rap. Dear me! (*Looking at Miss Vortex.*)

Vor. My daughter seems to please you, sir.

O. Rap. What a shape!

Miss Vor. Oh, sir, you're uncommon polite.

O. Rap. What elegance! what fashion! Upon the whole, it's the best made little spencer I've seen in some time. (*Mr. and Miss Vortex amazed.*)

Y. Rap. Oh, the dickens! The fact is, ma'am, my father

is the most particular man on earth, about dress—the beau of his time—beau Rapid. You know, father, they always called you beau Rapid. I dare say he has had more suits of clothes in his house, than any man in England.

Miss Vor. An uncommon expensive whim.

Y. Rap. I don't think his fortune has suffered by it.

Miss Vor. (*To Old Rapid.*) Shall I have the honor of driving you?

O. Rap. Oh, madam, I can't think of giving you so much trouble as to drive me.

Miss Vor. My dear sir, I shall be uncommon happy.

O. Rap. Oh, madam! (*Simpers and titters to his son, then takes Miss Vortex's hand, and trots off.*)

Vor. We'll follow.

Y. Rap. If you please;—not that I particularly like to follow.

Vor. I suppose, sir, now summer approaches, London begins to fill for the winter.

Y. Rap. Yes, sir.

Vor. Any thing new in high life? What is the present rage with ladies of fashion?

Y. Rap. Why, sir, as to the ladies—(*Aside*)—what shall I say?—Oh, the ladies, sir; why, heaven bless them, sir, they—they keep moving; but, to confess the truth, sir, my fashionable education has been very much neglected.

Vor. That's a pity.

Y. Rap. Very great pity, sir.

Vor. Suppose I become your preceptor?

Y. Rap. If you would be so kind, I would treasure any little short rule.

Vor. Why, there is a short rule necessary for every man of fashion to attend to.

Y. Rap. What is it?

Vor. Never to reflect.

Y. Rap. Never reflect! what, push on, keep moving! My dear sir, that's my way; suits me exactly.

Vor. Then you must be known.

Y. Rap. To be sure; I'll give away thousands in charities.

Vor. Charities! you would be forgot in a week. To be known, you must be mischievous; malice has a much better memory than gratitude. And, then, you must be gallant; are there no pretty girls whose acquaintance you would like the honor of.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant. The carriage is ready.

Y. Rap. So am I ; come sir, four horses, I hope.

Vor. No, sir.

Y. Rap. That's a great pity. Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive like the old Harry.

Vor. Sir, to oblige you.

Y. Rap. Sir, I'll be very much obliged to you.

(*Enter Waiter.*)

Waiter. Your clothes are come, sir.

Y. Rap. That's lucky.

Vor. Then I'll wait for you.

Y. Rap. Wait for me ! nobody need wait for me ; I'll be with you in a crack. Do you push on ; I'll keep moving ; I'll take care nobody waits for me. (*Exeunt severally.*)

Scene 3.

(*Enter Old and Young Rapid, Vortex, and Miss Vortex.*)

Miss Vor. Welcome to Bangalore Hall, gentlemen.

Y. Rap. Charming house ! plenty of room ! (*Runs about, and looks at every thing.*)

O. Rap. A very spacious apartment, indeed.

Vor. Yes, sir ; but, I declare, I forget the dimensions of this room.

O. Rap. Sir, if you please, I'll measure it—my cane is exactly a yard, good, honest measure ; 'tis handy—and that mark is the half yard, and—

Y. Rap. (*Overhears, and snatches the cane from him.*) Confound it ! the pictures, father—look at the pictures ; (*pointing with the cane ;*) did you ever see such charming—

Miss Vor. Do you like pictures ?

Y. Rap. Exceedingly, ma'am ; but I should like them a great deal better, if they just moved a little.

Miss Vor. Ha ! ha ! I must retire to dress : till dinner, gentlemen, adieu. (*Exit.*)

Y. Rap. (*To his father.*) Zounds ! you'll ruin every thing ! can't you keep the tailor under.

Vor. Your son seems rather impatient.

O. Rap. Very, sir,—always was. I remember a certain duke—

Y. Rap. That's right, lay the scene high ; push the duke ; push him as far as he'll go.

O. Rap. I will, I will. I remember a certain duke used to say, "Mr. Rapid, your son is as sharp as a needle."

Y. Rap. At it again!

O. Rap. As a needle—

Y. Rap. (*Interrupting him.*) Is true to the pole. As a needle is true to the pole, says the duke, so will your son, says the duke, be to every thing spirited and fashionable, says the duke. Am I always to be tortured with your infernal needles? (*Aside to Old Rapid.*)

Vor. Now to sound them. (*Aside.*) I hear, gentlemen, your business in this part of the country, is with Sir Hubert Stanley, respecting some money transactions.

O. Rap. 'Tis a secret, sir.

Vor. Oh, no—the baronet avows his wish to sell his estate.

O. Rap. Oh! that alters the case.

Vor. I think that it would be a desirable purchase for you—I should be happy in such neighbors—and if you should want forty or fifty thousand, ready money, I'll supply it with pleasure.

O. Rap. Oh, sir, how kind! If my son wishes to purchase, I would rather leave it entirely to him.

Y. Rap. And I would rather leave it entirely to you.

Vor. Very well, I'll propose for it. (*Aside.*) There is a very desirable borough interest; then you could sit in parliament.

Y. Rap. I in parliament? ha! ha!

O. Rap. No! that would be a botch.

Y. Rap. No, no; I was once in the gallery—crammed in—no moving—expected to hear the great guns—up got a little fellow, nobody knew who, gave us a three hours' speech—I got deuced fidgetty—the house called for the question, I joined the cry—"the question, the question!" says I—a member spied me—cleared the gallery—got hustled by my brother spectators—obliged to scud—oh! it would never do for me.

Vor. But you must learn patience.

Y. Rap. Then make me speaker—if that wouldn't teach me patience, nothing would.

Vor. Do you dislike, sir, parliamentary eloquence?

O. Rap. Sir, I never heard one of your real, downright parliamentary speeches, in my life—never. (*Yawns.*)

Y. Rap. By your yawning, I should think you had heard a great many.

Vor. Oh, how lucky! at last I shall get my dear speech spoken. Sir, I am a member, and I mean to—

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Vor. Why, I mean to speak, I assure you ; and—

Y. Rap. Push on, then.

Vor. What, speak my speech ? That I will—I'll speak it.

Y. Rap. Oh, the mischief ! don't yawn so. (*To Old Rapid.*)

O. Rap. I never get a comfortable nap, never !

Y. Rap. You have a very good chance now—confound all speeches—oh ! (*Aside.*)

Vor. Pray, be seated. (*They sit on each side Vortex.*)

Now we'll suppose that the chair. (*Pointing to a chair.*)

O. Rap. Suppose it the chair ! why, it is a chair, aint it ?

Vor. Pshaw ! I mean—

Y. Rap. He knows what you mean—'tis his humor.

Vor. Oh, he's witty !

Y. Rap. Oh ! remarkably brilliant indeed. (*Significantly, to his father.*)

Vor. What, are you a wit, sir ?

O. Rap. A what ? yes, I am—I am a wit.

Vor. Well, now I'll begin. Oh, what a delicious moment ! The house, when they approve, cry, "hear him, hear him !" I only give you a hint, in case any thing should strike.

Y. Rap. Push on. I can never stand it. (*Aside.*)

Vor. Now I shall charm them. (*Addresses the chair.*) "Sir, had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blinked the present question, but having caught what has fallen from the opposite side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground." What ! no applause yet ? (*Aside.—During this time, Old Rapid has fallen asleep, and Young Rapid, after showing great fretfulness and impatience, runs to the back scene, throws up the window, and looks out.*) "But I shall proceed, and, I trust, without interruption." (*Turns round and sees Old Rapid asleep.*) Upon my soul, this is—what do you mean, sir ? (*Old Rapid awakes.*)

O. Rap. What's the matter ? Hear him ! hear him !

Vor. Pray, sir, don't you blush ? (*Sees Young Rapid at the window.*) What the deuce !

Y. Rap. (*Looking round.*) Hear him ! hear him !

Vor. By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

O. Rap. Oh, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep ! I mean, to look out of the window. I am very sorry, sir, any thing should go across the grain. I say, Ned, smooth him down. (*Aside.*)

Y. Rap. I will, I will; but what shall I say? (*Aside.*) The fact is, sir, I heard a cry of fire—upon—the—the—the water, and—

Vor. Well, but do you wish to hear the end of my speech?

Y. Rap. Upon my honor, I do.

Vor. Then we'll only suppose this little interruption a message from the lords, or something of that sort. (*They sit, Young Rapid fretful.*) Where did I leave off?

Y. Rap. Oh! I recollect; at, "I therefore briefly conclude with moving—an adjournment." (*Rising.*)

Vor. Nonsense! no such thing. (*Putting him down in the chair.*) Oh, I remember! "I shall therefore proceed, and I trust without interruption"—

(*Enter Servant.*)

Ser. Dinner's on the table, sir.

Vor. Get out of the room, you villain!—"Without interruption"—

Ser. I say, sir—

Y. Rap. Hear him! hear him!

Ser. Dinner is waiting.

Y. Rap. (*Jumping up.*) Dinner waiting! Come along, sir.

Vor. Never mind the dinner.

Y. Rap. But I like it smoking.

O. Rap. So do I: be it ever so little, let me have it hot.

Vor. Won't you hear my speech?

Y. Rap. To be sure we will—but now to dinner. Come, we'll move together. Capital speech! Push on, sir. Come along, dad. Push him on, dad. (*Exeunt, forcing Vortex out.*)

XXVII.—FROM FISH OUT OF WATER.—*Lunn.*

SIR GEORGE COURTLEY—ALDERMAN GAYFARE—CHARLES GAYFARE—STEWARD—SAM SAVORY—FOOTMAN—ELLEN COURTLEY—LUCY.

Scene 1.—The Ante-room in the House of Sir George Courtley—on one side a fire place, with fire; on the other side, a writing table, with pens, ink, and paper—a door leading to an Inner Apartment.

Steward. (*Speaking without.*) Don't tell me, sir; say that I'm not at home; I shall not be at home these two hours.

(Enter Steward, with a bundle of letters in his hand.)

Zounds, one might as well be a minister, as a minister's factotum. Since my master's appointment as envoy to Copenhagen, I've scarcely had a moment's peace, night or day. Forty applications did I receive for the situation of valet, before I could dispose of it to my satisfaction; the place of cook still remains upon my hands; that, with a little management, may be worth something; and, now that Sir George has confided to me the task of procuring him a secretary, I suppose, if our stay would admit of it, I should be as much courted as the first lord of the treasury.

(Enter Alderman Gayfare, pushing aside a Footman, who attempts to impede his entrance.)

Gayfare. (To Footman.) Stand out of the way; what, denied admission to the house of Sir George Courtley! (Exit Footman.)

Stew. (Aside.) Ha, my master's old friend and banker.

Gay. Well, Steward, how do you do? I'm glad I've found an old acquaintance, at last. I don't wonder at the footman not knowing me; for what, with my business in the city, and your master's residing so much in the country, I verily believe 'tis nearly two years since we met; however, I now wish to speak with him, on business of importance.

Stew. I'm sorry for that, sir, for his excellency is at this moment closeted with one or two noblemen of the cabinet, and cannot possibly be disturbed.

Gay. When does he intend setting out for Copenhagen?

Stew. To-morrow morning, sir; his own and Miss Courtley's trunks are already packed, and on the carriage.

Gay. (Aside.) Oh, ho! his daughter accompanies him! Then Charles's motive is evident enough, and no time must be lost. (To Steward.) Pray, has Sir George engaged a secretary?

Stew. No, sir, but he has immediate occasion for one, and, being so importantly occupied himself, has deputed me to obtain one for him.

Gay. Indeed! then, Steward, you must do me a favor.

Stew. (Aside.) Just as I expected! A banker, too; I smell a thumping fee. (To Gayfare.) I assure you, sir, that if I can be in any way useful—

Gay. You can; highly useful. I expect that, in the course of an hour, a young man, of good person and genteel address,

will call here, to solicit the appointment; and, for very urgent reasons, I desire you will detain him.

Stew. (*Taking an empty purse from his pocket, carelessly playing with it, and looking askance at Gayfare's pockets.*) If you particularly wish the young man to have the place—

Gay. No, steward, you mistake me; I particularly wish that the young man should not have the place, but that you should find some means of preventing his departure until I have spoken with Sir George. What time does he dine?

Stew. At six o'clock, sir.

Gay. (*Looking at his watch.*) And 'tis now four; very well. Tell Sir George I shall dine with him. And, steward, you know my taste; let us have a dish of something particular. Have you got as good a cook now as you used to have?

Stew. Why, unfortunately, sir, just at this moment, we have no man cook.

Gay. What! no man cook? Why, your master might as well go abroad without his credentials. Zounds, steward, a good cook and a good butler are of more utility in the suite of an envoy, than twenty secretaries. The most natural road to men's hearts, is through their stomachs. Only let two men concur in praising the same dishes, and the same wine, 'tis a hundred to one that, before they part, they'll agree on all other subjects, both natural and personal.

Stew. Perhaps, sir, his excellency is of your opinion, for he has ordered me to hire one as soon as possible.

Gay. Has he? Then I can put you in a way of doing honor to your commission. About a week ago, I had one of the best cooks in London, whom I discharged, in a moment of anger. I know he's still out of place, and I'll desire that he may be sent to you in the course of the day. Good morning, steward. (*Exit Gayfare.*)

Stew. What the deuce can be that old alderman's motive for wishing the young man to be detained? Who can he be?—Time will show. And, as he would not take my hint, and stamp his orders with the seal of office, I shall either obey them or not, as I find most convenient.

(*Enter Ellen Courtley.*)

Ellen. (*Peeping in.*) Steward, steward. (*The Steward turns.*) Pray, steward, has any one made application to you for the place of secretary?

Stew. (*Aside.*) Oh, ho! are you thereabouts? who next, I wonder? (*To Ellen.*) No, madam, not yet; but Sir Georg

has directed me to engage one, without fail, in the course of the day.

El. I was aware that you would receive such orders, and, therefore, I have come to exert my influence with you, in favor of a certain person.

Stew. Might it not be well to mention the affair to his excellency?

El. (*Confused.*) Oh! no! by no means; papa might suspect that my interesting myself in favor of the young man, arose from some partial motive, and—

Stew. Very true, madam.

El. Besides, papa is engaged, and, as I expect that the young gentleman will wait upon you almost immediately—

Stew. Indeed, madam!

El. Yes; and he has been so strongly recommended to me, by a person in whose judgment I have the most implicit confidence, that—

Stew. I beg your pardon, madam, do you think the young gentleman has any connection or acquaintance with Alderman Gayfare?

El. (*Aside, with astonishment.*) Gracious! who can have told? (*To Steward.*) Yes, yes; I believe they are slightly acquainted; but why do you ask that?

Stew. (*Aside.*) Mum—I must not tell her that the old gentleman has been here. (*To Ellen.*) I was only fearful, madam, that such a circumstance might be rather against him.

El. Indeed! (*Eagerly.*) Tell me, steward, have you heard any thing to his disadvantage?

Stew. No, madam, not a word; but, to tell you the truth, I have been peremptorily desired to refuse him the situation.

El. To refuse him! who can have been so envious? Why, he is one of the most amiable, the most intelligent, the most elegant and accomplished—

Stew. (*Aside.*) Hey day! (*To Ellen.*) You seem to know him very intimately, madam.

El. Yes—no—that is—I have heard so much in his favor, and am so anxious for his success, that, if you have any desire to oblige me, Mr. Steward—

Stew. Madam, your wishes are orders, and you may depend upon their being obeyed. But suppose he should not present himself in the course of this afternoon.

El. You may rest assured that he will.

Stew. Pray, madam, what may be the young man's name?

El. (*Confused.*) His name? (*Aside.*) How unlucky that Charles neglected to tell me what name he intended to assume. (*To Steward.*) His name? bless me, I entirely forget. (*A bell rings.*) Ha! (*She looks at her watch.*) 'Tis exactly the time at which he was to be here, and I'll lay my life that he is now at the door. I entreat you, steward, to go and receive him.

Stew. Yes, madam. (*Exit Steward.*)

El. Only let the scheme which we have concerted prove successful, and I shall then accompany my father and his mission as cheerfully as he can wish. And why should it not succeed? The votaries of love are fairly entitled to his protection in adopting disguise, since he himself suggests the expedient, by his example. When refused admission to the heart, in propria persona, he will assume a thousand shapes, rather than be foiled in his enterprise.

SONG.

When the ancients first strove
To personify love,
They gave him the semblance of tenderest youth ;
With wings they arrayed him,
Quite naked they made him,
In token of innocence, swiftness, and truth :
Then armed him with archery's weapons, to show
The wounds he inflicts on us mortals below.

But each symbol, assigned
To the godhead, we find
Himself can dispense with, whene'er 'tis his pleasure ;
His form can be wingless,
His shafts can be stingless,
And crafty the urchin can be beyond measure ;
While, his votaries' souls to obscure, or illume,
Every age he can ape, every habit assume. (*Exit.*)

(*Re-enter Steward.*)

Stew. Miss Ellen was mistaken in supposing the young man was at the door ; however, as both herself and the alderman were so positive, I should think he'll be here ere long. Well, upon my word, 'tis very odd. Who, in the name of wonder, can this young fellow be, that there's so much fuss about? Egad, I don't care ; for, if I can oblige Miss Ellen, a fig for old Gayfare.

(*Enter Footman.*)

Footman. Mr. Steward, his excellency wants to speak with you immediately.

Stew. Very well; and d'ye hear, if a young man should call and ask for me, desire him to take a chair, and I'll wait upon him in a few moments; I've desired the porter to show him up. (*Exit Steward.*)

(*Enter Sam Savory, looking around.*)

Sam. (*Aside.*) Hollo! Here's a house, and a lot of servants. If their larder's as rich as their liveries, the cook's place is no sinecure.

Foot. Pray, sir, are you the gentleman Mr. Steward expected?

Sam. (*Aside.*) The gentleman? Egad, I'll say yes, and then I'm sure to see him. (*To Footman.*) Yes, I wish to see him on very particular business.

Foot. He's engaged at this moment with my master, sir; but, if you'll be so kind as to sit down, I'll send him to you as soon as he is at leisure. (*Exit Footman.*)

Sam. Come, that's a civil chap enough, considering he wears so much lace. Ah! it's just the same with place-hunting, as it is with cookery; there's nothing to be done without sauce; and, if I had not as much of it as any buck of my inches, I should never have ventured to come without recommendations, to ask for the situation of cook to an ambassador. There will be some difference between this place and that of my old master, Alderman Gayfare. There, I had only one taste to please; for, though I'm told he has a son, he never made his appearance whilst I was there. Well, if his excellency should hire me, only let him be as fond of tid bits as the alderman, and if I don't tickle his palate to the tune of forty pounds a year—but, here comes the steward.

(*Enter Steward and Footman.*)

Foot. (*Pointing to Savory.*) That is the gentleman, sir. (*Exit Footman.*)

Stew. (*Bowing to Sam.*) May I beg, sir, to be favored with your name?

Sam. (*Aside.*) Why, the steward is as polite as the footman. (*To Steward.*) My name, sir, is Savory, Samuel Savory.

Stew. And pray, sir, have you ever served in the capacity which you now wish to exercise under his excellency?

Sam. Oh, bless you, yes; all my life.

Stew. May I be allowed to inquire who was your last employer?

Sam. To be sure you may; I'm neither ashamed nor afraid, for, though he hasn't given me a character, he must, if I want one. I lived last with Alderman Gayfare.

Stew. (*Aside.*) Gad, this is the mysterious gentleman, sure enough. (*To Sam.*) I saw the alderman, sir, only a few minutes ago, and he spoke to me concerning you.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Indeed! (*To Steward.*) I should not wonder, now, if he said some ill-natured thing or other about me.

Stew. Why, really, sir, between ourselves, I have some reason to think that he's not very cordially your friend.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Starve his ungrateful stomach, he has told me a hundred times that I was a cook fit for an emperor. Well, old father has got his wish—he said he hoped I should not get the place, because he wanted me not to go abroad. (*He takes up his hat and goes towards the door.*) Very well, sir, good morning—there's no scarcity of places, if I can't get this—

Stew. Stay, sir, although you don't appear to be in the alderman's good graces, fortunately for you, you have a powerful advocate in another quarter. Miss Courtley, his excellency's daughter, has taken a deep interest in your welfare.

Sam. His excellency's daughter! my welfare!

Stew. Yes, in consequence of the very satisfactory accounts she has received of your talents and address, she has earnestly desired me to bestow the office upon you; and as I am more anxious to oblige her than the alderman, you may, from this moment, consider yourself as attached to his excellency's suite.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Huzza! there's nothing like petticoat interest, after all. (*He lays down his hat and comes forward, rubbing his hands and eying himself with satisfaction.*) Either she must have caught a glimpse of my figure as I came to the door, or else she must be acquainted with somebody that has tasted my cookery; and whichever it is—

Stew. With regard to your salary, sir?

Sam. (*Aside.*) My salary? That's an ambassador's term; I suppose I should have said wages. (*To Steward.*) As you was going to say, sir, my salary—

Stew. I am authorized to say, that it will be three hundred a year.

Sam. (*Astonished.*) Three hundred a—I beg your pardon, will you just be so good as to say that again.

Stew. (*Impressively.*) Your salary, sir, will be three hundred a year.

Sam. (*Overjoyed.*) Three hundred a year ! there's a place ! The Mansion House is a trifle to this.

Stew. And you will dine on all occasions with his excellency.

Sam. Come, Mr. Steward, now you're cutting it a little too fat. The place, and the three hundred a year, are very well ; but as for dining with his excellency—no—no—that's a little too good.

Stew. Well, sir, you are welcome to have your joke, but such, I assure you, is his excellency's wish. In the mean time, sir, should you have occasion to enter on your functions before our departure, you will make use of this room.

Sam. (*Looking round.*) This room ? (*Aside.*) Why, here's neither spits, dishes, nor stewpans.

Stew. (*Pointing to the table.*) There are pens, ink, and paper ; if you have occasion for any thing else, you will have the goodness to ring, and I'll take care that you shall have immediate attendance.

Sam. Pens, ink, and paper ! (*Aside.*) Either here's some glorious mistake, or else your diplomatic cooks are like physicians, and do nothing else but write receipts to be made up by their kitchen apothecaries. Giblets ! what a house. (*To Steward.*) Excuse my curiosity, sir, but I should really like to know exactly what I am ?

Stew. I don't understand you, sir.

Sam. I mean, what place was it the young lady requested for me ?

Stew. That which you came to solicit, sir, that of secretary.

Sam. Oh ! that of secretary. (*Aside.*) Oh ! that accounts for the three hundred a year. Egad, then it could not be for my cookery, and she's taken a fancy to my person, sure enough. (*To Steward.*) So then I'm to be the lady's secretary.

Stew. (*Aside.*) He's a queer fellow. (*To Savory.*) You are jocular, sir, or perhaps you think the terms not proportionate to the appointment, which is that of official secretary to his excellency.

Sam. Official secretary to his excellency ?

Stew. Yes, sir, if you think proper to accept of it.

Sam. Accept of it ! Oh, bless you, yes ! to be sure I will. (*Aside.*) It shall never be said that I stood in the way of my own good fortune. (*Surveying himself.*) I don't think I look

exactly like an ambassador's secretary, at present; but stop till they see me in the dress I wear when I go to the theater, or Vauxhall.

(*Enter Footman, with a portmanteau.*)

Foot. (*To Sam.*) Is this your portmanteau, sir?

Sam. (*To Footman.*) Yes. (*To Steward.*) As I heard that his excellency was to set off to-morrow morning, I brought it in my hand, in case of my being engaged, and left it in the hall.

Stew. If you wish to dress, sir, the servant will show you to your apartment.

Sam. The very thing I was wishing for. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha! the old proverb forever—only give a man a friend, and his fortune's made. (*Exit Footman, carrying the portmanteau, followed by Savory.*)

Stew. Well, I think I have managed this affair to the satisfaction of all parties. I have gratified Miss Ellen, by giving the place to her protegee; and as the alderman is coming to dinner, he is sure to find him, if he wants him. Our establishment is now complete, with the exception of a cook, and if the old banker would but send the person he mentioned—

(*Enter Charles Gayfare.*)

Charles. (*Aside.*) This surely must be the steward whom Ellen mentioned to me.

Stew. (*Turning, and perceiving Charles.*) Pray, sir, what are your commands?

Char. I have been informed that there is a vacancy in Sir George Courtley's establishment, and have taken the liberty to call, for the purpose of offering.

Stew. (*Aside.*) Oh! the cook; upon my word, he's a smart, handsome young fellow. (*To Charles.*) I presume you were sent by your late master.

Char. No, sir, I was not sent by any one.

Stew. Then you are too late, young man; you are anticipated by a candidate who is very strongly recommended.

Char. I beg leave to assure you, sir, that I also can offer some flattering references—General Carver, Sir Benjamin Barbacue, and—

Stew. Aye, those are excellent names, certainly, on the list of epicures, and if it were not that his excellency's old friend, Alderman Gayfare—

Char. (*Aside.*) My father! What in the name of wonder can this mean? Ellen informed me that they had not met

these two years. (*To Steward.*) I am informed, sir, that the appointment is in your power.

Stew. To be sure it is. Why, you don't imagine that his excellency troubles his head about the hiring of servants?

Char. (*Aside.*) Hiring of servants! What an arrogant boor it is! (*To Steward.*) Well, sir, I have not the pleasure to be personally known to you, but if such considerations as I can offer, have sufficient weight— (*He slides a purse into Steward's hand.*)

Stew. (*Weighing the purse in his hand.*) Why, certainly, the considerations which you have advanced are weighty ones. Anxious to oblige every one, but really, for once, I must allow intrinsic merit to take place of favor; and, therefore, as you have arrived first, and as there is immediate occasion for your services, the place is yours.

Char. (*Aside.*) Bravo! Thank fortune, all goes right, thus far.

Stew. The terms shall be such as you cannot disapprove; but in the mean time, you must go to work directly. Come, follow me, and I'll show you to the larder.

Char. To the larder! I'm much obliged to you, but I'm not hungry at present.

Stew. Ha, ha, ha! but his excellency is—come, quick—only a little plain dinner for four; Sir George, Miss Ellen, a friend, and Mr. Savory, the new secretary.

Char. The new secretary?

Stew. Yes, a young man who has just been appointed to the situation.

Char. (*Aside.*) Has he been making game of me? (*To Steward.*) And pray, sir, what may be the situation which you have just bestowed upon me?

Stew. Why, zounds, do you come and ask for a place without knowing what it is—didn't you ask for the vacancy?

Char. Certainly, I did.

Stew. Then you ought to have known that the only vacant place was that of cook, and if you are not a cook, why did you come pestering me, when I have other business to attend to?

Char. (*Aside.*) A cook! Here's a dilemma. How can I apprise Ellen of the mistake?

Stew. Are you a cook, or are you not?

Char. Cook? Yes, to be sure I am. (*Aside.*) Egad, I see no other resource—so I'll e'en be a cook, until I gain an interview with her. (*A bell rings.*)

Foot. (*Without.*) A cup of chocolate for Miss Courtley.

Stew. Come, do you hear? chocolate for Miss Courtley, immediately.

Char. (*Aside.*) An excellent opportunity. (*To Steward.*) Where is it?

Stew. (*To Charles.*) As you are a stranger to the house, you shall make it here. (*To Footman, who enters.*) Bring a chocolate pot instantly.

Foot. Yes, sir; and his excellency ordered me to give you this paper. (*Gives a paper, and exit.*)

Stew. Ha, here comes our new secretary.
(*Enter Sam Savory, full dressed, and awkwardly assuming the manners of a gentleman.*)

Char. (*Aside.*) Egad, he's a strange looking mortal.

Sam. (*To Steward.*) Who is that young man?

Stew. He is a cook, whom I have just hired.

Sam. A cook. (*Aside.*) 'Tis strange I should not know him. (*To Steward.*) Remember, sir, 'tis a place of importance, and not to be bestowed on every scurvy, unknown fellow. I'll examine him. (*To Charles, and addressing him with importance.*) Pray, young man, what's your name?

Char. My name, sir—is— (*Aside.*) Zounds, the name I had resolved upon, will never do for a cook.

Sam. (*Aloud.*) What's your name, sirrah?

Char. (*Aside.*) I have it. (*To Savory.*) Gammon, sir.

Sam. Gammon. Humph; there are plenty of your name in most trades; but, I confess, I don't remember it in our—that is, the cooking line. And pray, who might be your first master?

Char. My first master? (*Aside.*) What the mischief shall I say? (*To Sam.*) My first master, sir, was Birch.

Sam. (*Turning to Steward.*) Humph; his knowledge of Birch, shows that he had some education. (*To Charles.*) But 'tis a bad school, my lad. Your public concerns, where you make soups by tons, and ragouts by pailfuls, spoil the hand for delicacies, which are the perfection of the art! What, have you never lived in private families of distinction?

Char. Private families, sir? Oh, yes, sir. (*Aside.*) Egad, I'll lay it on thick. (*To Sam.*) With two dukes, three marquisses, and a baronet.

Sam. Oh! that's a different matter; then you need not flinch from an examination. (*Aside.*) I'll roast him a bit.

Char. (Aside.) If I'm to undergo a culinary catechism, it's all over with me.

Sam. Come, young man, I shall not be satisfied with a roast beef and plumb pudding interrogation. If you come to offer yourself as cook to an ambassador, you must not expect to be questioned about Scotch collops and Irish stews; no, sir, nor about sauces, fricasee, or pastry, where memory is as good as talent. *(Aside.)* Ha, ha, ha; he looks as pale as—

Char. (Aside.) Oh! hang this fellow; his epicurean erudition is quite terrific.

Sam. No, no, young fellow, we'll not dabble in the A, B, C, of the art. Come, sir, I'll make one question suffice for all, and that shall be worthy of you, if you're the best cook in Europe. Pray, how do you prepare marinated pheasants' poults a la braise imperiale? *(Aside.)* Now I think he's done brown.

Char. (Aside.) Marinated pheasants' a la—Oh, Jupiter, this is worse and worse. A man ought to have served in the kitchen of Heliogabalus, to carry this through. *(To Sam.)* Why, really, sir, the extent of your reading on the subject must have been—

Sam. Don't talk to me of reading, sir. Zounds, the spits are before all the books that have ever been written, from Mrs. Glasse to Doctor Kitchener. Come now, answer me one question: would you cook your poults with, or without ham? *(Aside.)* That's a poser.

Char. (Aside.) What shall I say? Egad, here goes, hit or miss. *(To Sam.)* With ham, sir, by all means.

Sam. Very good, and now for the rest.

Char. (Aside.) Come, there's one bit of luck, however. *(To Sam.)* Why, as to the rest, sir— *(Aside.)* The murder will out, to a certainty.

Sam. (Aside.) Hang me if I think he knows a gridiron from a salamander. *(To Charles.)* What, it's above your cut, is it? Then listen to me, and I'll tell you. First, we open—that is to say, you open the breasts of your birds; then you take a veal sweet-bread chopt, two ounces and three quarters of venison suet, one hundred and twenty-five drops of lime juice, and half a dram of the rind; fifteen large oysters, one small anchovy, the flesh of two pigeons, three small mushrooms, nutmeg, mace, salt, and cayenne; mix them together with the yolks of five plover eggs—some people will tell you turkey eggs; but, 'tis a mistake—a tasteless, vulgar error—

Char. (Aside.) Why, the fellow's worse than my father.

Sam. Fill the breasts of your birds with the stuffing, stick them all over with beef marrow, and half roast them; then roll each bird in a slice of raw ham, a little thinner than writing paper, and lay them in a stew-pan, with half a pint of brown gravy, a gill of champagne, and a table-spoonful of cogniac brandy, trifles, morels, artichoke bottoms, cockscombs, asparagus tops, forced meat balls, sweet herbs, and half a shalot; stew them till the gravy is as thick as cream, and send them to the table hot. There, sir, you have marinated pheasants' poultis a la braise imperiale—a dish fit for a king at his coronation dinner. (*He paces the stage with importance.*)

Char. (Aside.) Oh, I see nothing but sheer impudence will do here; so I'll e'en let fly a few big words myself. (*To Sam, with confidence.*) Sir, I beg leave to say, that I have neither confined myself to theory nor to practice; I flatter myself I know my business as well as another; and, as for culinary chemistry—

Sam. A fig for chemistry! What has chemistry to do with cookery? I never talk about what I don't understand; and, as for my own—that is—(*Aside*)—have a care, Sam, or the'll be smelling the kitchen stuff! (*To Charles.*) I say, as for cookery, I—

(*Enter Footman, carrying a small tray, containing a cake of chocolate, pot and mill, cup and saucer, plate of rusk, and a napkin, which he places upon the table, and exit.*)

Stew. (Interrupting Sam.) I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you; but remember the old proverb—the proof of the pudding, is in the eating. You'll have a specimen of the young fellow's talent, at dinner time, but Miss Courtley must not be kept waiting for her chocolate. (*To Charles.*) Come, set about it instantly. (*To Sam.*) And, in the mean time, sir, here are the heads of an official letter, which his excellency desires to have written immediately. (*Gives a paper to Sam.*) So I'll leave you each to his own affair, and I hope you'll acquit yourselves to my credit, and your own. (*Exit Steward.*)

Sam. (Aside.) Heads of an official letter; if they'd been calves' heads, now, or heads of brocoli, I flatter myself I could have done 'em justice: but as for official letters—however, I'm in for it, and so I must do my best. It seems a queer job to set about, but then one sees so many thick-headed chaps secretaries, of one sort or another, that I shouldn't wonder, after all, if it's something like tossing o' pancakes—that seems difficult at first, but one soon gets over it. (*He sits down at the table.*) *Charles takes the chocolate pot, and goes to the fire-place.*

Char. (Aside.) How in the world am I to manage it? I've drunk chocolate often enough, but hang me if I know any more about making it, than I do of compounding the philosopher's stone. I suppose it must be scraped. *(He takes out his penknife, and scrapes the chocolate into the pot.)*

Sam. (Aside.) I can sign my name, and cut a flourish at the end of it, as well as any chap; but as for your long worded scrawls—*(Again turning and looking at Charles.)* Aye, that's the way, now put it on the fire, and let it boil. *(Taking a pen, and dipping it in the ink.)* Here's a set out for a secretary. Blow me, if the pens aint as hard and as sharp as skewers, and the ink as thick as parsley and butter. *(Turning and looking at Charles.)* Did ever any body see such an awkward rascal? *(To Charles.)* Why, you stupid blockhead, how do you think your chocolate will mix, if you don't mill it? *(He rises.)* Here, give it to me. *(He pushes Charles aside, and rolls the mill between his hands.)* There, so, till the froth rises: d'ye see?

Char. Yes, sir; but really, you have such a masterly hand.

Sam. Oh! I see how it is, I shall be obliged to make your chocolate for you, I suppose. Hark ye, can you write?

Char. Write, sir! yes, certainly.

Sam. Then sit down at that table, and finish what I've begun.

Char. (Seating himself at the table.) Here's nothing begun, sir.

Sam. So much the better for you, for you've got nothing to mend. I wish I could say as much for your job.

Char. (Showing the paper.) Am I to write a letter from these memoranda, sir?

Sam. To be sure you are. *(Aside.)* Cook! zounds, the fellow hasn't got enough brains for a scullion!—'Tis plaguy lucky for him, he's found some one to do his work for him.

(Whilst Charles is intently occupied in writing, and Sam in alternately milling the chocolate and pouring it into the cup and back again, enter Alderman Gayfare, at the back.)

Gay. (Looking at his watch.) I hope dinner's nearly ready, for I've a tremendous appetite. *(He perceives Charles.)* Ha! what do I see! my son! By fortune, he's not only received into office, but has entered upon his functions! Oh, ho, my young gentleman, I'll soon dislodge you from your perch. *(Exit, unperceived.)*

Sam. (To Charles.) Well, how do you come on?

Char. Three words more, and I shall be finished. (*He writes three lines, and presents the paper.*) There's your letter, sir: in point of trouble, sir, 'twas a mere bagatelle; such things as those, are quite child's play to me.

Sam. (*Wipes the perspiration from his face.*) Pho; I can't say quite so much for your business; however, there's a cup of chocolate, you dog, that shall stamp your character as a man of talent. (*Charles takes the chocolate pot, and attempts to run off. Sam follows him, and pulls him back.*) Why, you ill-mannered booby, is that the way to wait upon a lady? You a servant!—Here. (*Sam arranges all the things upon the tray, gives it to Charles, and hangs the napkin upon his arm.*) There, get along with you.

Char. (*Aside.*) Now for an interview with my dear Ellen; but if her sides don't ache with laughter, when she sees me in this predicament, she must have more gravity than I give her credit for.

(*Enter Steward.*)

Stew. Come, quick, quick; Miss Courtley's chocolate.

Char. Directly, sir. (*He runs off.*)

Sam. (*Watching Charles.*) There he goes; he'll be throwing all the things down; the fellow's certainly mad.

Stew. Have you finished the letter, sir?

Sam. The letter! oh, yes, long ago. (*He gives the letter, and imitates Charles.*) In point of trouble, 'twas a mere bagatelle; such things as those, are quite child's play to me.

Stew. I'll carry it to his excellency immediately. (*Going.*) Oh, he's coming this way, together with Alderman Gayfare. I'll introduce you—

Sam. N—n—no, you're very good, but I won't trouble you just at this moment. You know the alderman and myself did not part on the most friendly terms; and, perhaps you know he might be whispering something to his excellency—you understand me. I'll just stay till he's gone. (*Exit Sam.*)

(*Enter Sir George Courtley and Alderman Gayfare.*)

Gay. As to my being mistaken, Sir George, the thing's quite impossible. 'Tis a love affair, you may depend upon it.

Sir G. But how could they become acquainted?

Gay. Aye, that's what puzzles me, for as Charles has been upwards of a year at Cambridge—

Sir G. At Cambridge! Oh, then the matter's explained at once, for my daughter has lately returned from a visit to an

aunt of her's, who resides there. But, admitting it to be as you surmise, what could induce him to act so clandestinely?

Gay. Because he was aware of my having another match in view for him; nay, an old friend of mine and myself, had absolutely agreed to marry his daughter to my son, and to give them each a hundred thousand pounds on their wedding day.

Sir G. Indeed!

Gay. Yes; and, instead of fulfilling our design, the scape grace young scoundrel was endeavoring to give us the slip. Aye, and most likely would have done it too, without my having any suspicion, if my old friend, General Carver, had not called upon me this morning, and told me that Charles had applied to him for a letter of introduction to you, that he might offer himself to you in the quality of secretary.

Sir G. Is it possible?

Gay. Possible! why, my dear friend, he is not only installed in the office, but I actually saw him exercising the duties of it.

Stew. (*Coming forward and presenting the paper to Sir George.*) The letter which your excellency ordered me to get written by the secretary. (*Retires again to the back.*)

Sir G. Very well. (*He takes the paper, and hands it to Gayfare.*) Do you know the hand?

Gay. I could swear to its being his writing. (*He returns the paper.*)

Sir G. (*To Steward.*) What recommendations did the young man bring, whom you have engaged as secretary?

Stew. He did not bring any written recommendations, sir, but—

Sir G. (*Angrily.*) But what, sir?

Stew. I hope your excellency will not be offended, but Miss Courtley informed me she had heard so much in the gentleman's favor, and was so anxious that he should be retained—that—in obedience to her commands—I—

Sir G. What, sir, my daughter? (*Checking himself.*) You have done very right, steward. (*To Gayfare.*) Well, alderman, this all tends to confirm your suspicions.

Gay. Oh! 'tis as plain as the sun at noon.

Sir G. Well, my friend, and, under these circumstances, in what way do you propose to act?

Gay. In the first place, the young lady I intended marrying him to, has never seen him. In the next place, I should be most proud to cement our friendship, by uniting our families. I know that Miss Courtley has a genteel fortune; and, therefore,

if you approve of the match, the boy shall have the plum I intended for him, and we'll make them happy when they least expect it. What do you say?

Sir G. If we find their attachment of such a nature as to involve their happiness, I accept your offer. We will first punish them, by feigning ourselves exceedingly indignant at their conduct, and then surprise and delight them with our forgiveness and consent.

Gay. (*Offering his hand.*) With all my heart.

Sir G. With this proviso: observe, your son shall meet my approbation.

Gay. O, that of course. (*They shake hands.*)

Sir G. (*To Steward.*) Steward, why did you not introduce my secretary to me the moment I was at leisure?

Stew. I should have done so, sir, but he begged to be excused until the alderman's departure; as, he said, he particularly wished to avoid meeting him.

Gay. (*To Sir George.*) There, you see.

Sir G. My dear Mr. Gayfare, be so kind as to walk into the garden a few minutes, and let me confer with him alone.

Gay. Into the garden! what, before dinner? My dear Sir George, if you don't wish me to turn a second Nebuchadnezzar, and devour the vegetables, don't ask it.

Sir G. You shall not be detained long; and, in the mean time, I'll order dinner to be prepared as quick as possible.

Gay. Very well; but mind—if you don't recall me very shortly, I shall certainly make an attack upon the larder. (*Exit Gayfare.*)

Sir G. Steward, whilst I step in and peruse this letter, do you go and expedite the dinner, and then desire the secretary to wait upon me immediately.

Stew. I will, sir. (*Exeunt Steward and Sir George.*)

(*Enter Ellen, followed by Lucy.*)

El. My dear Lucy, if it had not been for disburdening my mind to you, and making you sharer in my secret, I don't know what would have become of me. Have you seen him?

Lucy. No, madam, but I've seen the steward, who informs me that he has granted him the situation, and I am confident that no one has the least suspicion.

El. As soon as we quit London, I shall begin to enjoy some little tranquillity; but, so long as we remain, I shall tremble lest any thing should occur to mar our innocent project.

Lu. I think, really, madam, that if any thing happens now, it

must be your own fault ; you must only be careful not to look too loving upon each other, when you meet at dinner ; and—

El. At dinner ? No, Lucy ; as we are to set out to-morrow, I shall have an excellent excuse for remaining in my own room ; and, let it cost my heart what it may, I'm resolved not to trust myself in his presence until after our departure : however, lest he should misconstrue my absence, I have written a note, which you must contrive to deliver to him. (*Gives the note to Lucy.*) Remember now, Lucy, how much depends upon your secrecy and management.

Lu. Never fear me, miss ; he shall have it directly.

El. I am aware that Charles's father has another match in view for him ; but, if I may judge of his affection by my own, he will rather forfeit his life, than the partner of his choice.

Scene 2.—A Study. Two tables, two chairs, inkstand and book on table ; inkstand and penknife on table, in center.

(*Enter Sir George, reading the letter.*)

Sir G. Upon my honor, this is a highly favorable indication of the abilities of my intended son-in-law. He has entered so warmly into the subject, that he has overstepped my intention ; but really, the strength of diction, and the choice of expression, which this exhibits, stamps him a man of considerable genius and acquirements. Oh, here he is. (*Enter Sam Savory, bowing, and advancing sheepishly.*) Your servant, sir. Well, I have perused the letter which you wrote for me, and I am happy to say, that it does you great credit.

Sam. You're very good, sir ; it was a mere trifle ; such things are no trouble to me, sir.

Sir G. No, I perceive by the style that you have considerable facility. However, there are some expressions which I think rather too peremptory ; and it strikes me, that either you have misinterpreted my memoranda, or have taken the liberty to be guided by your own sentiments.

Sam. (*Confused.*) Not I, sir—not by any manner of means, sir—I hope— (*Aside.*) If that rascally cook has put any thing into it to get me into a scrape, I'll break his bones.

Sir G. Nay, sir ; don't disavow your impressions. I do not respect the opinions of a man of sense the less, because they do not coincide with my own. I shall be happy to hear yours on this subject.

Sam. My opinion! lord bless you, sir—as to my opinion, you know—

Sir G. I understand you, sir, and appreciate your modesty.

Sam. (*Aside.*) What the dickens is he driving at?

Sir G. The fact is, that I view the measure as one of mere political expediency.

Sam. (*Aside.*) If he will but answer himself now!

Sir G. Whereas you seem to consider it as one of necessity. (*Smiling.*) Is it not so?

Sam. (*With awkward satisfaction.*) Hem—ha—hem— (*Aside.*) I suppose I'd better say yes.

Sir G. Come, answer frankly.

Sam. Well, then, since your excellency insists upon it, that's exactly the case.

Sir G. Ha, I thought so; well, sir, I applaud your candor, and respect your intelligence; and I have no doubt that, ere long, we shall understand each other exceedingly well.

Sam. (*Aside.*) I hope we shall, upon my soul.

(*Enter Lucy, cautiously, beckoning and making signs to Savory.*)

Sam. (*Aside.*) What can that girl want with her nodding and winking? (*Lucy shows the letter, and places her finger on her lips, to enjoin silence.*)

Sam. (*To Lucy.*) A letter for me; why don't you bring it here? Do you think I've got eyes like telescopes?

Lucy. The mischief take the man: why, he's either mad or a fool.

Sir G. (*To Lucy.*) A letter—where did you get it?

Lucy. (*Confused.*) Le—le—letter: I've got no letter for your excellency. (*She attempts to go—Sir George follows her.*)

Sir G. No evasion—give me the letter this instant. (*He seizes her hand, and takes the letter.*)

Lucy. Very well, your excellency. (*Looking at Savory.*) If any harm comes of it, the gentleman has himself to blame. (*She runs off.*)

Sir G. (*Reading the superscription.*) To the Secretary. (*He opens the letter.*) As I suspected. (*To Sam.*) So, sir, you have commenced a secret correspondence with my daughter.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Oh, the fat's in the fire now, to a certainty. Me, sir! your daughter! I wish I may die if ever—

Sir G. Nay, sir, 'tis useless to deny it, she has herself acknowledged it. (*He walks to and fro, as in a passion.*)

Sam. (*Aside.*) Here's a slap of cold water. I thought it was too good to last. I'd better confess at once. (*He throws*

himself on his knees before Sir George.) I beg your excellency's pardon : I confess that I am only a secretary by chance, and—

Sir G. (Raising him.) Rise, sir. I will not carry your humiliation to that extent : and on one condition my daughter shall be yours.

Sam. (Astonished.) Your excellency's daughter mine !

Sir G. On one condition, I repeat, namely, that you will prove yourself worthy my indulgence and esteem. Remember you are still my secretary, and I therefore command you to write me one more letter—the letter of a repentant son, to appease the anger of an offended father. I intend to dictate the letter myself, but I'm resolved that the act of writing it shall be entirely your own ; you understand me, no doubt ?

Sam. (Aside.) May the old boy take me, if I do. Indeed, your excellency, I do not.

Sir G. Then, sir, let me tell you, you must both understand me and obey me, before I can promise you my friendship.

Sam. Ye—yes, sir. *(Aside.)* I'll be hanged if I don't perspire like a larded capon in a dutch oven.

Sir G. In the first place, I wish to be informed why, if your designs in my family were honorable, you did not wait upon me undisguisedly, communicate to me your wishes, and make me acquainted with your family and connections.

Sam. (Aside.) Here's another go, when he comes to know that my father serves out buttock, round and flank, in Aldermanbury. *(To Sir George.)* Please your excellency, I don't wish either to cheat or deceive any man : my father, sir, is a shop-keeper in the city—

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha ; a shop-keeper !

Sam. (Aside.) Ah, I thought how it would be. *(To Sir George.)* Yes, sir, he is—in Alderman—

Sir G. I am perfectly aware of your father's rank, sir, as well as of the nature of his shop, as you are pleased to call it.

Sam. (Aside.) I suppose he wants me to call him a restaurateur, as they do at the west end. *(To Sir George.)* Why, your excellency, it is a shop, you know.

Sir G. Why, in the strict sense of the word, he certainly may be called a shop-keeper, and I'm pretty familiar with the article he deals in.—I have the pleasure to be acquainted with your father.

Sam. With my father ? *(Aside.)* What could bring them together ? *(To Sir George.)* Then I have the pleasure to

tell your excellency, that you are acquainted with as honest an old fellow as ever handled a carving knife.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha ; I'm no stranger, sir, either to your father's hospitality, or his appetite.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Well, I must own he has a precious twist, sure enough. (*To Sir George.*) And I assure you, sir, he keeps one of the best eating-houses.

Sir G. Eating-houses ? I never saw such a house for eating in my life.—If I am rightly informed, sir, you have been almost constantly absent from your father's house, during the last seven years.

Sam. Yes, sir, father wanted to bring me up to be an assistant in his business ; but I had a soul above it, and was resolved that if I did follow the trade at all, I'd rule the roast, as the saying is.

Sir G. So your good father informed me. (*Aside.*) He really has an exceedingly awkward address for a young man so genteely connected. I cannot imagine how Ellen could become so enamored with him. However, as such is evidently the case, and it is at least a wealthy match, I will not thwart her inclination.

Sam. I beg your excellency's pardon, but if you'll excuse my curiosity, how long may it be since you became acquainted with my father ?

Sir G. We have known each other for several years : three years ago, I was in the habit of dining very frequently at his house.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Of dining at my father's ! (*To Sir George, archly.*) What, I suppose your excellency used to pop in, and take a snack, when you went to put money into the bank ?

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha ; why, I certainly did sometimes make my visits serve the double purpose of business and pleasure ; but I suspect your father will tell you, that my errand was more frequently to take money out of the bank.

Sam. Well, I hope your excellency liked the dinners he used to give you.

Sir G. It would require the very refinement of fastidiousness to disapprove of them : both the provisions and cookery were as good as heart could wish.

Sam. (*Aside.*) Lord help him for a judge, but mum. I've got a bit of cookery that will astonish him—my marinated pheasants' poults a la braise imperiale.

Sir G. Well, sir, I now have to inform you, that your father is exceedingly indignant at the conduct which you have pursued in insinuating yourself into my family in the quality of secretary.

Sam. Why, he ought to go down on his knees, and be thankful that I've got such a situation.

Sir G. I have reason to believe that your father intended you to commence your public career in a very different manner.

Sam. To be sure he did : he never could have any expectation of my getting such a place as this.

Sir G. No, sir, I'm sure of that ; nor of the motives which induced you to solicit it ; and, therefore, it is right that he should be made acquainted with every particular, under your own hand. (*He leads Savory to a chair, at the writing table.*) Come, sir ; here are all the materials for your purpose—place yourself at the table, and write what I shall dictate.

Sam. (*Avoiding the chair, and coming forward.*) Here's a mess ; I wish I could get him into a gossip again. (*To Sir George.*) When your excellency dined at my father's, did you ever happen to eat any broiled chickens with mushroom sauce ?

Sir G. Hang your chickens and sauce, sir ; is that a subject to introduce at this time ?

Sam. (*Aside.*) Oh, I see it's of no use. (*To Sir George.*) If your excellency would but give me half an hour ; (*Aside,*) so that I could make friends with the cook.

Sir G. No, sir ; I command you to do it, without a moment's delay, and in my presence.

Sam. Well, if I must, I must ; but I'm sure I shall do it very badly. It was always the case, sir, when I was at school. I was always obliged to get into a corner to write, for I never could do it, fit to be seen, if any one looked over me.

Sir G. Well, sir, I will not look over you. (*He leads Savory to the chair at the table.*) You shall sit in that chair. (*He carries his chair to the other side of the stage, and sits.*) And I'll sit in this. There, sir, is that sufficient to relieve your embarrassment ?

Sam. (*Taking his seat at the table, laying the paper before him, and examining the pens.*) Oh ! bless you, sir, no. 'Tis just the same as if you were at my elbow. (*Aside.*) If I can but gain time till something calls him away.

Sir G. And, pray, sir, how could you presume to engage yourself as an envoy's secretary, if you object to writing under dictation ? Why it is the very substance of your duty ; and you

must endeavor to conquer your mauvaise honte. Come, sir, begin.

Sam. (Aside.) Well, here I am, regularly trussed and spitted; I suppose basting will come next, and then I shall be dished.

Sir G. (Dictating.) Dear and honored sir.

Sam. (He runs and crosses to Sir George.) I beg your pardon, sir, have you got such a thing as a penknife in your pocket?

Sir G. What, have you not got one yourself? A secretary without a penknife! You'll find one in the drawer.

Sam. (Aside; listening at the door as he returns to his seat.) Nobody coming yet. Oh! what, what would I give now to hear of a declaration of war with Denmark! *(He resumes his seat, and mends a pen.)*

Sir G. Well, sir.

Sam. (He continues mending the pen, and occasionally looking askance at Sir George, until he is unobserved, when he empties the inkstand into his handkerchief, and replaces it before him, dipping his pen into the inkstand, and holding it up to Sir George.) I'm sorry to be so troublesome to your excellency, but here's no ink.

Sir G. No ink? *(He rises and crosses to Sam.)* There was ink, this morning. Those scoundrels, the servants, are always deranging something. I have more ink. *(He takes a bottle of ink from the book-case, fills the inkstand, leaving the bottle uncorked on the table, and resumes his seat.)*

Sam. (Aside.) Oh, then, its all up; and I shall get turned out, as clear as a jelly.

Sir G. Have you written what I have desired you?

Sam. No, sir, not yet. *(He writes, and speaks to himself.)* D, double E, R, deer, and—egad, I'll put an ampasand, and that will save trouble. Deer and H, O, N, hon, N, E, R, ner, honer, E, D, ed, honnered, S, double E, R, sur. *(Aloud.)* Sur. *(Aside.)* If he does but steer clear of hard words.

Sir G. (Dictating.) I am at a loss to express.

Sam. (As before.) I, by itself, I—H, A, M, ham—H, A, T, hat—A, by itself, A—L, O, S, los—T, O, to—X, P, R, E, S, express. *(Aloud.)* Express. *(Aside.)* Come, that's not so bad.

Sir G. (As before.) In adequate terms—

Sam. (Aside.) That's rather a queer one, though. I, N,

in, A, D, ad, D, E, adde, Q, U, I, T, quit, addequit—T, U, R, M, S, turms. (*Aloud.*) Turms.

Sir G. (*As before.*) The sorrow which I feel—

Sam. (*Writes as before.*) T, H, E, the—S, O, so, R, O, ro, soro—W, I, T, C, H, wich—I, by itself, I—F, E, L, E, fele. (*Aloud.*) Fele. (*Aside.*) It goes on pretty smoothly.

Sir G. For the act—

Sam. F, O, R, for—T, H, E, the—A, C, T, act. (*Aloud.*) Act.

Sir G. Of insubordination and duplicity—

Sam. (*Aside.*) Oh, ginger. (*He drops the pen.*) I thought how it would be—that's a clincher.

Sir G. Well, sir, why don't you continue?

Sam. (*Rising from his chair, and laying his hand on his cheek, and stamping about the stage, as if in violent pain.*) Oh, oh, oh!

Sir G. What's the matter?

Sam. My tooth, your excellency, my tooth, an infernal old stump, that makes my life a misery. Pray, excuse me, sir, whilst I get a mouthful of brandy. (*He attempts to go.*)

Sir G. No, sir, I will not excuse you. I expected these efforts at evasion, but they shall not serve. Resume your seat immediately, and pursue your task.

Sam. (*Whimpering.*) What, in spite of my teeth?

Sir G. Yes, sir, in spite of every excuse you can invent.

Sam. (*Resuming his seat, and wiping the perspiration from his face.*) I'm stewed tender; and if they intend to have me taken up, as I dare say they will, only let them do it now, and they may serve me away hot.

Sir G. Pray, sir, do you intend this as a specimen of the extraordinary promptitude which you just now boasted of possessing?

Sam. I beg you won't mention it, sir. What was it your excellency desired me to write?

Sir G. What did you write last?

Sam. (*Reading.*) Sorrow which I feel for the act.

Sir G. (*Repeating very distinctly.*) Of insubordination and duplicity—

Sam. (*Aside.*) Oh, sure, there never was such words in the English language. Of in-subordi—hang it, I might as well attempt to take down the debates of the house of commons. What's to be done? (*He looks up at the book-case.*)

I spy something—Johnson's dictionary. (*He rises to reach the dictionary; the board falls.*)

Sir G. (Exclaims.) Zounds, sir, your conduct is enough to make one forget the laws of common decorum.

Sam. I beg pardon. It was an accident. I went to take down a dictionary, and found it was all garnish, and as my memory's none of the best, will you be so good as to tell me how you spell the two long words you mentioned?

Sir G. What! do you not know the orthography of your own language?

Sam. Yes, your excellency, as well as any other chap going, except the spelling, and that, I must own, I never was a dab at.

Sir G. Why, what is the meaning of this? Let me look at the letter, sir.

Sam. Yes, sir. (*Hands the letter to Sir George.*)

Sir G. (Reading.) D, double E, R, and H, O, N, N, E, R. Why, what a jumble of jargon is this? Pray, sir, is this some new deception, or do you mean to say you can write no better?

Sam. I told your excellency how it would be, if I wasn't alone. 'Tis the best I can do, as I hope to be saved.

Sir G. Then answer me instantly, sir; who wrote the official letter which you palmed upon me as your performance?

Sam. I won't tell your excellency a word of a lie. It was your new cook.

Sir G. Then it seems you are an ignorant, insolent scoundrel, without any thing except your father's opulence, to recommend you. (*He seizes Savory by the collar.*) And how dared you, presumptuous idiot as you are, to make advances to my daughter?

Sam. If your excellency's daughter fell in love with me, it wasn't my place, you know, to find fault with her taste; and as you promised that I should have her—

Sir G. (Pushing him away.) Have her? Death! I'd rather follow her to the tomb.

Sam. Oh, very well, it was your own offer, you know, as I never saw the young lady—

Sir G. What, miscreant, will you insult my ears, by giving my daughter the lie? Out of my presence, sir.

Sam. (With vehemence.) Upon my soul and body, your excellency—

Sir G. Cowardly wretch, have you the meanness to deny it,

when she has the courage to confess it? Get out of my house, sir.

Sam. (Whimpering, and wiping his eyes with the inky pocket handkerchief.) But your excellency won't turn me away? Remember my poor father.

Sir G. Am I not obeyed? Zounds! this is beyond endurance. Out of my house, sir, this instant. Get out, I say. *(He kicks Savory off the stage, and follows.)*

Scene 3.—A dining room—a dinner table prepared for four persons.

(Enter Steward, with a letter in his hand.)

Stew. (Reading the superscription.) To Sir George Courtley's Steward. Oh, an applicant for one of the places, I suppose. However, he's too late, whoever he is. *(Opens the letter and reads.)*

(Enter Charles, walking about in great agitation.)

Char. (Aside.) What means can I possibly devise for obtaining an interview with Ellen; half an hour have I been watching, without the possibility of catching a glimpse of her.

Stew. (Turning, and observing Charles.) Hollo, cook, what's the matter?

Char. The matter! I'm half frantic with vexation. I carried the chocolate up to Miss Courtley, and just as I was in the act of knocking, a bouncing, brazen-faced wench, snatched the tray out of my hand, and slammed the door in my face.

Stew. It served you right—what business had you to carry it up stairs? Why don't you mind your own concerns? I'm sure you have not a moment too much time to get dinner ready.

Char. Hang the dinner!

Stew. Come, young man, you must not be impertinent, or else you and I may fall out—you thought to give the old gentleman the slip.

Char. What old gentleman, sir?

Stew. Your father.—Pray, do you happen to know a place called Aldermanbury?

Char. (Aside.) Goodness! he is in possession of my whole secret, and if I cannot soothe him to silence, I shall be exposed both to disappointment and ridicule. *(To Steward.)* How you obtained your information, sir, I will not inquire; I perceive that you are apprised of my desire to conceal my present situation from my father: perhaps you are also ac-

quainted with my motives, and if you will only promise that you will not betray me, (*he takes out his pocket book, and offers a note,*) any remuneration that is within the compass of my finances—

Stew. No, no, cook; put up your money; I won't deprive you of any more. What I said, was only to put you in a fidget. But come, cook, the sooner you get about serving up the dinner, the better; you'll have a wedding dinner to prepare.

Char. A wedding dinner! for whom?

Stew. For Miss Courtley, who is to be married to-morrow morning, to our young secretary.

Char. To the secretary?

Stew. Aye, he that gave you such a lecture in the art of cookery. But bless your soul, he's no more a secretary than you or me. He's a lover in disguise.

Char. A lover in disguise! (*In a rage.*) What, Ellen, the lovely Ellen, a party to such a diabolical plot! I cannot, will not believe it. But I'll know the truth; I'll seek out this soi disans secretary, and if he dares to confirm the steward's statement, either he shall relinquish his pretensions, or I'll blow his brains out. (*As he advances furiously, enter Alderman Gayfare; they meet face to face.*)

Char. My father!

Gay. My son!

Stew. (*Aside.*) What, our cook the son of an alderman? This is a day of wonders. (*Exit Steward.—After a moment of surprise, Charles attempts to pass Gayfare, who pushes him back.*)

Gay. No, young man, you shall not escape me now. I have found you. What, you have been playing at bo-peep, have you? Well, come, my boy, give me your hand. (*They shake hands.*) I'm glad to see you; I know your attachment and your wishes; I intended to be in a terrible sham passion with you, but I'm too honest for dissimulation, and too hungry to do any thing to delay the dinner. I've paved the way for you with Sir George, and he has promised me that to-morrow morning shall make Miss Courtley my daughter-in-law.

(*Enter Sir George Courtley and Ellen.*)

Sir G. (*As he enters, having heard the last part of Gayfare's speech.*) No, alderman, no, I protest against that.

Gay. Why, Sir George, you surely will not pay so little regard to your word as—

Sir G. Remember the conditions, that your son shall meet my approbation; and after the scene which we have just acted together—

Char. (*Aside.*) We have acted together!

Sir G. If it had not been for our friendship, I verily believe I should have thrown him out of the window. But as he was your son, I contented myself by merely kicking him out of my study.

Gay. (*Bowing.*) Upon my honor, Sir George, I am much indebted to you for your forbearance. (*To Charles.*) Come, sir, why don't you express your acknowledgments to Sir George, for his kind consideration?

Char. My dear sir, I scarcely know whether I'm awake or asleep; but if this be a vision, I'm undone. (*He advances to Ellen, and takes her hand.*)

Sir G. (*To Charles.*) And pray, who are you, sir?

Gay. Who is he? Why, my son, to be sure.

Sir G. This your son?

El. Certainly, papa; this is Charles.

Sir G. Then, who in the name of common decency and decorum, was that fellow who was with me in my study, and whom the steward introduced to me as my secretary: a vulgar booby, who could not write three words of intelligible English?

Char. I happen to know something of him, sir: he pretended to be a lover of Miss Courtley's in disguise. (*Charles and Ellen confer apart.*)

Sir G. In disguise! Then he must have had some improper motives; he must be pursued.

Gay. Not before dinner, Sir George, I beseech you, for in the very nick of time, here it comes, and if I fast five minutes longer, I shall faint.

(*Enter four Footmen, each carrying a dish, which they place upon the table; then enters Sam Savory, in his cook's dress, with an apron on and a napkin on his arm, covering a dish with great care.*)

Sir G. (*Recognizing Savory.*) Why, by all that's miraculous, this is the fellow I was just speaking of!

Sam. You did me too much honor, sir.

Gay. Why, bless my heart, 'tis my old cook, Sam Savory, whom I intended to recommend to your notice. (*To Sam.*) Why, zounds, you rascal, have you been the cause of all this confusion? (*He raises his cane, as if going to strike him.*)

Sam. (*Cooly taking off the cover, and holding the dish under Gayfare's nose.*) Strike, sir, strike, but smell.

Gay. What have we here? (*Smelling.*) By my appetite, 'tis my favorite dish: marinated pheasants' poults, as I hope to be saved.

Sam. (*He goes and places the dish upon the table, then comes forward and addresses Sir George.*) Please your excellency, I was your secretary by accident, and am now your cook by inclination. Although I was a fool in the study, I trust that by descending a story or two lower, I become a man of talent; for, according to the old proverb, the gentleman is known by his actions, and the cook by his ragouts.

Char. I fancy Sir George does not yet fully comprehend the arcana of this day's adventures; but I'm now in perfect possession of them, and shall make it my business to explain them at table. We have been for some time playing a game of cross purposes; but, thank fortune, we are all now restored to our proper places; and I hope every one present is as well satisfied as I am. (*He leads Ellen forward, and addresses the audience.*) The approbation of our indulgent friends, is the element in which alone we can live; and I trust we shall not, on the present occasion, find ourselves in that sense, "Fish out of Water." (*Exeunt.*)

XXVIII.—FROM THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.—*Cumber-
land.*

MORTIMER—AUBREY—COLIN MACLEOD—BRIDGEMORE—NAP-
THALI—SERVANT.

Scene 1.—Fish Street Hill.

(*Enter Aubrey.*)

Aubrey. If Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house—'twas there that, eighteen years ago, I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordained me to this hour, and, through innumerable toils and dangers, led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I approach it with an anxious, aching heart, uncertain as I am, if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omened doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and

tell her she has still a father ! Oh ! that, unknown and unperceived, I could but catch a sight of her ; gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and 'till this throbbing might abate. I'll watch the door till somebody comes out that I may speak to. (*Steps aside.*)

(*Enter Colin.*)

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fish Street Hill, wherever it may be. I would it had na' got its name for naught, that I might fairly smell it out, for I am clear bewaldered. Johnny Groat's house would as soon be found, as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o' this hand, one o' that ; t'other stares and grins, forsooth, because I hanna' got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot ! this mon seems of a batter sort, and, peradventure, would concede an answer. Speed you, gentleman, I pray you, which way leads to Fish Street Hill ?

Aub. This is Fish Street Hill.

Col. Gadzooks ! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken ye one Bradgemore's, may I ask ?

Aub. He used to live in yonder house, with the great gates ; but it is many years since I have been in England.

Col. I' faith, you need na' tell me that ; I apprehend as much, from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave, now, in my turn, to ask you a few questions.

Col. With aw my heart ; you have good right ; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore ?

Col. I am.

Aub. And with his family ?

Col. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of ?

Col. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all ?

Col. Ay, and enough, in aw good reason ; the de'il, sir, in his vengeance, need na' add a third.

Aub. But, to be serious ; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family ?

Col. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear ? Pray recollect yourself, honest friend ; has no young lady, of the name of Aubrey, come with in your knowledge ?

Col. Ay, ay, poor lassie ; she once lived with Bradgemore ;

the worse luck hers, but that is over ; she has got her liberty ; she's now released.

Aub. I understand you—she is dead.

Col. Dead ! Heaven forefend ! An' you would give me time, I would ha' told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny. Na' more ; out on him filthy porpoise ! aw the bowels in his belly, though he has got gude store, dunna' contain one grain of pity. Troth, with his gude will, she might ha' starved and perished in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me ? In the same breath, you bring my hopes to life, and murder them again. Starved in the streets ! I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Col. In virtue, sir—nought else ; and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks ! and I mysall, by heaven's gude Providence, had na' stapt in, upon the very nick of time, my life upon't, she had been lost.

Aub. Distraction ! how this racks my heart.

Col. Ay, and mine too. Ecod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna', for the sol of me, get it back into its place again.

Aub. Come to my arms, then, whosoever thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast saved my daughter !

Col. Daughter ! gadzooks ! you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miss Aubrey's father ?

Aub. I am her father.

Col. An' if I'd found mine awn, I could na' been more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune ; by my sol, you've got an angel of a child. But where have you been buried aw the while ? for we believed you dead.

Aub. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in ; satisfy me, first, if my poor child is safe.

Col. Fear nought, she's safe with Maister Mortimer ; I left her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer ?

Col. Why, Maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts, without the credit of one ; his tongue wounds, and his heart makes whole ; he must be known, and not described. An you will bait awhile in yonder tavern, till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to your daughter.

Aub. Agreed. I fear I've been mistaken in this Bridge-more. Three years ago I consigned to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon ; if he has robbed me—but, till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my inquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern ; there we'll concert the means of bringing

Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's. Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Bridgemore's Counting-house.

(*Enter Bridgemore and Napthali.*)

Bridgemore. So, these are the bonds.

Napthali. Yes, take 'em; this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest. (*Gives papers.*)

Bridge. Good, friend Napthali. The bonds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there; lie by and breed. But, hark ye: hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Nap. Aubrey's consignment, you mean.

Bridge. The same; but, mum! that's between you and me. Close, close, my little Napthali.

Nap. A broker, and betray his principal! That's not my vay; there is no senses in that. Here I have make out your account; 'tis very coot bargain I have make, considering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why, this tells well; it mounts. The raw silk was old gold; the carpeting and cottons not amiss; and, whuh! the rhubarb—

Nap. Ah! sir, but vat is that? Look at the coffee!

Bridge. Politics account for that; while newspapers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Russians was in our favor here.

Nap. Ay, ay; a charming stroke. War is a very coot thing, and then the plague; a blessed circumstance, tank heaven—coot seven per cent.

Bridge. Let me see;—altogether, 'tis a thumping sum; it netted forty thousand. Where's the conscience, Napthali, that would'nt strain a point for forty thousand pounds?

Nap. Oh! 'tis all fair in the vay of trade; you could not strike a jury out of Johnathan's that wouldn't acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's?

Nap. Odso! well recollected! The Seahorse is arrived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurance upon her.

Bridge. What d'ye hear? What passengers come in her? Is she at Stangate creek?

Nap. No, in the pool. She brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go ; you have given me an ague-fit ; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. (*Exit Naphali.*) Well, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow.—The Seahorse come at last ? Why, be it so. What ails me ? What possesses me ? If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man ; ay, and a warm one, too. How now ! who's there ?

(*Enter Colin Macleod.*)

Col. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you ; a wretched gaelly, under favor of your raverence ; na' better.

Bridge. I recollect you now, for one of my Lord Abberville's retinue. Well, you have some inquiries to make about Miss Aubrey ?

Col. Ecod, your close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guessed as much ; but she is gone from hence, and you may follow.

Col. Out on thee, ragamuffin ! An I were not bound to secrecy, I'd give thee sic a pull, should lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance. (*Aside.*)

Bridge. No, master Colin ; your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Col. Then I'll forswear my country. Well, you wull na' have my message, then I mun gang bock to Maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'll na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold ! what trader do you speak of ?

Col. Of one that's comed a passenger from Scanderoon, aboard the—what d'ye call the vessel ? The Seahorse, I take it.

Bridge. What ? who ? It is not Aubrey.

Col. Gude faith, I would it were ; the mon is dead.

Bridge. Which man is dead ? the passenger, or Aubrey ?

Col. Hoot ! can't you think 'tis Aubrey ? By your leave, truth, awhile ; you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falsehood to detect itsall. (*Aside.*)

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's ; I'll go with all my heart. Give me your hand ; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend. And so he's dead, you say ; you're sure he's dead. Pray, what distemper did he die of ?

Col. When a man's in his grave, what matters what distemper laid him there ?

Bridge. That's true ; that's true enough. Pray you, sit

down ; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter. Shall I meet a welcome, think you ?

Col. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I am a new man ; I walk upon the air. (*Exit.*)

Col. Ecod ! the project takes ; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

(*Enter Napthali, hastily.*)

Nap. Ods my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot—Who's there ; that crafty scotchman ?

Col. Hold, hold ! friend Napthali ; you and I munna part ; you must keep pace with me to Maister Mortimer's.

Nap. To Mr. Mortimer's ? Impossible ; why, I must be at bank, sir ; I must be at Johnathan's. I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the coffee-house on my back. Would you make me a lame duck ?

Col. Duck, or no duck, ecod ! sir, you must travel. (*Drags him out.*)

Scene 3.—Mortimer's Library.

(*Mortimer discovered.—Enter Colin Macleod.*)

Col. Bless you, gude Maister Mortimer, I hanna' slept in your commission. Yon fat fellow upon Fish Street Hill is on his march ; the plot is thickening, you mun know, apace, and you same buzzard canna' spy it out.

Mortimer. What plot is thickening ?

Col. Zooks ! mon, you shall behold as pretty a discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes looked upon : but aw things in their course ; I mun gang home the whilst, but I'll be quickly bock again, d'ye see ?

Mort. Do so, my friend, and, hark ye ! tell your lord I beg half an hour's conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Col. I shall do that ; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I crossed upon a gentleman of no vulgar presence, and, considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as cōrteous in his manners as your heart could wish.

Mort. That accounts for it. Well, what of him ?

Col. With your leave, Maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand ; troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you ; he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Col. Gude faith, he has done that for himsall ; he's not ha-

bituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Aubrey.*)

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, sir, is welcome—I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind, by the value you put upon them.

Mort. True, sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does an hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper. The impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating, and betraying, that their case is desperate; no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. Well, sir, with such good store of mental provision about you, you may stand out a siege against society; your books are companions you can never be tired of.

Mort. Why, truly, their company is more tolerable than that of their authors would be. I can bear them on my shelves, though I should be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, sir, I can quarrel with my books, too, when they offend my virtue or my reason. But I'm taking up your time; the honest Scotchman, who announced you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have. I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one whom great professions would annoy; whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution arises from within.

Mort. Pray, sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you; and, according to your humor, will address you. I own you may confer a benefit upon me; 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me the happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, sir, and not talk about it; show but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This, then, it is: you have a young person under your protection, a lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands : I am rich, sir ; I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think I would betray a trust, a sacred trust ; she is a ward of virtue : 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression, I protect Miss Aubrey. Who are you, that think to make a traitor of me ?

Aub. Your zeal does honor to you ; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue : it must take another name.

Mort. What other name ? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why.

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live ?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory. That dear, injured girl, whom you so honorably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart, bless and reward you ! You, whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have, under Providence, preserved my child ; whilst Bridgemore, whom I raised from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. Oh ! mother nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah ! sir, you feel the villainy of man in every vein ; I am more practised, and behold it only with a sigh. Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither : he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate particulars of my death ; in which case, it is clear, he means to sink a capital consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come ; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—An apartment in Mortimer's House.

(*Mortimer, Aubrey, and Naphthali, discovered.*)

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville ?

Nap. That is the amount of his debt ; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping : your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest. (*Mortimer looks over his papers.*)

Nap. Aubrey ! Is your name Aubrey, may I ask ?

Aub. It is.

Nap. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore ?

Aub. To my cost.

Nap. Did you consign him merchandise from Scanderoon ?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly.

Nap. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you were dead.

Aub. I take it for granted he would gladly have me so. But do you know any thing of that consignment ?

Nap. Eh ! Do I know of it ? I had better make a friend of him ; 'tis up with Bridgemore, fail ; there is no senses in serving him any longer. (*Aside.*) Why, you shall know, sir, I was Bridgemore's broker for your merchandise : here is the abstract of the net proceeds. (*Gives a paper to Aubrey.*)

Mort. That's lucky, as I live. I see an honest man can never want weapons to defeat a knave. And pray, sir, what might be your profit on this sale : double commission for a breach of trust ; that is the rule of the trade, I think ?

Nap. I work as others : I do nothing below market price.

Mort. You're right, sir, 'twould be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap : but get you gone together to my library ; I observe a person coming, who will interrupt you. (*Aside.*) Harkye ! Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me ; I'm pretty well accustomed to their dealings. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter a Servant, introducing Bridgemore.*)

Serv. Please to walk in here ; my master will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here ! Harkye, friend, I expected to meet a stranger, a gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such an one ?

Serv. He is now in the house, and, with Mr. Mortimer, will wait upon you presently. (*Exit.*)

Bridge. That's well, that's well ; as for old Surlyboots, I could well spare his company : 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

(*Enter Mortimer.*)

Mort. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand.

Bridge. True, sir; but death, you know, is common to all men: I looked to meet a gentleman here; this is all lost time; I hope to receive information that will reward me for the charity bestowed upon poor Aubrey's unworthy daughter.

Mort. Charity! Hold your audacious tongue: let conscience keep you silent. We are, sir, now alone; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard, unfeeling man; let it be so; you shall have justice, notwithstanding: innocence requires no more. You are accused; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accused of what? and who is my accuser?

Mort. A man; and you shall face him like a man. Who waits?—(*Enter Servant.*)—Desire the stranger to come hither. (*Exit Servant.*) Fear nothing; we're enough to try this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say, that your pretensions to charity are false; nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and leveled at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant, I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. We shall try that. (*Aside.*) Do you know this gentleman?

(*Enter Aubrey.*)

Bridge. Aubrey!

Aub. Thou wretch.

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion.—Raised by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress, I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak scion of a noble stock, was it to rob me, you received her? To plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her, and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepanned. How shall I look, my wife and daughter in the face? (*Aside.*)

Aub. Where have you lodged the money I deposited with you, at parting? I find my daughter destitute. What have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But,

above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand, to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses, when a man pleads guilty. Let him escape, he's detected; let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. It shall be so. There, sir, your pardon be your punishment; it was my money only, you attempted; my choicest treasure you have left untouched. Now, go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you; learn of your fraternity, a more honorable practice, and let integrity forever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant. (*Exeunt.*)

XXIX.—FROM THE WEST INDIAN.—*Cumberland.*

LADY RUSPORT—CHARLOTTE RUSPORT, HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW—
CHARLES DUDLEY, NEPHEW TO LADY RUSPORT—MAJOR O'FLAGHERTY, AN IRISH OFFICER—VARLAND, A LAWYER.

Scene 1.—A Room in Lady Rusport's House.

(*Enter Lady Rusport and Charlotte.*)

Lady Rusport. Miss Rusport, I desire to hear no more of Captain Dudley and his destitute family; not a shilling of mine shall ever cross the hands of any of them. Because my sister chose to marry a beggar, am I bound to support him and his posterity?

Charlotte. I think you are.

L. Rus. You think I am! And pray, where do you find the law that tells you so?

Char. I am not proficient enough to quote chapter and verse; but I take charity to be a main article in the great statute of Christianity.

L. Rus. Charity, indeed! And pray, miss, are you sure that it is charity, pure charity, which moves you to plead for Captain Dudley? Amongst all your pity, do you find no spice of a certain anti-spiritual passion, called love? Don't mistake yourself; you are not saint, child, believe me. And I am apt to

think the distresses of old Dudley and his daughter would never break your heart, if there was not a certain young fellow of two-and-twenty in the case, who, by the happy recommendation of a good person, and the brilliant appointment of an ensign, will, if I am not mistaken, cozen you out of a fortune of twice twenty thousand pounds, when you are of age to bestow it upon him.

Char. A nephew of your ladyship can never want any other recommendation with me; and if my partiality for Charles Dudley is acquitted by the rest of the world, I hope Lady Rusport will not condemn me for it.

L. Rus. I condemn you! I thank heaven, Miss Rusport, I am no ways responsible for your conduct, nor is it any concern of mine how you dispose of yourself; you are not my daughter, and when I married your father, poor Sir Stephen Rusport, I found you a forward, spoiled miss of fourteen, far above being instructed by me.

Char. Perhaps your ladyship calls this instruction.

L. Rus. You are strangely pert. But it is no wonder; your mother, I am told, was a fine lady, and brought you up accordingly. It was not so in my young days; there was then some decorum in the world, some subordination, as the great Locke expresses it. Oh! twas an edifying sight to see the regular deportment observed in our family; no giggling, no gossiping, was going on there. My good father, Sir Oliver Roundhead, never was seen to laugh himself, nor ever allowed it in any of his children.

Char. Aye, those were happy times, indeed!

L. Rus. But in this forward age, we have coquettes in the egg shell, and philosophers in the cradle; girls of fifteen, who lead the fashion in new caps and new opinions, who have their sentiments and their sensations; and the idle fops encourage them in it. O, my conscience, I wonder what it is the men can see in such babies!

Char. True, madam; but all men do not overlook the maturer beauties of your ladyship's age; witness Major O. Flagherty—there's an example of some discernment. I declare to you, when your ladyship is by, the major takes no more notice of me, than if I were a piece of furniture.

L. Rus. The major, child, has traveled through various kingdoms and climates, and has more enlarged notions of female merit, than falls to the lot of an English home-bred lover.

In most other countries, no woman on your side forty, would ever be named in a polite circle.

Char. Right, madam. I've been told that in Vienna they have coquettes upon crutches, and a lover there celebrates the wrinkles, not the dimples, in his mistress' face. The major, I think, has resided there.

L. Rus. Are you piqued, my young madam? Had my sister Louisa yielded to the addresses of one of Maj. O'Flagherty's person and appearance, she would have had some excuse; but to run away as she did, at the age of sixteen too, with a man of old Dudley's sort—

Char. Was, in my opinion, the most venial trespass that ever a girl of sixteen committed. Of a noble family, and sound understanding, what accomplishment was there wanting in Captain Dudley, but that of which the prodigality of his ancestors deprived him.

L. Rus. They left him as much as he deserves. Has not the old man a captain's half pay; and is not the son an ensign? (*With a sneer.*)

Char. An ensign! Alas, poor Charles! would to heaven he knew how my heart feels and suffers for him.

(*Servant enters.*)

Servant. Ensign Dudley, to wait upon your ladyship.

L. Rus. Who? Dudley? what can have brought him to town?

Char. Dear madam, it is Charles Dudley, your nephew.

L. Rus. Nephew! I renounce him as my nephew; Sir Oliver renounced him as a grandson. Wasn't he son of the eldest daughter, and only male descendant of Sir Oliver, and didn't he cut him off with a shilling? Didn't the poor, dear man, leave his whole fortune to me? And depend upon it, not a penny of that fortune shall ever be disposed of otherwise than according to the will of the donor. (*Charles Dudley enters.*) So, young man, what brings you to town?

Dudley. Business.

L. Rus. Business, indeed! And where is your father, child, and your sister? Are they in town too?

Dud. They are.

L. Rus. Ridiculous. I don't know what people do in London, who have no money to spend in it.

Char. Dear madam, speak more kindly to your nephew; how can you oppress a youth of his sensibility?

L. Rus. Miss Rusport, I insist upon your retiring to your

apartment ; when I want your advice, I will send for you. (*Exit Charlotte.*) So, you have put on the red coat too, as well as your father ; 'tis plain what value you set upon the good advice Sir Oliver used to give you ; how often has he cautioned you against the army ?

Dud. Had it pleased my grandfather to enable me to have obeyed this caution, I would have done so ; but you well know how destitute I am. Necessity, and not choice, determined me.

L. Rus. Well, well, take your own course ; 'tis no concern of mine ; you never consulted me.

Dud. I frequently wrote to your ladyship, but could obtain no answer : and since my grandfather's death, this is the first opportunity I have had of waiting upon you.

L. Rus. (*Affectedly.*) I must desire you not to mention the death of that dear, good man, in my hearing : my spirits cannot support it.

Dud. I shall obey you ; permit me to say, that as that event has richly supplied you with materials of bounty, the distresses of my family can furnish you with objects of it.

L. Rus. The distresses of your family, child, are quite out of the question at present. Had Sir Oliver been pleased to consider them, I should have been well content : but he has absolutely taken no notice of you in his will, and that to me must and shall be law. Tell your father and your sister I totally disapprove of their coming up to town.

Dud. Must I tell him that, before your ladyship knows the motive that brought him hither ? Allured by the offer of exchanging for a commission on full pay, the veteran, after thirty years' service, prepares to encounter the fatal heats of Senegambia, but wants a small supply to equip him for his expedition.

(*Servant enters.*)

Serv. Major O'Flagherty, to wait on your ladyship.

(*Major enters.*)

O'Flagherty. Spare your speeches, sir ; don't you think her ladyship can take my word for that ! I hope, madam, 'tis evidence enough of my being present, when I have the honour of telling you so myself.

L. Rus. Major O'Flagherty, I am rejoiced to see you. You see, child, I am engaged.

Dud. I shall not intrude upon your ladyship's more agreeable engagements. I presume I have my answer.

L. Rus. Your answer, child ! What answer do you expect ? Or, how can your romantic father suppose that I am to abet

him in all his idle and extravagant undertakings. Come, major, let me show you the way into my dressing room, and let us leave this young adventurer to his meditation. (*Exit.*)

Maj. I follow you, my lady. Young gentleman, your obedient. (*Aside.*) Upon my conscience, as fine a fellow as I'd wish to clap my eyes on. Fare thee well, honey, whoever thou art. (*Exit.*)

Dud. So much for the virtues of my aunt. (*Going.*)

(*Enter Miss Rusport.*)

Char. Stop, stay a moment. Charles, whither are you going in such haste?

Dud. Miss Rusport, what are your commands?

Char. Why so reserved? We used to answer to no other names than Charles and Charlotte.

Dud. What ails you, you've been weeping?

Char. No, no; or if I have, your eyes are full too.—But I've a thousand things to say to you. Have you taken lodgings?

Dud. I have; but why should you desire to find us out? 'Tis a poor, little, inconvenient place; my sister has no apartment fit to receive you in.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Serv. Madam, my lady desires your company.

Char. I am coming. Good bye, Charles. (*Exeunt, in different directions.*)

Scene 2.

(*Lady Rusport enters, leaning on Major O'Flagherty.*)

O'Flag. Rest yourself upon my arm—never spare it, 'tis strong enough. It has stood harder service than you can put it to.

(*Enter Charlotte.*)

Char. Mercy on me, what is the matter? Has your ladyship had an accident?

L. Rus. O, Charlotte, the most dreadful one in nature; I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Flag. Never go about to repair it, my lady; even build a new one—'twas a very crazy piece of furniture, at best.

Char. Bless me, has the old chariot broke down with you again?

L. Rus. Broke, child! I don't know what wouldn't have

been broke, if by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Char. Dear madam, let me run and fetch you a cup of the cordial drops. (*Exit.*)

L. Rus. Do, Charlotte. Alas, sir, ever since I lost my husband, my poor nerves have been shook to pieces; there hangs his beloved picture; that precious relic, and a plentiful jointure, are all that remain to console me for that best of men. Yes, he has gone and left me a poor, weak, solitary widow, behind him.

O'Flag. By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man, to repair his loss. Dennis O'Flagherty, no doubt, is as good.

L. Rus. What are you a going to say? Do not shock my ears with any comparisons, I beseech you.

O'Flag. Not I, by my soul. There's no comparison in the case.

(*Enter Charlotte.*)

L. Rus. O, are you come? Give me the drops, I'm all in a flutter.

L. Rus. (*After drinking.*) Well, major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone?

O'Flag. You are obeyed; he's on his march.

L. Rus. That's well; you've managed the matter to perfection; I did not think he would have been so easily prevailed upon.

Char. (*Aside.*) This is too much; I'll see them, ere I sleep. (*Exit.*)

O'Flag. No difficulty at all. He went at the first word. 'Twas the very thing he had determined to do before I came. I never met a more engaging man.

L. Rus. Well, 'tis no matter, so I am but rid of them and their distresses. Would you believe it, Major O'Flagherty, it was but this morning he sent a begging to me for money to fit him out upon some wild goose expedition to the coast of Africa?

O'Flag. Well, you sent him what he wanted?

L. Rus. I sent him what he deserved, a flat refusal.

O'Flag. You refused him!

L. Rus. Most undoubtedly.

O'Flag. You sent him nothing!

L. Rus. No a shilling.

O'Flag. Good morning to you—your servant— (*Going.*)

L. Rus. Hey day! what ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Flag. Out of your house, before the roof falls on my head, and back to poor Dudley, to share with him the little money that thirty years' hard service has left me. I wish it was more, for his sake.

L. Rus. Very well, sir, take your own course, I shan't attempt to stop you. I shall survive it; it will not break my heart, if I never see you more.

O'Flag. Break your heart! No, o' my conscience will it not. You preach and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the while are as hard-hearted as a hyena. (*Exit.*)

L. Rus. A hyena, truly! Very well, Major Dennis O'Flagherty!

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant. An elderly gentleman, who says his name is Varland, desires leave to wait on your ladyship.

L. Rus. Show him in. (*Exit Servant.*) The very man I wish to see; he was Sir Oliver's solicitor, and privy to all his affairs; he doubtless brings some good tidings, some fresh mortgage, or another bond come to light; they start up every day. (*Varland enters.*) Mr. Varland, I'm glad to see you; you're heartily welcome, honest Mr. Varland; you and I have not met since our late irreparable loss; how have you passed your time, this age?

Var. Truly, my lady, ill enough. I thought I must have followed good Sir Oliver.

L. Rus. Alack a day, poor man! Well, Mr. Varland, you find me here overwhelmed with trouble, and torn to pieces with a multiplicity of affairs; a great fortune poured upon me unsought for and unexpected; but it was my good father's will and pleasure it should be so, and I must submit.

Var. Your ladyship inherits under a will made in the year forty-five, immediately after Captain Dudley's marriage with your sister.

L. Rus. I do so, Mr. Varland, I do so.

Var. I well remember it; I engrossed every syllable; but I am surprised to find your ladyship set so little store by this vast accession.

L. Rus. Why, you know, Mr. Varland, I am a moderate woman; I had enough before; a small matter satisfies me; and Sir Stephen, my late dear husband, took care I should not want for that.

Var. Very true, very true, he did so ; and I am overjoyed to find your ladyship in this disposition ; for truth to say, I was not without apprehension, the news I have to communicate would have been some prejudice to your ladyship's tranquillity.

L. Rus. News, sir ? What news have you for me ?

Var. Nay, nothing alarming in your present way of thinking. I have a will of Sir Oliver's, you have never seen.

L. Rus. A will ! Impossible ! How came you by it, pray ?

Var. I drew it up by his command, in his last illness. It will save you a world of trouble ; it gives his whole estate to his grandson, Charles Dudley.

L. Rus. To Dudley ! His estate to Charles Dudley ! I can't support it ! I shall faint ! You've killed me, you vile man ! I never shall survive it !

Var. Look'e there now ; I protest I thought you would have rejoiced at being clear of the incumbrance.

L. Rus. 'Tis false, 'tis all a forgery concerted between you and Dudley ; why else did I never hear of it before ?

Var. Have patience, my lady, and I will tell you. By Sir Oliver's direction, I was to deliver this will into no hands but his grandson's, Charles Dudley's. The young gentleman happened to be then in Scotland ; I was dispatched thither in search of him ; the hurry and fatigue of my journey brought on a fever by the way, which confined me for several days. Upon my recovery, I pursued my journey, found that young Dudley had left Scotland in the interim, and am now directed hither, where, as soon as I can find him, doubtless I shall discharge my conscience, and fulfill my commission.

L. Rus. Dudley, then, as yet, knows nothing of this will ?

Var. Nothing ; that secret rests with me.

L. Rus. (*Appears thoughtful a moment.*) Come, Mr. Varland, if 'tis as you say, I must submit, I was somewhat flurried at first, and forgot myself ; I ask your pardon ; this is no place to talk of business, for I hear footsteps. Come with me into my room—we will there compare the will, and resolve accordingly. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter O'Flagherty and Charlotte.*)

Char. Whither were you running so hastily, major ?

O'Flag. Out of the house, to Dudley.

Char. To Dudley !

O'Flag. Aye, to Dudley. No fellow soldier shall ever suffer, while O'Flagherty has a penny left to prevent it.

Char. Heaven bless you. But here comes my aunt, and

has cut off your retreat. What will you do? you must not meet her so soon after such a mortal affront.

O'Flag. Egad, I'll step behind this screen and listen; a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush, as well as in the open field. (*Hides himself, and exit Charlotte.*)
(*Enter Lady Rusport and Varland.*)

L. Rus. Sure, I heard some one talking with Charlotte. Hark! no, it could only be she, talking to herself, doubtless, or, as she would say, to the imagination of her adored ensign. Well, Mr. Varland, I think then we are agreed: you'll take my money and put your conscience out of the way.

Var. Your father was my benefactor—his will ought to be served; but if I commit it to the flames, how will he be the wiser? Dudley, it is true, has done me no harm; but five thousand pounds will do me much good; so, in short, madam, I take your offer. I will confer with my clerk, who witnessed the will, and to-morrow morning put it into your hands, upon condition you put five thousand good pounds into mine.

L. Rus. 'Tis a bargain. I'll be ready for you; farewell, good Mr. Varland. (*Exit.*)

Var. Let me consider.—Five thousand pounds prompt payment for destroying this scrap of paper, not worth five farthings: 'tis a fortune easily earned; yes, and 'tis another man's fortune easily thrown away. 'Tis a good round sum to be paid down at once for a bribe, but it is a rogue's trick in me to take it.

O'Flag. (*From behind the screen.*) So, so, this fellow speaks truth to himself, though he lies to other people.

Var. 'Tis breaking the trust of my benefactor—that's a foul crime; but he's dead, and can never reproach me with it; and 'tis robbing young Dudley of his lawful patrimony—that's a hard case, but he's alive, and knows nothing of it. Were I assured now that Dudley would give me half the money for producing this will, that Lady Rusport does for concealing it, I would deal with him, and be an honest man at half price. I wish every gentleman of my profession could lay his hand on his heart, and say the same thing.

O'Flag. (*Coming forward.*) A bargain, old gentleman! Nay, never start nor stare; you wasn't afraid of your own conscience—never be afraid of me.

Var. Of you, sir! who are you, pray?

O'Flag. I'll tell you who I am; you seem to wish to be honest, but want the heart to set about it; now I'm the very

man in the world to assist you, for if you do not give up the paper this very instant, by the blood of my soul, I'll not leave one whole bone in your skin that shan't be broken.

Var. What right have you, pray, to take this paper from me?

O'Flag. What right have you, pray, to keep it from young Dudley? I don't know what it contains, but I am apt to think it will be safer in my hands than in yours; therefore, give it me without more words, and save yourself a beating.

Var. Well, I may as well make a grace of necessity. There, (*giving him the paper*.) I have acquitted my conscience at the expense of five thousand pounds.

O'Flag. Five thousand pounds! mercy on me! When there are such temptations in the law, can we wonder if some of the corps are a disgrace to it?

Var. Well, you have got the paper; if you are an honest man, give it to Charles Dudley.

O'Flag. An honest man! Look at me, friend; I am a soldier—this is not the livery of a knave; I am an Irishman, honey—mine is not the country of dishonour. Now, sirrah, begone; and if you enter these doors, or give Lady Rusport the least item of what has passed, I will cut off both your ears, and rob the pillory of its due. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—Captain Dudley's Lodgings.

(*Enter O'Flagherty.*)

O'Flag. Joy, joy, joy! sing, dance, leap, laugh for joy! Ha' done making love, and fall down on your knees to every saint in the calendar, for they're all on your side, and honest Saint Patrick at the head of them.

Charles. O, Charlotte, such an event! By the luckiest chance in life, we have discovered a will of my grandfather's, made in his last illness, by which he cuts off Lady Rusport with a small annuity, and leaves me heir to his whole estate.

Char. Is it possible? Then you will not stand in need of my assistance. I almost hate this change of fortune.

Cap. Dudley. It is the work of Providence, not fortune; 'tis the justice of heaven, which would not suffer innocence to be oppressed.

O'Flag. You shall pardon me, Captain Dudley, but you must not overlook St. Patrick neither, for, by my soul, if he had not put it into my head to slip behind the screen, when

your righteous aunt and the lawyer were plotting together, I don't see how you would ever have come at the paper there.

Capt. Dud. True, my good friend, you are the father of this discovery; but how did you contrive to get this will from the lawyer?

O'Flag. By force, my dear—the only way of getting any thing from a lawyer's clutches.

Capt. Dud. Well, major, when he brings his action of assault and battery against you, the least Charles can do is to defend you with the weapons you have put into his hands.

Charles. That I am bound to do; and, after the happiness I shall have in sheltering a father's age from the vicissitudes of life, my next delight will be in offering you an asylum in the bosom of your country.

O'Flag. And, upon my soul, my dear, 'tis high time I was there, for 'tis now thirty long years since I sat foot in my native country, and, by the power of St. Patrick, I think it's worth all the rest of the world put together.

Capt. Dud. Aye, major, much about that time have I been beating the round of service, and 'twere well for us both to give over; we have stood many a tough gale, and abundance of hard blows; but Charles shall lay us up in a little private, but safe harbor, where we'll rest from our labors, and peacefully wind up the remainder of our days.

O'Flag. Agreed; and you may take it as a proof of my esteem, young man, that Dennis O'Flagherty accepts a favor at your hands, for he would sooner starve than say I thank you, to the man he despises. But I believe you are an honest lad, and I'm glad you've trounced the old cat, for, on my conscience, I believe I must otherwise have married her myself, to have let you in for a share of her fortune.

Capt. Dud. And you, Charlotte—

Charles. Shall now be mine. (*Taking her hand.*)

Capt. Dud. What says my girl?

O'Flag. Begging your pardon, now, 'tis a frivolous sort of a question, that of yours; for you may see plainly enough by the young lady's looks, that she says a great deal, though she speaks never a word.

(*Enter Lady Rusport.*)

L. Rus. Hey day! mighty fine! mighty well! kissing and embracing! Did ever any thing equal this? Why, you shameless hussey! But I won't condescend to waste a word upon you. You, sir—you, Major O'Flagherty—is this the principle

you trade upon? Is this your neighborly system, to entice away headstrong daughters, that you may sacrifice them on young, beggarly fortune hunters.

O'Flag. Be advised now, and don't put yourself in a passion; we were all very happy, till you came.

L. Rus. Stand away, sir; have I not reason to be in a passion?

O'Flag. Indeed, honey, and you have, if you knew all.

L. Rus. (*To Charlotte.*) Come, madam, I have found out your haunts; dispose yourself to return home with me. Young man, let me never see you within my doors again. And you, Captain Dudley, I shall report your behavior, depend on't.

Capt. Dud. Hold, madam; I cannot consent to lose Miss Rusport's company this evening, and, I am persuaded, you won't insist upon it. It is an unmotherly action to interrupt your daughter's happiness in this manner.

L. Rus. Her happiness, truly, upon my word! And I suppose it's an unmotherly action to interrupt her ruin, for what but ruin must it be to marry a beggar? I think my sister had a proof of that, sir, when she made choice of you.

Capt. Dud. Don't be too lavish of your spirits, Lady Rusport.

O'Flag. By my soul, you'll have occasion for a sip of the cordial elixir, bye and bye. Indeed, madam, Mr. Dudley can hardly be called a beggar.

L. Rus. But, it appears to me, Major O'Flagherty, that a pair of colors cannot furnish a settlement quite sufficient for the heiress of Sir Stephen Rusport.

Char. But a good estate, in aid of a commission, may do something.

L. Rus. A good estate, truly! where should he get a good estate, pray?

Capt. Dud. Why, suppose now, a worthy old gentleman, on his death-bed, should have taken it into his head to leave him one.

L. Rus. Hah! what's that you say?

O'Flag. O ho! you begin to smell a plot, do you?

Capt. Dud. Suppose there should be a paper in the world, that runs thus: "I do hereby give and bequeath all my estates, real and personal, to Charles Dudley, son of my late injured and neglected daughter, Louisa," &c. &c.

L. Rus. Why, I am thunderstruck! By what contrivance, by what villany, did you get possession of that paper?

Capt Dud. There was no villany, madam, in getting possession of it. The crime lay in concealing it, not in bringing it to light.

L. Rus. O, that cursed lawyer, Varland!

O'Flag. You may say that, faith; he is a cursed lawyer, and a cursed piece of work I had, to get the paper from him; your lady, now, was to have paid him five thousand pounds for it, but I forced him to give it me of his own accord, for nothing at all, at all.

L. Rus. Is it you that has done this? Am I foiled by your blundering contrivances, after all?

O'Flag. 'Twas a blunder, faith; but as natural a one as if it had been done on purpose.

Charles. Come, let us not oppress the fallen. Do right, even now, and you shall have no cause to complain.

L. Rus. Am I become an object of your pity, then? Insufferable! confusion light amongst you! marry, and be wretched! let me never see you more. (*Exit.*)

Char. She is outrageous. I suffer for her, and blush to see her thus exposed.

O'Flag. Blessing of St. Patrick upon us all! 'Tis a night of wonderful ups and downs. But, come; even those that are happy may grow hungry, and, indeed, I wish we were all fairly set down to supper, and there was an end on't. (*Exeunt.*)

XXX.—FROM THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.—*Cumberland.*

LORD ABBERVILLE—MORTIMER—DOCTOR DRUID—COLIN MACLEOD
—LA JEUNESSE—JARVIS—SERVANTS.

Scene 1.—A Hall in Lord Abberville's House.—Flourish of French Horns.

(*Enter Colin Macleod.*)

Colin. Hoot! fellows, haud your honds: pack up your clarinets, and gang your gait for a pair of lubberly minstrels as you are. An you could hondle the bagpipe instead I would na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient instrument of great melody, and has whastled many a braw lad to his grave, but your holyday horns, there, are fit only to play to a drunken city barge, on a swan-hopping party up the Thames.

(*Enter La Jeunesse.*)

La Jeunesse. Fidon, Monsieur Colin, for why you have send away the horns? Upon my vord, my lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les macaroni below stairs, et toute la coterie above. Hark! who vait dere? My lord ring his bell. Voila, Monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Col. (*Looking out.*) Now the de'il burst the weams of you altogethèr, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you; had my Lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd over.

La Jeu. Ah, barbare? Here come my lord. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Lord Abberville.*)

Lord Abberville. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and supper served, at twelve, in the great eating-parlor.

Col. Ecod! my lord, had you kenned the mess of cakes and sweeties that was honded up amongst 'em just now, you would na' think there could be muckle need of supper this night.

Lord A. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Col. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

Lord A. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod: I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Col. Right, my lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty? (*Exit.*)

Lord A. What a Highland savage it is! My father, indeed, made use of him to pay the servants' wages, and post the tradesmens' accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does. (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—Table spread, &c.

(*Enter Lord Abberville and Mortimer.*)

Mortimer. "Is this a dinner, this a genial room?

This is a temple and a hecatomb."

Lord A. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too? I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore, I'm returning home. Good night to you.

Lord A. What, on the wing so soon. With so much

company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon ?

Mort. Food ! I revolt against the name ; no Bramin could abominate your fleshy meal more than I do ; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blushed for it : Mark Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

Lord A. A truce, good cynic ; prithee, now, get thee up stairs, and take my place ; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at cards ! Me at a quadrille-table ! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals : 'sdeath ! my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

Lord A. Out on thee, unconformable being ; thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society ?

Lord A. Yes ; but not my society—none such as you describe, will be found here ; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is formed by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit ! Yes ; their country's likely to suffer by their fashion, more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

Lord A. Come, come ; your temper is too sour.

Mort. And yours too sweet : a mawkish lump of manna ; sugar in the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

Lord A. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor ; I did not know your office extended further.

Mort. No : when I gave a clear estate into your hands, I cleared myself of an unwelcome office : I was, indeed, your father's executor ; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

Lord A. Pooh ! You've been black-balled at some paltry port-drinking club ; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me ; your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose. Yonder stands a sample of your choice.

Lord A. Doctor Druid ? Where's the harm in him ?

Mort. Where is the merit ? What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess, to fit him for the liberal office of traveling-preceptor to a man of rank ? You know, my lord, I recommended you a friend, as fit to form your manners as your morals ; but he was a restraint ; and in his stead, you took that

Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian, forsooth, who looks as if you had raked him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

Lord A. And so I did : but, prithee, Mortimer, don't run away ; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

Lord A. Nay, I must have you better friends. Come hither, doctor ; hark ye—

Mort. Another time : at present, I am in no humor to stay the discussion of a cockle-shell, or the dissection of a butterfly's-wing. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Doctor Druid.*)

Dr. Druid. Putterflies ! Putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the surly poots prabbling about ? Cot give her coot luck ! will the man never leave off his flings, and his fleers, and his figaries ? packpiting his petters ! Coot, my lord, let me call him pack, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, d'ye see ?

Lord A. Hang him, tedious rogue ! let him go.

Dr. D. Tedious ! ay, in coot truth is he, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy, too ; his crotchets and his humors damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet planket toes a fire : he is the very nightmare of society.

Lord A. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. D. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit ; like a loud pell to a pad dinner.

Lord A. Patience, good doctor ! Another time you shall have your revenge ; at present, you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. D. I've tone, my lord, I've tone. Laugh at my putterflies, indeed ! If he were as pig and as pold as King Griffing, Doctor Druid would make free to whisper an oord or two in his ear. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 3.—A Library in Mortimer's House.

(*Mortimer discovered.*)

Mort. So, so ! another day ; another twelve hours' round of folly and extravagance ; psha ! I am sick on't. What are our men of genius about ? Jarring and jangling with each other, while a vast army of vices overruns the whole country at discretion. (*Enter Jarvis.*) Now, Jarvis, what's your news ?

Jarvis. My morning budget, sir, a breakfast of good deeds ;

the offerings of a full heart, and the return of an empty purse. There, sir, I've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so, Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why not do like me, then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case—'twill wear the longer; veneer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the soft fool of pity, and thou my pander, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow, then, the half-pay officer I met last Sunday.

Jar. With difficulty, for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world; but in despair had crept into a corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Prithee, no more on't: you saved him; you relieved him; no matter how; you made a fellow-creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, sir; but his story's so affecting—

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then: why must my heart be wrung? I, too, am one of nature's spoilt children, and haven't yet left off the tricks of the nursery. (*Exit Jarvis.*)

(*Enter Colin Macleod.*)

Colin. The gude time o' day to you, sair.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrain take 'em all! sic a family of freebooters, Maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful economy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an the de'il himsel were to turn housekeeper, he could na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna' count past twa generations, without a gibbet in their scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably changed since your old master died.

Col. Ah! Maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my laird; i' faith, I hanna' stinted him o' that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafened him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed ; his head, heart, happiness, are gone to ruin : the least a gamester loses, is his money.

Col. Hoot ! and that's no trifle in this case : last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that ?

Col. From little Naphali of St. Mary Axe : when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your lord driven to such wretched shifts ?

Col. Hoot ! Know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew ? He is your only doctor in a desperate case ; when the regulars have brought you to death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, savors more of the lawyer than the doctor : for, I take it, he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Col. You've hit the nail o' the hede ; my laird will sign to any thing ; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promissory-notes, and a de'il sight of rogueries, depend on't. Ecod ! he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Naphali could carry ; I would it had braken his bock ; and, yet, he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish Street Hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Col. Ay, ay ; he's at the bottom of the plot ; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you ; Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, is playing the usurer with Lord Abberville ; this must be prevented. If the son of my noble friend will be outdone, it never shall be said he fell without an effort on my part to save him. (*Exit.*)

Col. By heaven, you speak that like a noble gentleman. Ah ! Maister Mortimer, in England, he that wants money wants every thing ; in Scotland, few have it, but every one can do without it. (*Exit.*)

Scene 4.—A Room in Lord Abberville's House.

(*Enter Lord Abberville, followed by Servants.*)

Lord A. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry, truly ; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Jeu. And with reason, my lord. Monsieur Colin is a grand financier ; but he has a little of what we call la maladie

dupays ; it is not for the credit of my Lord Anglois to be too aconomique.

Lord A. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute ; but get you gone altogether, and send the fellow to me ; I begin to be as tired of him as you are. (*Exeunt Servants.*) His honesty is my reproach ; these rascals flatter, while they rob me : it angers me, that one who has no stake, no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I, who am the owner and the sufferer : in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me ; my vices have deformed me ; gaming has made a monster of me.

(*Enter Colin Macleod.*)

Come hither, Colin ; what is this I hear of you ?

Col. Saving your presence, I should guess a pratty many lies ; 'twill mostly be the case, when companions in office give characters one of another.

Lord A. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of ? You are given up on all hands.

Col. And so must the truth itsal, when the de'il turns historian.

Lord A. You've been applauded for your bluntness—'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod ; nor shall I part from all my family, to accommodate your spleen. From the stable-boy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Col. Nor ever will, till I prefer their interest to yours. Hungry curs will bark ; but an your lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting yours above, gadzooks ! I have a pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetites than purses, who will applaud the regulation.

Lord A. 'Tis for such purses, and such appetites, you would be a fit provider. 'Tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridian of London, your narrow scale of economy is laid down.

Col. Economy is no disgrace. 'Tis batter living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Lord A. Well, sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome. My family are, one and all, in arms against you ; and, you must know, Colin Macleod, I have great objection to a rebellion, either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Col. My lord, my lord ! whan you have shad the blude of

the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offense : as for my awn particular, heaven be my judge, the realm of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my hond upon.

(*Enter Doctor Druid.*)

Lord A. So, doctor, what's the news with you? Well, Colin, let me hear no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me; and, harkye! if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Col. I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

Lord A. Afford it, sirrah! Don't I know you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it?

Col. True; but I fain would keep a little together, d'ye see? lest you should not. (*Exit.*)

Dr. D. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was tiffing and tispuling, truly, apout peticrees and antiquities, though I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of St. Winifred, as regularly as a monk can tell his peads.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Servant. My lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gamble.

Lord A. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little, ugly fellow; I believe he's a Jew.

Lord A. That's right; I had forgot, my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's, probably, is better trained—so let me see him. Who is in the ante-chamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your lordship; they have called many times.

Lord A. Ay, ay; they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore, conduct that little, ugly fellow, as you call him, to my closet, and bid those other people call again. (*Exit Servant.*)

Doctor, if any of my particulars are importunate to see me, don't let them interrupt me here; tell them I'm gone to Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it. (*Exit.*)

Dr. D. They may guess that, without the gift of divination, truly. Ah! this passion for gaming is the prejudice of education. He may thank France and Italy for this; I would have carried him through Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the gulf of Finland, to the straits of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he

had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.
(*Exit.*)

Scene 5.—The Hall in Lord Abberville's House.

(*Enter Lord Abberville and Colin Macleod.*)

Lord A. 'Sdeath! sir, am I or you the master of this house? Who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The gentlemen you excluded, came by special invitation and appointment.

Col. Gentlemen!

Lord A. Ay, gentlemen. Were they not such?

Col. Under favor, I took 'em to be sharpers. I know your lordship always loses, and I have noticed that they always win.

Lord A. Impertinence! I had debts of honor to adjust with every one of them.

Col. Hang 'em, base vermin! pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honor. (*Aside.*)

Lord A. What is't you mutter? It was you, too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Col. That's true enow, gude faith; I promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

Lord A. Rascal, thou'rt born to be my plague.

Col. Rascal! your father never used that word.

Lord A. On your life, name not him; my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them. Shall I keep a servant in my house, to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic, Mortimer, upon me, and expose me, in the moments of my weakness, to that snarling humorist? I want no monitors to reproach me—my own thoughts can do that. (*Exit.*)

Col. Wall, wall! 'tis vary wall! A rascal!—Let it pass. Zooks! I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word, and kept his dirk within his girdle. Let it pass. I've seen the world, served a spendthrift, heard myself called rascal, and I'll now jog bock again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred, in the isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me, by then I reach the place.

(*Enter La Jeunesse.*)

La Jeu. Ah! dere he stand, le-pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha, ha, ha! quelle spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one leetel word wid him at parting.—Monsieur le Financier, courage; I

am inform my lord have signed your lettre de cachet. Vat of dat? The air of Scotland will be for your healt. England is not a country for les beaux esprits. De pure air of de Highlands will give you de grande appetit for de bonny clabber.

Col. Take your jest, Master Frenchman, at my countrymen, and welcome; the de'il a jest they made of you last war. (*Exit.*)

La Jeu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. (*Exit.*)

Scene 6.—An Apartment in Mortimer's House.

(*Mortimer discovered.—Enter Doctor Druid.*)

Dr. D. Save you, sir, save you; is it true, I pray you, that a learned gentleman, a traveler, but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person, under that description, in my house.

Dr. D. May he be seen, good now? May he be talked with? What has he brought home? Is he well stored with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, sir, indifferently well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks, from the ruins of ancient Babylon; a heavy collection of ores, from the mines of Siberia; and a pretty large cargo of common salt, from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. D. Inestimable!

Mort. Oh! sir, mere ballast.

Dr. D. Ballast, indeed; and what discoveries does he draw from all these?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building, the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving: in short, doctor, he has no taste for these trifles; he has made the human heart his study; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies were extinct.

Dr. D. Yes, putterflies! 'Tis in my mind, d'ye see? What you have said about my putterflies: 'tis upon my memory. Put no matter; your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder. But go on; reform the world; you'll find it a tough task; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle. How will that light them who travel in the night? Away with such

philosophers. Here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't. (*Enter Colin Macleod.*) So, Colin, what's the news with you? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Col. Troth, sir, no mighty matter; only Laird Abberville has turned away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honor grete gude will.

Mort. What is't you tell me? Is my lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him?

Dr. D. By this coot light, and that is well remembered; look ye, I've got your wages; come, hold out your hand.

Col. Axcuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. D. No wages? Why, 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think petter on't; you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one else.

Col. Like enow; but, by my sol, I'll touch na' siller. He has geen a title to me which I hanna' merited, heaven knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Col. Saving your presence, it ha' pleased my laird to say, I am a rascal; but I'll na' wear a rascal's wages in a Scottish pouch. I'd sooner eat my stroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou would'st; but wait awhile with patience; this rash young man's affairs press to a crisis; I have yet one effort more to make, which, if it fails, I shall take leave of him, as well as you.

(*Enter Jarvis.*)

Jar. Lord Abberville desires to speak with you.

Mort. That's well. Colin, go you with honest Jarvis. Doctor, for once, let us unite our studies in this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your philosophy may furnish harmless ones, to fill their place. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 7.—A Room in Mortimer's House.

(*Mortimer.—Lord Abberville, reading papers.*)

Mort. You see, my lord, the precipice on which you stood. One step more, and you had dashed to eternal ruin. No friendship could have saved you.

Lord A. O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon you. I shudder at the danger I was in, and renounce the vices of fashiona-

ble life forever. I will henceforth devote myself to the cause of virtue and humanity.

Mort. Why, that's well said; there spoke your father, from within you; now, begone; fly to the altars of your country's cares; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude; and, while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason, why you was a gamester.

Lord A. I've been a madam; I have lost an humble, faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why, ay, your Highlander; your poor Macleod! Our plan must stop, without his help. I am but a projector, he must execute. But there, likewise, I can serve you.

Lord A. My friend! Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee!

Mort. Come, come; I have my faults. I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

(*Enter Doctor Druid, followed by Colin.*)

Dr. D. Tutor me, truly! talk to me! Pray, gentlemen, pear witness; is Master Colins here, a proper teacher of the tialects, d'ye see? and pronunciations of the English tongue?

Col. Why not? Is there not Duncan Ross, of Aberdeen, that lectures twice a week on oratory, at the Seven Dials? And does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine awn, administer the English language, in its utmost alegance, at Amsterdam?

Dr. D. Pear witness, that is all I say, pear witness.

Mort. We do; there is not one of us, doctor, but can bear witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity for any bribe that you can offer.

Lord A. Colin, I've done you wrong, but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find, henceforward, I will be a better master.

Col. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yoursall na more than I shall do, things will gang well enow. Heaven sends misfortune, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. D. Well, Master Colins, all is past and over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admonish you, for the future, to be quiet, and hear reason; moderate your choler, and your passions, and your partialities; it is not for a clown like you to prattle and tisperute with me; in fait, you should know petter.

Col. Hoot, Welch! (*Exit.*)

Mort. Come, come, doctor, 'tis you that should know bet-

ter ; in this poor Highlander, the force of prejudice has some plea, because he is a clown ; but you, a citizen that should be of the world, whose heart philosophy and travel might have opened, should know better than to join the cry with those, whose charity, like the limitation of brief, stops short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed. By heaven, I'd rather weed out one such unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their empire. (*Exeunt.*)

XXXI.—FROM THE VILLAGE LAWYER.—*Anonymous.*

SCOUT, A VILLAGE LAWYER—SNARL, A MISERLY MERCHANT—MITTIMUS, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—SHEEPFACE, SNARL'S SHEPHERD—CHARLES, SNARL'S SON—CLERK, CONSTABLES, &c.—MRS. SCOUT.



Snarl.—There, now, he's fancying himself a tailor, and at work upon my cloth.

Scene I.—A Room in Scout's house.

(*Without.—Mr. and Mrs. Scout.*)

Mrs. Scout. I tell you it shall be—

Scout. Nay ! nay ! but, my dear, now !

Mrs. S. It does not signify talking—I must and will have it so.

Scout. But think, my dear, how ridiculous—

Mrs. S. I don't care—I'm resolved—I'll no longer be the laughing-stock of the whole country ; do you imagine I'll—

(*Enter Mr. Scout—Mrs. Scout following.*)

Scout. Nay ! but my dear, sweet love, that indefatigable tongue of yours would out-talk any lawyer in the kingdom ; I can talk, sometimes, pretty well, myself, but I stand no chance with you. Why, you would out-din the whole bar itself, that though a lawyer—

Mrs. S. (*Sneering.*) A lawyer ! No one, to see you in this trim, would imagine you had ever carried on any body's suit but your own. Had you a grain of spirit left, you might—

Scout. Spirit ! Nay, nay, wife, don't complain of my want of spirit. Have not I convinced you I had too much spirit on a certain occasion ?

Mrs. S. Very fine, indeed.—And so you make a merit of your blunders.

Scout. Blunders, indeed ! I think I made a blunder in coming here. Not a single job have I got since I have been down : not a broken head, nor a quarrel for one to get a penny by : and hang me, if I don't think the very cattle keep out of the pound, on purpose to spite me ! Now, if one could put on the appearance of business, the reality will follow of course, and perhaps something may turn out—

Mrs. S. Yes, and in the meantime, your poor wife may starve, and your daughter lose the opportunity of settling herself handsomely, with one of the young men that pay their addresses to her,—which the shabbiness of your appearance frightens away.

Scout. Why, to be sure, I am shabby enough, of all conscience, and cannot, with any propriety, make my appearance in public.—Let me see—I have it ; I'll go and purchase a suit of clothes directly.

Mrs. S. Purchase a suit of clothes, without a shilling in your pocket ?

Scout. O, my dear, that's nothing at all : most fashionable suits are purchased that way. Let me see—what color shall I choose ? Shall it be a brown—a gray—a bat's wing—or—

Mrs. S. Oh ! never mind the color, so you can only find somebody silly enough to let you have the cloth.

Scout. O, I'll warrant you. Let me see, now—there's neighbor Snarl, that lives over the way ; he keeps a large assortment of colors : I'll hum him out of a suit.

Mrs. S. Mr. Snarl !—Take care what you do there, hus-

band; his son, Charles, is in love with our Harriet, and would have married her before now, but for fear of his father's anger. I would not for the world disappoint the girl's hopes.

Scout. Well! well! step in and bring my gown and band—it will, at least, make me have a better appearance, (*exit Mrs. Scout,*) by hiding these rags. Come, wife, make haste. Come, what a long time you are.

(*Re-enter Mrs. Scout, with the gown and band.*)

Mrs. S. Why, I brought it as soon as I could.

Scout. Come, help me on with it;—take care what you are about. See what a large hole here is. You sit all day with your hands before you; and I think you might have mended it.

Mrs. S. I'll mend it when you come back.

Scout. There—there—now I shall do very well! And let me tell you, wife, I am not the only lawyer who wears a gown, to cover a shabby suit. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 2.—Snarl's Shop—a counter, several pieces of cloth, flannel, baize, &c., four yards iron-gray broadcloth, tailor's pattern-book, shears, yard-measure, table, chair, side of counter, shop stool.

(*Enter Snarl, and Charles following.*)

Snarl. Charles, have you been looking out for another shepherd, as I told you?

Charles. No, sir, I think you have got a very good one.

Snarl. No such thing—I tell you that that Sheepface is a rogue; here he has lived with me only a fortnight, and here are missing fourteen of my best wethers.

Char. Consider, sir, what havoc such a disorder makes in a little time.

Snarl. Yes, yes, I have considered, and I know pretty well by this time. I have long suspected him, and last night I caught him in the very act, killing one of my fattest wethers; and I am determined to have him up before Justice Mittimus this day:—but reach me my book, and let me look over the account of my stock,—perhaps there may be more missing.

Char. There it is, sir. (*Gives an account book.*)

Snarl. (*Sits down.*) And if neighbor Gripe calls, tell him I want to see him about this rascal Sheepface. Let me see—twelve times ten is—

(*Charles is going, and meets Sheepface.*)

Char. Sheepface, my father has discovered all; do the best you can; beware of saying too much. (*Exit.*)

Sheepface. I understand—don't fear me.—Save you, good master Snarl.

Snarl. What ! you rascal ! are you here ? How dare you appear before me, after the trick you have played me ?

Sheep. Only to tell you, I've been with nighbor Gripe, the constable, who has been speaking to me about sheep-stealing, Justice Mitimus, your honor, and a power of things ; so I said to myself, as how I would not make it a secret any longer with your worship.

Snarl. Why, fellow, this affected simplicity won't serve your purpose. Did not I catch you, last night, killing one of my fattest wethers ?

Sheep. Only to keep it from dying, by my feckins !

Snarl. To keep it from dying !

Sheep. Of the rot, an' please your sweet worship.—It's a way I learnt of our doctor, in the parish : he cures most of his patients the same way.

Snarl. The doctor, ha ! The doctors have a license to kill from the college ; but you have none, I believe. Why, there was not such a breed in all the country, for Spanish wool !

Sheep. Please your worship, satisfy yourself with the blows you gave me, and make matters up, if it be your worship's good will and pleasure.

Snarl. But 'tis not my good will and pleasure : my good will and pleasure is to see you hanged, you rascal.

Sheep. Oh ! no ; don't hang me ! Consider, that would be the death of me ! Besides, your worship, I was only married yesterday :—leave me alone for a week or two, and who knows, but, by that time, I may save your worship the trouble.

Snarl. No, no, the gallows will be the best way at first, and every bit as sure.

Sheep. Heaven give you the luck of it then, good master

Snarl. Since it must be so, I must go seek a lawyer, I find, or might will prevail over right. (*Exit Sheepface.*)

Snarl. Six times twelve is seventy-two,—that is right ; then nine times seven is—

(*Enter Scout.*)

Scout. Egad, I have nicked it nicely !—This was very lucky, to catch him alone. That seems to be a pretty piece of cloth, and will just suit me. (*Aside.*) Good morning to you, Mr. Snarl.

Snarl. O ! what ! nighbor Gripe ! walk in.

Scout. No, it's I, your nighbor Scout.

Snarl. I am my neighbor Scout's most obedient; but I have no business with him at present, that I know of.

Scout. (*Aside.*) I'll make you tell a different story presently, or I am much mistaken.—I called to settle a little account.

Snarl. I have no account to settle with any body.

Scout. There's a small balance of fifty pounds—

Snarl. I know nothing at all about it; I don't owe any man a farthing in the world.

Scout. I wish I could say as much for myself. (*Aside.*) Why, sir, looking over my father's accounts, I see he stands indebted to you fifty pounds; and I, as an honest man, am come to pay it.

Snarl. (*Turning round, rises, and shakes him by the hand.*) How do you do, neighbor Scout? How do you do? I'm glad to see you!

Scout. Very well, I thank you, sir. How do you do?

Snarl. I think you live in our village here.

Scout. Yes, sir, I do.

Snarl. Pray, be seated.

Scout. By no means;—I fear I disturb you.

Snarl. Oh! no, not at all; pray sit down.—I insist upon it.

Scout. Ah! sir, if every body was of my principle, I should be a deal richer than I am; I cannot bear to be in any body's debt.

Snarl. Why, egad! the generality of people bear it very well.

Scout. Very true, sir, very true: when would you like to receive this money? for I'm impatient to pay every body.

Snarl. Why, when you please.—No time like the time present.

Scout. Very true; I have it told out at home; but as I only hold my father's effects in trust for my daughter Harriet, for form sake, you know it will be proper to have some of the other guardians present at the time of payment.

Snarl. Very true; it is so, indeed!—Well, as soon as you please.

Scout. What do you think of three o'clock this afternoon?

Snarl. A very good time.

Scout. And, egad! it happens very lucky—I've got a very fine goose, sent me by a client from Norfolk, and you shall come and dine with me:—are you fond of goose?

Snarl. Very. It's my favorite dish.

Scout. That's very lucky. Don't forget to come. I think

you do a deal of business here—more than all the rest of the trade around the country.

Snarl. Pretty well ; I can't complain.

Scout. And Mrs. Scout will dress the goose by a valuable receipt left her by her great uncle, Alderman Dumpling. Do you like sage and onion ?

Snarl. Very much, indeed.

Scout. You shall have it so. Why, you have such an engaging way with you, that people take more pleasure in paying you money, than in receiving it from other people.

Snarl. Ah, sir, you flatter me !

Scout. Not at all. Egad ! now I recollect, I promised Mrs. Scout you should have my custom ; and I don't care if I take a coat, to begin with.

Snarl. Pray, sir, look over my patterns : here's a variety of colors.

Scout. This seems to be a pretty piece of cloth. (*Feeling the cloth that lies on the counter.*)

Snarl. Very fine, and good ! It is iron-gray.

Scout. Don't you remember our going to school ?

Snarl. What ! along with Old Iron Fist ?

Scout. The same.—You was reckoned the prettiest boy in the whole school.

Snarl. Yes ; my mother said I always was a pretty boy.

Scout. This cloth feels very smooth and fine.

Snarl. Right Spanish wool, I assure you ! Let me send your quantity to your house.

Scout. Stop ! stop ! Pay as you go, pay as you go ; that is always my maxim.

Snarl. And, egad, a very good maxim 'tis ! I wish all my customers made use of the same.

Scout. Don't you remember the tricks you used to play the curate ?

Snarl. Yes, very well.

Scout. Ay, you was always full of mischief.—What is this cloth a yard ?

Snarl. Why, to any body else it should be nineteen shillings and sixpence ; but—

Scout. Now you are going to favor me.

Snarl. No, I am not ; only as you are a particular friend, I won't charge you but nineteen ; and, luckily, here is just your quantity cut off.

Scout. That is lucky : I'll take it home with me.

Snarl. By no means.—My boy—

Scout. Why would you take the poor boy from his work ? I don't mind carrying it myself.

Snarl. But let me measure it ; perhaps there may be some mistake.

Scout. No mistake : d'ye think I doubt your word ?

Snarl. But the price ?

Scout. Never mind that : I leave it entirely to you. Well, good morning : don't forget the goose ; you'll be sure to be there time enough to dine, before you receive your money. Good morning—don't forget. (*Exit.*)

Snarl. Zounds ! but he has carried off my cloth—but he'll pay. O yes, he'll pay : for he must be a very honest man, or he never would have told me of the fifty pounds, and invite me to dine off the goose into the bargain. I am sorry I cheated him in the cloth. But no matter ; it is the way I got all my money. (*Exit.*)

Scene 3.—A Wood-Cottage.

(*Enter Scout and Sheepface.*)

Scout. Egad, I think I have made a good morning's work ! This cloth will enable me to make a genteel appearance :—but who have we here ? Sure I should know that face.

Sheep. Sarvant, sir. I am come to ask your worship to stand my friend against a—his worship, my master.

Scout. What, the rich farmer here, that lives in the neighborhood ?

Sheep. Yes, yes—he lives in the neighborhood, sure enough ;—and if you will stand my friend, you shall be paid to your heart's content.

Scout. Aye ! now you speak to the purpose :—come, you must tell me how it was.

Sheep. Why, you must know, my master gives me but small wages—very small wages indeed ! So I thought I might as well do a little business on my own account, and so make myself amends without any damage to him, with an honest neighbor of mine—a little bit of a butcher by trade.

Scout. Well, but what business can you have to do with him ?

Sheep. Why, saving your worship's presence, I hinders the sheep from dying of the rot.

Scout. Ah!—how do you contrive that?

Sheep. I cuts their throats before it comes to them.

Scout. What! I suppose, then, your master thinks you kill his sheep for the sake of selling their carcasses?

Sheep. Yes; and I cannot beat it out of his head for the soul of me.

Scout. Well, then, you must tell me all the particulars about it. Relate every circumstance, and don't hide a single item.

Sheep. Why, then, sir, you must know, that last night, as I was going down,—must I tell the truth?

Scout. Yes, yes; you must tell the truth here, or we shall not be able to lie to the purpose any where else.

Sheep. Well, then, last night, after I was married, having a little leisure time upon my hands, I goes down to our pen; and, as I was musing on I don't know what, out I takes my knife, and happening by mere accident, saving your worship's presence, to put it under the throat of one of the fattest wethers—I don't know how it came about, but I had not been long there, before the wether died, and all of a sudden, as a body may say.

Scout. What! and somebody was looking on all the while?

Sheep. Yes, master, from behind the hedge, and would have it, it died all along with me; and so, you see, he laid a shower of blows on me; but I hope your worship will stand my friend, and not let me lose the fruits of my honest labors—all at once.

Scout. Why, there are two ways of settling this business; and one is, I think, to be done without putting you to any expense.

Sheep. Let's try that first, by all means.

Scout. You have scraped up something in your master's service.

Sheep. I have been up late and early for it, sir.

Scout. I suppose you have taken care to have your savings all in hard cash?

Sheep. Yes, sir.

Scout. Well, then, when you go home, take it and hide it in the safest place you can find.

Sheep. Yes, sir, that I'll do.

Scout. I'll take care your master shall pay all costs and charges.

Sheep. Aye, so he ought: he can afford it.

Scout. It shall be nothing out of your pocket.

Sheep. That's just as I would have it.

Scout. He'll have all the trouble and expense of bringing you to trial, and, after that, have the pleasure of seeing you hanged.

Sheep. Let's take the other way.

Scout. Well, let me see : I suppose he'll take out a warrant against you, and have you taken before Justice Mitimus.

Sheep. So I understand.

Scout. I think the justice's credulity is easily imposed on ; so, when you are ordered before him, I'll attend ; and to all the questions that you are asked, answer nothing, but imitate the voice of the lambs, when they bleat after the ewes. You can speak that dialect.

Sheep. It's my mother tongue.

Scout. But, if I bring you clear off, I expect to be very well paid for this.

Sheep. So you shall ; I'll pay you to your heart's content.

Scout. Be sure you answer nothing but baa !

Sheep. Baa !

Scout. Aye ! that will do very well : be sure you stick to that.

Sheep. Yes, your worship, never fear I. What trouble a body has to keep one's own in this world. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Snarl.*)

Snarl. Aye, aye ; that's my neighbor Scout's house : he is just come home, to give orders about the dinner, I warrant.—Egad, I think I shall make a good day's work : what with the fifty pounds his father owed mine, which, by the bye, I know nothing at all about, and the money for the cloth, and the goose that is to be dressed by a famous receipt of Alderman Dump-ling's—egad, I believe they are dressing it now,—I'll in, and see what is going forward. (*Exit.*)

Scene 4.—A room in Scout's House. An old couch, an easy chair, center.—Table, with basins, viols, &c.

Scout. Wife, wife—come along—I think I hear Snarl at the door : come to your place, and mind your cue. (*Sits down.*)

Mrs. S. Never fear me—I warrant I shall make an excellent nurse.

Scout. Ha ! ha ! I wonder how Snarl will relish the goose ? But hark ! he is certainly coming.

(*Enter Snarl.*)

Snarl. Where is my friend, Mr. Scout?—Is the goose a dressing?

Scout. Wife, wife—here comes the doctor—he brings me the cooling mixture—the cooling mixture!

Snarl. The cooling mixture!

Mrs. S. Oh, sir! I hope you have brought something for my poor husband; he has been confined to his room, and has not been out this fortnight!

Snarl. Not out of his room this fortnight!

Mrs. S. No, sir; this day fortnight, of all the good days in the year, he was seized with a lunacy fit, and has not been out of doors since!

Snarl. Why, woman! What are you talking about?—Why, he came to my shop this morning, and, by the same token, he bought four yards of iron-gray cloth, and I am come for my money.

Mrs. S. This morning!

Snarl. This morning; and invited me to dine with him to-day off a goose, and to receive fifty pounds which his father owed mine—I'll speak to him. (*Crosses.*) How do you do, good Mr. Scout?

Scout. Oh, how d'ye do, good Mr. Drench?

Snarl. Good Mr. Drench!

Mrs. S. He takes you for the doctor, Mr. Drench.

Scout. Wife, wife—keep the doctor from me, and a fig for the disease.

Mrs. S. For heaven's sake, sir, if you can't relieve him, don't torment him.

Snarl. Hold your tongue, woman. I want my cloth or my money. Mr. Scout! Mr. Scout!

Scout. See! see! see! There are three nice butterflies; there they fly; there they fly! they fly! (*jumps after them,*) with bat wings—I've caught them—I have them.—Tally-ho, tally-ho.—Oh! oh! oh! (*Falls in the chair.*)

Snarl. Butterflies!—Hang me if I can see any. I wish to see my cloth.

Scout. (*Jumps on the chair.*) My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my client, Sir Hugh Witherington, charges the defendant, Mr. Mungummery, that is, moreover, nevertheless, as shall appear, as—(*Spits at him.*—*Jumps down and dances.*) Dol de rol, de lol! Oh! oh! oh! (*Jumps cross-legged on the chair.*)

Snarl.—There now, he's fancying himself a tailor, and at work upon my cloth.

Mrs. S. Do, pray, sir, leave him, and don't torment him.

Snarl. I won't leave him without my money. See, he is getting better. I'll speak to him again. How do you do, neighbor Scout?

Scout. How d'ye do, Mr. Snarl? I am glad to see you; I hope you are very well. My dear, here is Mr. Snarl come to see us.

Snarl. There! there! there! he knows me: he knows me.

Scout. Oh, Mr. Snarl, I beg a thousand pardons; I confess I have been very unkind; but I hope you'll excuse me coming to see you. I have never called on you since I came to live in this part of the country.

Snarl. Never called on me! Oh, the mischief, I shall never get my cloth again. Why, man, you called on me this morning, and bought four yards of iron-gray cloth, and I am come for my money—besides fifty pounds your father owed mine. Ayè, you may shake your head; but hang me, if I go out of the house without it.

Scout. Say you so? Then I'll try something else. (*Aside.*) Wife! wife! wife! get up—softly! softly! get up! Don't lie snoring there: there's thieves in the house. No, no; second thoughts are best; be still while I fetch my gun and shoot them. Cover yourself up close; I'll shoot them! shoot them! shoot them! (*Exit.*)

Snarl. Thieves in the house, did he say? Egad, who knows but, in his mad tricks, he may shoot me for a thief? I'll get out of his way, and not stay with a madman.

(*Enter Scout, with a birch broom, and presents it at him.*)

Scout. Boh! (*Exit Snarl.*) Victoria! Victoria! Ha! ha! ha! Well wife, I must say you are an honor to the fair sex.

Mrs. S. Ha! ha! The good Mr. Snarl, how he must have relished his favorite dish, with the "sage and onions." (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 5.—Justice's Office.—A covered arm chair for Mittimus, raised on two steps.—Table, with pens, ink, paper, books, &c. Stool for Clerk, and chair for Scout, at table.

(*Justice Mittimus discovered sitting—Clerks, &c.*)

Justice. So, the court being assembled, the parties may appear.

(Enter *Snarl*, *Scout*, and *Sheepface*, with *Constables*, &c.)

Just. Where is your lawyer, neighbor *Snarl*?

Snarl. I am my own lawyer; I shall employ nobody—that would cost more money.

Scout. Why, how now, you rascal, (*seeing Snarl as the plaintiff*.) have you imposed upon me? What's the meaning of all this? Is that the plaintiff?

Sheep. (*Aside to Scout.*) Yes, that's his honor, my good master.

Scout. O, fury! What shall I do? I must stay and brazen it out! If I speak out of court, it will cause suspicion. (*Aside.*)

Just. Come, neighbor *Snarl*, begin.

Snarl. Well then, that thief, there—

Just. No abuse!—No abuse!

Snarl. Well then, I say, that rascal, my shepherd—no—do my eyes deceive me?—Sure that is—yes—it must be he;—if I had not left him very bad, I could have sworn—yes, yes, 'tis he—and that other rascal came to my shop and bought—no, no—I don't mean so;—that rascal there has killed fourteen of my fattest wethers.—What answer do you make to that?

Scout. I deny the fact.

Snarl. What is become of them, then?

Scout. They did die of the rot.

Snarl. 'Tis he—his voice, too.

Just. What proof have you got?

Snarl. Why, this morning he came to my house.—No, no,—I mean, I went down last night to the pens, having long suspected him—'tis he! 'tis he!—and he began a long story about fifty pounds.—No, no, I don't mean that—and there I caught him in the very act.

Scout. That remains to be proved.

Snarl. Yes, I will swear it is the very man.

Just. Why, this is the very man; but is it certain that your wethers died of the rot? What answer do you make to that?

Snarl. Why, I tell you, he came this very morning, and, after talking some time, makes no more to do than carries off four yards of it.

Just. Four yards of your wethers?

Snarl. No, no, four yards of my cloth; I mean that other thief—that other, there.

Just. What other? What other, neighbor *Snarl*?

Scout. Why, he's mad, an please your worship.

Just. Truly, I think so too;—hark ye, neighbor *Snarl*, not all the justices in the county—no, nor their clerks either, can

make any thing of your evidence. Stick to your wethers ! Stick to your wethers, or I must release the prisoner ; but, however, I believe it will be the shortest way to examine him myself ;—come here, my good fellow. (*Sheepface crosses to Justice.*) Hold up your head, don't be frightened, tell me your name.

Sheep. Baa !

Snarl. It is a lie !—It is a lie !—His name is Sheepface.

Just. Well, well, Sheepface or Baa, no matter for the name. Did Mr. Snarl give you in charge fourscore sheep, Sheepface ?

Sheep. Baa !

Just. I say, did Mr. Snarl catch you in the night, killing one of his fattest wethers ?

Sheep. Baa !

Just. What does he mean by baa ?

Scout. Please your worship, the blows he gave this poor fellow on the head have so affected his senses, he can say nothing else ; he is to be trepanned as soon as the court breaks up : and the doctors say, it is the whole *Materia Medica* against a dose of jalap, he never recovers.

Just. But the act, and in that provided, forbids all blows, particularly on the head.

Snarl. It was dark, and, when I strike, I never mind where the blows fall.

Scout. A voluntary confession, a voluntary confession !

Just. (*Rising and coming forward.*) A voluntary confession, indeed. Release the prisoner ; I find no cause of complaint against him. (*Exeunt Constables.*)

Snarl. No cause of complaint against him ! You are a pretty justice, indeed :—one kills my sheep, and the other pays me with Sir Hugh Witherington, and then you see no cause of complaint against him.

Just. Not I, truly.

Snarl. A pretty day's work I have made, indeed :—a suit of law, and a suit of iron-gray cloth, both carried against me ; but as for you, Mr. Lawyer, we shall meet again. (*Exit Snarl.*)

Just. O fie, neighbor Snarl, you are to blame, very much to blame, indeed.

Scout. Come, now it is all over, go and thank his worship.

Sheep. Baa ! baa ! baa !

Just. Enough, enough, my good fellow, take care you do not catch cold in your head ; go and get trepanned, and take care of yourself, Sheepface.

Sheep. Baa!

Just. Poor fellow, poor fellow. (*Exit Justice.*)

Scout. Bravo, my boy! You have acted your part admirably, and I think I did very well to bring you off so cleverly; and now I make no doubt, but, as you are a very honest fellow, you'll pay me as generously as you promised.

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Aye! very well, very well, indeed—you did that very well just now, but there's no occasion to have it over any more.—I'm talking about my fee, you know, Sheepface!—Yes, yes, I tell you it was very well done, but at this time, you know, my fee is the question.

Sheep. Baa! baa!

Scout. How's this, am I laughed at? Pay me directly, you rascal, or I'll make you rue it; I'll teach you to try to cheat a lawyer, that lives by cheating others. I'll—

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. What! again! Brayed by a mongrel cur, a bleating—

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Out of my sight! or I'll break every bone in your dog's skin, you sheep-stealing scoundrel: would you cheat one that has cheated hundreds? Get home to your hiding place!

Sheep. Baa!

XXXII.—FROM FORTUNE'S FROLIC.—*Allingham.*

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD—SNACKS—MR. FRANK—VILLAGERS—SER-
VANT—DOLLY—MARGERIE.

Scene 1.—A Hall in the Castle.

(*Enter Mr. Frank.*)

Frank. To what humiliation has my bad fortune reduced me, when it brings me here an humble suppliant to my base oppressor!

(*Enter Snacks, speaking.*)

Snacks. A letter for me by express! What can it be about? Something of great consequence from my lord, I suppose.—Frank here! What can he want?—Come a begging though, I dare say.

Frank. Good morning to you, Mr. Snacks.

Snacks. (*Coldly.*) Good morning.

Frank. I'm come, sir, to—I say, sir, I'm come—

Snacks. Well, sir, I see you are come; and what then? What are you come for, sir?

Frank. The termination of the law-suit which you have so long carried on against me, owing to my entire inability to prosecute it any further, has thrown me into difficulties which I cannot surmount, without your kind assistance.

Snacks. Very pretty, indeed! You are a very modest man, Mr. Frank; you've spent your last shilling in quarreling with me, and now you want me to help you.

Frank. The farm called Hundred Acres is at present untenanted—I wish to rent it.

Snacks. You wish to rent it, do you? And pray, sir, where's your money? And what do you know about farming?

Frank. I have studied agriculture; and, with care, have no doubt of being able to pay my rent regularly.

Snacks. But I have a great deal of doubt about it.—No, no, sir, do you think I'm so unmindful of his lordship's interest, as to let his land to a poor novice like you? It won't do, Mr. Frank; I can't think of it.—Good day, friend; good day. (*Showing him the door.*)

Frank. My necessities, sir—

Snacks. I have nothing to do with your necessities, sir; I have other business.—Good day.—There's the door.

Frank. Unfeeling wretch!

Snacks. What!

Frank. But what could I expect? Think not, thou sordid man, 'tis for myself I sue—my wife, my children—'tis for them I ask your aid, or else my pride had never stooped so low! My honest poverty is no disgrace: your ill-gotten gold gives you no advantage over me; for I had rather feel my heart beat freely, as it does now, than know that I possessed your wealth, and load it with the crimes entailed upon it. (*Exit.*)

Snacks. A mighty fine speech, truly! I think I'll try if I can't lower your tone a little, my fine, blustering fellow: I'll have you laid by the heels for this before night. Proud as you are, you'll have time to reflect in a jail, and bring down your spirit a little. But, come, let me see what my letter says. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—This is to inform you that my Lord Lackwit died—an heir to his estate—his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife—son called Robin Roughhead—Robin is the

legal heir to the estate—to put him in immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament.

"Yours to command,

"KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*"

Here's a catastrophe! Robin Roughhead a lord! My stewardship has done pretty well for me already, but I think I shall make it do better now. I know this Robin very well: he's over-cunning, I'm afraid; but I'll tickle him. He shall marry my daughter—then I can do as I please. To be sure, I have given my promise to Rattle; but what of that? he hasn't got it under my hand. I think I had better tell Robin this news at once: it will make him mad—and then I shall do as I please with him. Ay, ay, I'll go. How unfortunate that I did not make friends with him before! He has no great reason to like me; I never gave him any thing but hard words. (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—A Field.

(*Robin Roughhead discovered raking hay.*)

Robin. Ah! work, work, work! all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the lookout; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump. (*Comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'um, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here come Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose.

(*Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously—Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*)

Rob. I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little; I hope you'll excuse it.—I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Excuse it! I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who is

come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship ! he, he, he ! Wall ! I never knew as I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better ; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord ? Oh, you mean the Lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

Snacks. I say, I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Did—dig—what ? Why, now I look at you, I see how it is ; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens ! how your eyes do roll ! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone ?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at ? Don't come near me, for you've been bit by a mad dog ; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship would be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship.—Will your lordship condescend ?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right ; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again ! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here : my name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.—I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why, then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend, whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—This is to inform you, that my Lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness ; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate : the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead : she was poor and illiterate, and, through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife : she has been dead some time since, and left behind her a son, called Robin Roughhead : now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate.

I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command,

"KIT CODICIL, *Att'y at Law.*"

Rob. What!—What, all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—what! are they, are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me, is it so? Make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza? (*Catches off Snacks's hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; set—go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents,—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of: don't talk to me of your daughter: stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious.—Zounds! what a peer of the realm. (*Aside and exit.*)

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village! Work, no, there shall be no such thing as work: it shall be all play.—Where shall I go?—I'll go to—no, I won't go there! I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—no, I'll not go

there; I'll go—I'll go nowhere; yes, I will; I'll go everywhere; I'll be neither here nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(Enter Villagers, shouting.)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads?—Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. *(They all get round him.)* First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I'm your landlord?

Villagers. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

All. Huzza! huzza! long live Lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. *(All shout.)* I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself, and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

(Enter Snacks.)

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money.—He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. *(Aside.)*

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you. *(Throws the money; they scramble.)* Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. *(Villagers carry him off, shouting—Snacks follows.)*

Scene 3.—Inside of a neat Cottage; table spread for dinner.

(Enter Margery and Dolly.)

Dolly. There now, dinner's all ready, and I wish Robin would come. Do you think that I may take up the dumplings, mother?

Margery. Ay, ay, take 'em up; I warrant him he'll soon be here—he's always in pudding-time.

Dol. And well he may, for I'm sure you keep him sharp set enough.

Mar. Hold your tongue, you baggage! He pays me but five shillings a week for board, lodging, and washing. I suppose

he's not to be kept like a lord for that, is he? I wonder how you'll keep him when you get married, as you talk of?

Dol. Oh, we shall do very well, I dare say; for Robin loves me, and I loves Robin dearly.

Mar. Yes; but all your love won't keep the pot boiling, and Robin's as poor as Job.

Dol. La, mother, now, don't be so cross!—Oh dear, the dinner will get cold, and the dumplings will be quite spoiled; I wish Robin would come. (*Robin sings without.*) Oh, here he comes, in one of his merry humors. (*Enter Robin, who cools himself with his hat, then sings and dances.*) Why, Robin, what's the matter with you?

Rob. What! you haven't heard then? Oh, I'm glad of that! for I shall have the fun of telling you.

Dol. Well, sit down then, and eat your dinner; I have made you some nice hard dumplings.

Rob. Dumplings! Dang the dumplings!

Dol. Dang the dumplings! La, mother, he dangs the dumplings—oh, what a shame! Do you know what you are saying, Robin?

Rob. Never talk to me of dumplings.

Mar. But I'll talk of dumplings, though, indeed; I shouldn't have thought of such behavior: dumplings are very wholesome food—quite good enough for you, I'm sure. (*Very angry.*)

Rob. Are they, mother Margery? (*Upsets the table, dances on the plates, and sings.*) Tol de rol lol.

Mar. Oh dear! the boy's mad; there's all my crockery gone! (*Picking up the pieces.*)

Dol. (*Crying.*) I did not think you could have used us so; I'm quite ashamed of you, Robin!

Rob. Now doantye cry now, Dolly; doantye cry.

Dol. I will cry, for you behave very ill.

Rob. Now doantye, Dolly, doantye, now. (*Shows a purse.*)

Dol. How did you come by that, Robin?

Mar. What, a purse of gold? let me see. (*Snatches it, and sits down to count the money.*)

Dol. What have you been about, Robin?

Rob. No, I have not been about robbing; I have been about being made a lord on, that's all.

Dol. What are you talking about? Your head's turned, I'm sure.

Rob. Well, I know it's turned; it's turned from a clown's

head, to a lord's. I say, Dolly, how should you like to live in that nice place at the top of the hill yonder?

Dol. Oh, I should like it very much, Robin; it is a nice cottage.

Rob. Don't talk to me of cottages—I mean the castle!

Dol. Why, what is your head running upon?

Mar. Every one golden guineas, as I am a virtuous woman. Where did you get 'em, Robin?

Rob. Why, where there's more to be had.

Mar. Ay, I always said Robin was a clever lad. I'll go and put these by. (*Crosses and exit.*)

Dol. Now do tell me what you have been about. Where did you find all that money?

Rob. Dolly, Dolly, gee' us a buss, and I'll tell thee all about it.

Dol. Twenty, an you pleasen, Robin.

Rob. First, then, you must know, that I am the cleverest fellow in all these parts.

Dol. Well, I know'd that afore.

Rob. But I'll tell you how it is—it's because I am the richest fellow in all these parts; and, if I haven't it here, I have it here. (*Pointing to his head and his pockets.*) That castle's mine, and all these fields, up to the very sky.

Dol. No, no; come, Robin, that won't do.

Rob. Won't it? I think it will do very well.

Dol. No, no, you are running your rigs, I know you are, Robin.

Rob. It's all true, Dolly, as sure as the de'ils in Lunnun.

Dol. What! are you in right down arnest?

Rob. Yes, I am; his lordship's dead, and he has left word as how that my mother was his wife, and I his son.

Dol. What?

Rob. Yes, Dolly, and you shall be my lady.

Dol. No! Shall I?

Rob. Yes, you shall.

Dol. Oh, that will be fine fun—my lady—

Rob. Now what do you think on't?

Dol. My lady—Lady Roughhead—

Rob. Why, Dolly!

Dol. Lady Roughhead! How it sounds! Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughs immoderately.*)

Rob. Zooks! I believe she's going into a high strike.—Dolly! Dolly! (*Slapping her hands.*)

Dol. Ha, ha, ha!

Rob. Doantye laugh so; I don't half like it. (*Shakes her.*)
Dolly!

Dol. Oh, my dear Robin, I can't help laughing to think of Lady Roughhead.

Rob. The wench will go beside herself, to a sartainty.

Dol. But now is it true in arnest?

Rob. Ay, as sure as you are there. But come, what shall we do? Where shall we go? Oh, we'll go and see old mother Dickens; you know she took my part, and was very kind to me when poor mother died; and now she's very ill, and I'll go and give her something to comfort her old soul. I have heard people say as riches won't make a body happy; but while it gives me the power of doing so much good, I'm sure I shall be the happiest dog alive. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—The Road to the Castle.

(*Enter Mr. Frank.*)

Frank. Well, then, to the house of woe I must return again. And can I take no comfort with me? Nothing to cheer my loving wife and helpless children? What misery to see them want!

(*Enter Robin, unobserved by Frank.*)

Rob. Want! No, there shall be no such thing as want, where I am—that's for sartin.

Frank. My own distress I could bear well, very well; but to see my helpless infants enduring all the woes poverty brings with it, is more than I can bear.

Rob. And more than I can bear, too. (*Throws his hat upon the ground, and takes money out of his pocket, which he throws into it.*)

Frank. To-day, I almost fear they have not tasted food.

Rob. And I have been feasting like an alderman. (*Drops more money into his hat.*)

Frank. How happy once my state! Where'er I turned my eyes, good fortune smiled upon me; then did the poor e'er tell a tale of woe without relief? Were not my doors open to the unfortunate?

Rob. How glad I be as I be—a lord.

Frank. No hand stretched out to my relief.

Rob. Hey, what! Yes it is, Mr. Frank. Sir, I'm very glad as I met with you.

Frank. Why so, my friend?

Rob. Because you be mortal poor, and I be mortal rich; and I'll share my last farthing with you.

Frank. Thank you, my kind lad. But what reason have you?

Rob. What reason have I? Why, you gave me when I wanted it.

Frank. I can't remember.

Rob. Mayhap not; but that's no reason as I should forget it: it's a long time ago, too; but it made such a mark here, that time won't rub it out. It's now fourteen years sin' poor mother died: she was very ill one day when you happened to come by our cottage, and saw me stand blubbering at the door; I was then about this high. You took me by the hand, and I shall never forget the look you gave me, when you axed me what was the matter with me; and when I told you, you called me good lad, and went in, and talked to mother. From that time you came to see her every day, and gave her all the help as you could; and when she died, poor soul! you buried her: and if ever I forget such kindness, I hope good luck will forever forget me!

Frank. Tell me your name: it will remind me.

Rob. Robin Roughhead, your honor; to-day I be come to be lord of all this estate; and the first good I find of it is, that I am able to make you happy.—(*Stuffing the money into his pockets.*)—Come up to the castle, and I'll give you as much money as you can carry away in a sack.

Frank. Proud wealth, look here for an example! My generous heart, how shall I thank you?

Rob. Thank me, sir? Don't think of thanking a man for paying his debts. Besides, if you only know'd how I feel all o'er me—its a kind of a—I could cry for joy.

Frank. What sympathy is in that honest bosom! But how has this good fortune come to you?

Rob. Why, that poor woman as you buried was wife to his lordship: he has cwned it on his death-bed, and left word as I'm his son.

Frank. How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

Rob. Now, sir, I am but a simple lad, as a body may say, and if you will be so good as to help me with your advice, I shall take it very kind of you, sir.

Frank. I thank you for the good opinion you have of me; and as far as my poor abilities go, they shall be at your service.

Rob. Thank ye, sir, thank ye ! But pray what bad luck made you so mortal poor ?

Frank. It would take a long time to tell you the story of my misfortunes ; but I owe them to the oppression of Mr. Snacks, the steward.

Rob. Snacks ! Oh, the villain ! I'll do for him soon : he's rotten here, Master Frank : I do think as how he's a vile old rogue.

Frank. Judge not too harshly.

Rob. Come, sir, will you go up to the castle ?

Frank. Excuse me ; the relief which you have so generously given me, enables me to return to my family.

Rob. Well, but you'll come back ?

Frank. To-morrow.

Rob. No, to-night.—Doo'e favor me ; I want to speak to you.

Frank. I have a long way to walk, and it will be very late before I can return ; but I will refuse you nothing.

Rob. Thank ye, sir ; you're very kind ; I shall stay till you come, if it's all night. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 5.—A Hall in the Castle.

(*Enter Snacks.*)

Snacks. A young woman wanting Robin !—This must be his sweetheart, Dolly, that he talks so much about ; they must not come together ; if they do, it will knock up all my plans.—What shall I do with her ? If I could but get her into that room, she'd be safe enough—here she is.

(*Enter Dolly and Margery.*)

Are you the young woman that wanted to speak with his lordship ?

Dol. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And pray, what might you want with him ?

Mar. She wants to settle some matters of her own with him.

Dol. Yes, that's all, sir.

Snacks. I dare say ! But I must know what these matters are. (*Margery feels herself of great importance, and is particularly noisy through the whole of this scene. Snacks is alarmed lest Robin should hear her.*)

Mar. Such matters as consarn nobody but themselves, and you must not meddle with them.

Snacks. Hang the hag! What a tongue she has! I shall never be able to manage her. (*Aside.*)—You can't see his lordship; he's engaged. (*To Dolly.*)

Dol. Yes, I know his lordship's engaged, for he promised me a long while ago.

Snacks. Oh! then you are the poor unfortunate young woman that—

Mar. (*Very angry.*) No, sir; she is the lucky young woman that is to be my lady; and I'd have you to know that I'm her mother.

Snacks. Ah, poor soul! I pity her, I do indeed, from the bottom of my heart.

Mar. But she is not to be pitied; I shouldn't have thought of that!—Pity, indeed!

Snacks. Poor dear creature! it's a sad job, but it can't be helped; his lordship is going to be married to-morrow to another woman.

Dol. What!

Snacks. It is true, indeed; I am very sorry.

Mar. And she is not to be my lady, after all!

Snacks. No, poor girl!

Dol. And Robin has quite forgot me! (*Crying.*) Oh dear, oh dear!—I was afraid how it would be when he came to be a lord. And has he quite forgot me?

Snacks. Yes, he told me to tell you that he has done with you.

Mar. (*Very noisy.*) But I have not done with him, though—pretty work indeed; but I'll ring a peal in his ears, that shall bring him to his senses, I warrant; I'll teach him to use my daughter ill; he's a rogue, a rascal, a scape-gallows, a vagabond; I'll find him out—I'll—

Snacks. (*Trying to appease her.*) Hush! hush!

Mar. I'll raise the dead, I will.

Snacks. Be cool, be cool!—Robin will certainly hear this old bell-wether, and I shall be blown. (*Aside.*)

Mar. I'll make him down on his knees, I will; I'd have him to know, that though he is a lord, he shall remember his promise—I'm in such a passion, I could tear his eyes out; oh, if I can but see him! (*Going, Snacks stops her.*)

Snacks. Here, here, stop, stop—I'll go and bring him to you. Only just walk in here a moment, I'll talk to him myself; perhaps I shall bring him round, my dear.

Dol. Thank ye, sir ; tell him I'll kill myself if he doesn't marry me. (*Goes in.*)

Mar. And tell him I'll kill him if he doesn't marry her. (*Goes in ; Snacks locks the door.*)

Snacks. Well, they are safe for the present ; I wish they were out of the house, though. If I can but bring this marriage to bear, I'm a made man. I have been very careful of the old lord's money, and I should like to take care of a little of the young lord's money :—if I can but marry my girl to him, I'll soon double the twenty-six thousand pounds I have in the five per cents. sacked from my old master. (*Exit.*)

Scene 6.—A handsome apartment in the Castle. A table, with wines, &c.

(*Robin and Snacks discovered.*)

Rob. Well, Snacks, this is very good stuff ; I don't know as ever I drank any before : what do you call this, Snacks ?

Snacks. Red port wine, an't please your lordship.

Rob. Yes, red port wine pleases his lordship.—I wonder where this comes from.—Oh ! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

Snacks. No, my lord ; there's plenty of spirits there, but not wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full ; only one, because, you know, now I am a lord, I must not make a beast of myself ;—that's not like a nobleman, you know.

Snacks. Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I ? then give us t'other sup.

Snacks. I think his lordship is getting rather forward.—I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently. (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Servant.*)

Serv. Please you, Master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have the pony, to-morrow, to ride by the wagon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he ?—Lame, is he ?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time ?—Tell him he must walk ; it's my will.

Rob. (*Aside, to Servant.*) You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you ? (*Exit Servant.*) That's right, Snacks ; the lazy fellow, what business has he to be lame ?

Snacks. Oh, please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh, they are sad dogs—not walk, indeed ! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful ! If I were behind him, I'd make him walk.

(Enter Servant, with a whip, which he gives to Robin.)

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What !

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe !—I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense ; I know you can dance ; why, you was made for dancing—there's a leg and foot.—Come, begin !

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Isn't there ? then I'll soon make some.—Lookye, here's my fiddlestick ; how d'ye like it ?—Come, Snacks, you must dance : it's my will. *(Whips him.)*

Snacks. Indeed, I'm not able.

Rob. Not able ? Oh, shameful ! shameful ! Come, come, you must dance ; it's my will. *(Whips him.)*

Snacks. Must I ?—Then here goes. *(Hops about.)*

Rob. What ! d'ye call that dancing fit for a lord ? Come, quicker, quicker. *(Whips Snacks round the stage, who roars out.)* There, that will do ; now go and order John the carter the pony—will you ?

Snacks. What a cunning dog it is !—He's up to me now, but I think I shall be down upon him by and by. *(Aside—exit.)*

Rob. Ha, ha, ha ! how he hopped about and hallooed—but I'll work him a little more yet. *(Re-enter Snacks.)* Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing master ?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present : for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No :—your lordship has taken care that I shan't forget it for some time.

Rob. I can't think where Dolly is : I told her to come to me.

Snacks. Oh, don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her ! why, pray ?

Snacks. Oh, she's a—

Rob. A what?—Take care, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe.

Snacks. I only mean to say, that she's too low for your lordship.

Rob. Too low! why, what was I just now?—If I thought riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill—a fig for 'em all; I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again. No:—I've given Dolly my promise, and I'll never break it.

Snacks. My daughter's very beautiful.

Rob. Dang it, you talk a great deal about her:—come, we'll go and have a look at her. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 7.

(*Enter Robin and Snacks.*)

Rob. Well, Snacks, where is the—where is this daughter you talk so much about?

Snacks. Oh, I'll fetch her in directly, my lord—I'm sure you'll admire her. She's very handsome.

Rob. I don't believe it, Snacks; I don't believe it: I'll bet she isn't to be compared to my Dolly.—Oh! how I wish Dolly was here.

Mar. (*From the chamber.*) Oh! Robin, Robin, Lord Robin! old Snacks has confined us in the yellow chamber!

Rob. Hark! what's that? Surely I know that voice.

Dol. Mercy, mercy, dear Robin—pray, pray let us out—'tis your Dolly calls to you—pray let us out.

Rob. What! my Dolly?—I'll come, I'll come, dear Dolly.—Oh, you old rascal, have you imprisoned my Dolly? Oh! dang your old head! There, take that! (*Knocks Snacks down, and exit.*)

Snacks. Oh, how I wish that noisy old termagant, and her dear Dolly of a daughter, were at the bottom of the sea.—My game's up, certainly.

Mar. (*Without.*) Only let me catch hold of him, I'll give it him—an old, abominable—

(*Enter Margery.*)

Oh, you are there, are you? You wicked wretch!—let me get at him! (*Runs after Snacks, and beats him.*) A pretty pack of lies you have told, you old ragamuffin, you.

(*Enter Robin and Dolly.*)

Rob. Oh, you old rascal, Snacks!—I always supposed you

to be a villain ; now I know you to be one. I've a great mind to make you dance another hornpipe.—But I'll let you go ; I'm sorry for you ; a man as does so much harm and so little good, never can be happy, I'm sure.

(*Enter Mr. Frank.*)

Rob. Ah ! Mr. Frank, I'm glad to see you—you are welcome to the castle—I've a great favor to ask of you, Mr. Frank ; you see we've rather found Snacks out—look at the sneaking old hypocrite ! (*Pointing at him.*)

Mar. Yes, look at the vile, deceitful old villain,—to imprison myself, and her ladyship, my daughter Dolly, as is to be !

Rob. Now, Mr. Frank, will you—dang it, will you take care of me, and come and live in the castle with me, and give me your advice ?—You know how I mean ;—teach me a bit, you know.

Frank. You are too generous : but I accept your proffered kindness ; and, by my care and attention to your welfare, will repay a small part of the debt I owe you.

Rob. Now, then, I am happy, with such a friend as Mr. Frank.—Dolly, we shall know how to take care of ourselves and our neighbors—and I'll take care that poor folks shall bless the day as made me a lord. (*Exeunt.*)



Robin. Zooks ! I believe she's going into a high strike. Dolly ! Dolly !

XXXIII.—FROM THE RIVALS.—*Sheridan.*

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE—SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER—FAULKLAND—ACRES—FAG—DAVID—ERRAND BOY—SERVANTS—MRS. MALAPROP—LYDIA LANGUISH—JULIA—LUCY.



Sir Anthony.—Why, what—what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

(*Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute.*)

Mrs. Malaprop. Lydia! Lydia!

(*Enter Lydia.*)

Mrs. M. This, Sir Anthony, this is the deliberate simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all; thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you would promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd. Ah! madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor, dear uncle, as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do: and let me tell

you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to extenuate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But, tell me, will you promise me to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest, in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle, before marriage, as if he'd been a black-amoor, and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made; and, when it pleased heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humors.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for the worse. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library: she had a book in each hand—from that moment, I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress.

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir A. Madam, a circulating library in a town, is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year! And, depend upon it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony; you surely speak laconically.

Sir A. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means

wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning ; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman ;—for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning, nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments ; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ; and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries : above all, she should be taught orthodoxy. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ; and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir A. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you, though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say, is on my side of the question. But, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal ?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres ; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir A. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony ; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir A. Objection !—Let him object if he dare !—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in his younger days, 'twas, "Jack, do this,"—if he demurred, I knocked him down ; and, if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way.—Nothing is so conciliating to young people, as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations, and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir A. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. I must leave you ; and, let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl—take my advice, keep a tight

hand—if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and, if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. M. Well, at any rate, I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition—she has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. Lucy! Lucy! (*Calls.*) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

(*Enter Lucy.*)

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Yes, girl. Did you see Sir Lucius, while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. M. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

Lucy. O gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out!

Mrs. M. Well, don't let your simplicity be deposed on.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs. M. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy, if ever you betray what you are entrusted with, (unless it be other people's secrets to me,) you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality. (*Exit.*)

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! a simpleton! Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately. (*Looks at a paper.*) "For abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign! in money, sundry times, twelve pound twelve—gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c., numberless. From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half. Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her"—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—"two guineas and a French shawl. Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters"—which I never delivered—"two guineas and a pair of buckles. Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket pieces, and a silver snuff-box!"—Well done, simplicity! yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece; for, though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. (*Exit.*)

Scene 2.—Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

(*Enter Captain Absolute and Fag.*)

Fag. Sir, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in ; I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Capt. Absolute. And what did he say on hearing I was at Bath ?

Fag. Sir, in my life, I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished ; his servants too, were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

Capt. A. You have said nothing to them ?

Fag. O, not a word, sir ; not a word. Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman, (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Capt. A. 'Sdeath ! you rascal ! you have not trusted him ?

Fag. Oh, no, sir ; no, no ; not a syllable, upon my veracity ! He was, indeed, a little inquisitive ; but I was sly, sir—exceedingly sly ! My master, (said I,) honest Thomas—(you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors)—is come to Bath to recruit. Yes, sir, I said to recruit ; and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Capt. A. Well, well, recruit will do—let it be so. (*A rap.*) Hark ! that perhaps is Sir Anthony. Go, show him up.

Fag. Yes, sir. (*Going.*) I beg pardon, sir, but should it be Sir Anthony, you will do me the favor to remember that we are recruiting, if you please.

Capt. A. Well, well, begone. (*Exit Fag.*)

(*Enter Fag and Sir Anthony.*)

Fag. Sir Anthony Absolute, sir. (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Sir Anthony, I am delighted to see you here, and looking to well ! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey ?

Capt. A. Yes, sir. I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it ! for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir?

Sir A. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Ay, a wife: why, did not I mention that before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A. Odd so; I musn't forget her, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage; the fortune is saddled with a wife: but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir, sir! you amaze me!

Sir A. Why, what—what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir? Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, that is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of.

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Hark ye, Jack: I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care;

you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted ; no one more easily led, when I have my own way ; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it ; in this I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, hang me, if ever I call you Jack again while I live.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word, not a word ! not one word ! So give me your promise by a nod, and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you don't—

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness !

Sir A. Zounds ! sirrah ! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose : she shall have a hump on each shoulder ; she shall be as crooked as the crescent ; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's museum ; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew.—She shall be all this, sirrah ! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night, to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation, indeed !

Sir A. None of your sneering, puppy ! no grinning, jack-anapes !

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I was never in a worse humor for mirth, in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir ; I know you are laughing in your sleeve ; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah !

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir ! none of your violence, if you please ! it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I was never cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a confounded lie ! I know you are in a passion in your heart ; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog ; but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir A. So you will fly out ! can't you be cool, like me ? What good can passion do ? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate ! There, you sneer again ! don't provoke me ! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper, you do, you dog ; you play upon the meekness of my disposition ! yet take care ; the patience of a saint may be overcome at last !—But mark ! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this : if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you ! I

may in time forgive you,—if not, zounds ! don't enter the same hemisphere with me ; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me ; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own ! I'll strip you of your commission ; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, and hang me ! if I call you Jack again ! (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father ! I kiss your hands.
(*Enter Fag.*)

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth to a degree ; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time, muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all the way : I, and the cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap ! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane ! bids me carry that to my master ; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, canes us all for a puppy triumvirate !—Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Capt. A. Cease your impertinence, sir—did you come in for nothing more ? Stand out of the way. (*Pushes him aside, and exit.*)

Fag. So ! Sir Anthony trims my master : he is afraid to reply to his father, then vents his spleen on poor Fag ! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, shows the worst temper, the basest—

(*Enter errand boy.*)

Boy. Mr. Fag ! Mr. Fag ! your master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little dirty puppy, you needn't bawl so—the meanest disposition, the—

Boy. Quick, quick ! Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick, quick ! you impudent jackanapes ! am I to be commanded by you too, you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred imp ? (*Kicks him off.*)

Scene 3.—The North Parade.

(*Enter Lucy.*)

Lucy. So, I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute ; however, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received due notice in form. Sir Lucius is generally punctual, when he expects to hear from his dear Dalia, as he calls her ;—I wonder he's not here !

(Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.)

Sir L. Hah! my little ambassadress; upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. (*Speaking simply.*) O gemini; and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir L. Faith! may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical, too, how you could go out, and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the window, on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir L. Sure enough it must have been so; and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but, my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir L. I' faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed; well, let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Sir L. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—There is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger."—Very pretty, upon my word!—"Female punctuation forbids me to say more! yet, let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affections.

"Yours, while *DELIA.*"

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language! Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary; for not a single word dare refuse coming at her call, though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Ay, sir, a lady of her experience—

Sir L. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O, true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir L. Faith, she must be very deep read, to write this way, though she is rather an arbitrary writer, too; for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their habeas corpus from any court in Christendom. However, when affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir L. Oh, tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain! But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent, and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wan't rich enough to be so nice.

Sir L. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it: I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action. If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure. However, my pretty girl, (*giving her money,*) here's a little something to buy you a riband; and meet me in the evening, and I will give you an answer to the angel's letter. (*Exit, singing.*)

(*Enter Fag.*)

Fag. So, so, ma'am; I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud! what now, Mr. Fag?

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please. You play false with us, madam. I saw you give the baronet a letter. My master shall know this; and if he don't call him out, I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty! That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton. She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what taste some people have! Why, I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times. But what says our young lady?—Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news, Mr. Fag! A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so.—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith! Good bye, Lucy; I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well, you may laugh, but it is true, I assure you. (*Going.*) But, Mr. Fag, tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarreling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear—never fear!

Lucy. Be sure bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 4.—The North Parade.

(*Enter Captain Absolute.*)

Capt. A. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed! Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but, I can assure him, it is very sincere. So, so, here he comes; he looks plaguy gruff. (*Steps aside.*)

(*Enter Sir Anthony.*)

Sir A. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die, did I say! I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper—an obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is his return for all my goodness! for putting him at twelve years old into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him,—he's any body's son for me—I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face! (*Comes forward.*)

Sir A. Fellow, get out of my way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir A. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir A. What's that?

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir A. Well, sir!

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir A. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense! I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Capt. A. I am happy, sir, in the appellation.

Sir A. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Pre-

pare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir A. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our county just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! Let me see—I think I do recollect something—Languish—Languish—she squints, don't she? A little red haired girl?

Sir A. Squints! A red haired girl! Zounds! no!

Capt. A. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir A. Jack! Jack! What think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent: if I can please you in the matter, I shall be happy.

Sir A. Nay, but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks! Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir A. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. The aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir A. To please my father—zounds! not to please—oh, my father—odd so!—yes, yes, if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter—though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir?

Sir A. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress so beautiful?

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, I shall be happy. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs,

and a limited quantity of back ; and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir A. What a phlegmatic sot it is ! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite ! A vile, insensible stock ! You a soldier ! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on ! Odds life, I have a great mind to marry the girl myself !

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal, sir ; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt ; or, if you should change your mind, and take the old lady, 'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir A. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all fudge—I'm sure it must—come, now, come, Jack, confess you've been playing the hypocrite. I'll never forgive you, if you have not.

Capt. A. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you, should be so mistaken.

Sir A. Hang your respect and duty ! But, come along with me. I will write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 5.—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

(*Enter Mrs. Malaprop, with a letter in her hand, Captain Absolute following.*)

Mrs. M. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation ; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Capt. A. Permit me to say, madam, that as I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honor of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. M. Sir, you do me infinite honor ! I beg, captain, you'll be seated. (*Both sit.*) Ah ! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman. Few

think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense, now, but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Capt. A. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame. Like garden trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossoms: few, like Mrs. Malaprop, and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. M. Sir, you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness. (*Aside.*) You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy girl has, somehow, contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eves-dropping ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Capt. A. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account. But it must be very distressing, indeed, to you, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree! I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Capt. A. By Jupiter! my last note! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Ay, here it is.

Capt. A. Ay, my note, indeed! O, the little traitress, Lucy! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. There, perhaps you may know the writing. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Capt. A. I think I have seen the hand before; yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.

Mrs. M. Nay, but read it, captain.

Capt. A. (*Reads.*) "My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!"—Very tender, indeed!

Mrs. M. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience!

Capt. A. "I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so, as my new rival"—

Mrs. M. That's you, sir.

Capt. A. "Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honor." Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. M. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Capt. A. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. M. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Capt. A. "As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon, who guards you"—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. M. Me, sir—me—he means me, there—what do you think now?—But go on a little further.

Capt. A. Impudent scoundrel!—"It shall go hard, but I will elude her vigilance; as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words, which she don't understand"—

Mrs. M. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! Was ever such a brute! Sure, if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs.

Capt. A. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! Let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"—

Mrs. M. You need not read it again, sir!

Capt. A. I beg pardon, ma'am—"does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration"—an impudent coxcomb!—"so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old Haridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews." Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. M. Did you ever hear any thing like it! (*They rise.*) He'll elude my vigilance, will he?—yes, yes!—ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!—we'll try who can plot best!

Capt. A. So we will, ma'am—so we will.—Ha! ha! ha! A conceited puppy! ha! ha! ha!—Well, but, Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. M. I am delighted with the scheme; never was any thing better perpetrated.

Capt. A. But, pray, could I not see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. M. Why, I don't know; I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Capt. A. O Lord, she won't mind me! Only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. M. Sir!

Capt. A. Gently, good tongue! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. What did you say of Beverley?

Capt. A. Oh! I was going to propose that you should tell

her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him, if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here! (*Calling.*) He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing—ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Capt. A. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once, who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Capt. A. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. M. For the present, captain, your servant.—Ah, you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! yes, yes—ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Ha! ha! ha! one would think, now, that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that, to undeceive, were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me. (*Walks aside, surveying the pictures.*)

(*Enter Lydia.*)

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! I have heard of girls persecuted, as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favored lover, to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too! but, oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute!

Capt. A. Ma'am. (*Turns round.*)

Lyd. O, heavens! Beverley!

Capt. A. Hush! hush! my love! softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed! For heaven's sake, how came you here?

Capt. A. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt. I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. Oh, charming!—and she really takes you for young Absolute?

Capt. A. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing, to think how her sagacity is over-reached.

Capt. A. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution, and, with a licensed warmth, plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you, then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth? that burden on the wings of love?

Capt. A. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love; 'twill be generous in you, Lydia; for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words! How charming will poverty be with him! (*Aside.*)

Capt. A. By heavens, I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me, but here. (*Embracing her.*) If she holds out now, the mischief's in it. (*Aside.*)

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes, but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Malaprop, listening.*)

Mrs. M. I am impatient to know how the little hussy reports herself. (*Aside.*)

Capt. A. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. M. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. (*Aside.*)

Lyd. No, nor ever can, while I have life.

Mrs. M. An ill-tempered little baggage! She'll be in a passion all her life, will she? (*Aside.*)

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. M. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this to his face! (*Aside.*)

Capt. A. Thus, then, let me enforce my suit. (*Kneeling.*)

Mrs. M. Ay—poor young man!—down on his knees, entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer. (*Aside.*) Why, thou vixen!—I have overheard you.

Capt. A. Oh, confound her vigilance! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Captain Absolute, I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Capt. A. So, all's safe, I find. (*Aside.*) I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. M. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! She's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. M. Why, thou unblushing rebel, didn't you tell this gentleman to his face, that you loved another better? Didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, madam, I did not.

Mrs. M. Good heavens, what assurance! Lydia, Lydia! didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller, Beverley—possessed your heart? Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. M. Hold! hold! assurance! You shall not be so rude.

Capt. A. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: she's very welcome to talk thus; it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. M. You are too good, captain—too amiably patient: but come with me, miss. Let us see you again soon, captain; remember what we have fixed.

Capt. A. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman:

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev— (*Mrs. Malaprop prevents her speaking.*)

Mrs. M. Hussy! Come along—come along. (*Exeunt Captain Absolute—kissing his hand to Lydia—Mrs. Malaprop, and Lydia.*)

Scene 6.—Acres' Lodgings.

(*Acres and David discovered—Acres just dressed.*)

Acres. Indeed, David, dress does make a difference, David.

David. 'Tis all in all, I think; difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you; master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve me!" Our dairy maid would come gigging to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honor's favorite, would blush like my waistcoat. Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there aint a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phyllis would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

Dav. So I says of your honor's boots ; but the boy never heeds me ! By the mass, I can't help looking at your head ! If I hadn't been at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Servant.*)

Ser. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger, to wait on you, sir.

Acres. Show him in. (*Exit Servant.*)

(*Enter Sir Lucius.*)

Sir L. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to see you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath ?

Acres. Faith, I have followed Cupid's jack-a-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last ! In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the cause ? I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius ; I fall as deep as need be, in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival—and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience ! Pray, can you divine the cause of it ?

Acres. Why, there's the matter ; she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. Odds slanders and lies ! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there ? And you think he has supplanted you unfairly ?

Acres. Unfairly ! To be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done ?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul !

Sir L. We wear no swords here, but you understand me ?

Acres. What ! fight him ?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure ; what can I mean else ?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another, than to fall in love with the same woman ? Oh, by my word, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in all my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all—he has the less right, then, to take such a liberty.

Acres. Gad, that's true: I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! I fire apace; odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it! But, couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my word, they drew their broad swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valor arising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say. Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah, my little friend! if we had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room. For, though the Mansion House and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors, too!—every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast! Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds"—

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case: these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius; I must be in a rage. Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits.*) I would the ink were red! Indite, I say, indite! How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir L. Pray, compose yourself. (*Sits down.*)

Acres. Come, now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with an oath!

Sir L. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"Sir,"—

Acres. That's too civil, by half.

Sir L. "To prevent the confusion that might arise"—

Acres. Well.

Sir L. "From our both addressing the same lady" —

Acres. Ay—"both addressing the same lady"—there's the reason—"same lady."—Well.

Sir L. "I shall expect the honor of your company"—

Acres. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner!

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then, "honor of your company."—Does company begin with a C or a K?

Sir L. "To settle our pretensions"—

Acres. Well.

Sir L. Let me see—ay, King's Mead-fields will do—"in King's Mead-fields."

Acres. So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest, a hand and dagger, shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir L. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening, if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson!

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. (*Exeunt Sir Lucius and Acres.*)

Scene 7.—Acres' Lodgings.

(*Acres and David discovered.*)

Dav. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me

fight, when I wasn't so minded. Oons ! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't ?

Acres. But my honor, David, my honor ! I must be very careful of my honor.

Dav. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it, and I think in return, my honor couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades ! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor !

Dav. I say, then, it would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman. Look ye, master, this honor seems to me to be a marvelous false friend ; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case : I was a gentleman, (which, thank heaven, no one can say of me ;) well—my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. So, we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh ! I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it ? Why, my honor. But put the case, that he kills me ! By the mass ! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David, in that case, odds crowns and laurels ! your honor follows you to the grave !

Dav. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds ! David, you are a coward ! It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. What, shall I disgrace my ancestors ! Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors !

Dav. Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look ye, now, master ; to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think it might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks ; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very—very—great danger, hey ? Odds life ! people often fight without any mischief done !

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you ! Oons ! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his villainous double-barreled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols ! Lord bless us ! it makes me tremble to think on't—those be such desperate, bloody-minded weapons ! Well, I never could abide them ! from a child I never could fancy them ! I suppose there aint been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol !

Acres. Zounds! I won't be afraid! Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid. Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

Dav. Ay, in the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it, for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter! and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch! Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you haven't the valor of a grass-hopper.

Dav. Well, I say no more: 'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall! but I ha' done. How Phyllis will howl when she hears of it! Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born! (*Whimpering.*)

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight, so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Serv. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! show him up. (*Exit Servant.*)

Dav. Well, heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that? Don't provoke me, David!

Dav. Good bye, master. (*Sobbing.*)

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. (*Exit David.*)

(*Enter Captain Absolute.*)

Capt. A. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valor of St. George, and the dragon to boot—

Capt. A. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh! there. (*Gives him the challenge.*)

Capt. A. "To Ensign Beverley." So—what's going on now? (*Aside.*) Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Capt. A. Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. Egad, but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage, and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Capt. A. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow,

I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Capt. A. Well, give it me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack ; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Capt. A. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. What it is to have a friend ! You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack ?

Capt. A. Why, no, Bob, not in this affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend, Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack ?

Capt. A. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

(*Enter Servant.*)

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Capt. A. I'll come instantly. (*Exit Servant.*) Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres. Stay, stay, Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a tremendous fellow—will you, Jack ?

Capt. A. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob ?

Acres. Ay, do, do ; and if that frightens him, egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week ; will you, Jack ?

Capt. A. I will, I will ; I'll say you are called, in the country, "Fighting Bob."

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief : for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honor.

Capt. A. No ! that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack ?

Capt. A. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a tremendous fellow, hey ? (*Going.*)

Acres. True, true. But stay, stay, Jack ; you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage.

Capt. A. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog !

Capt. A. Ay, ay, "Fighting Bob." (*Exeunt Acres and Capt. Absolute.*)

Scene 8.—Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

(*Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia.*)

Mrs. M. Why, thou perverse one ! tell me what you can object to in him ? Isn't he a handsome man ? tell me that. A genteel man ? A pretty figure of a man ?

Lyd. She little thinks whom she is praising. (*Aside.*) So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. M. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No ! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman.

Lyd. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. Then, he's so well bred ; so full of alacrity and adulation ! He has so much to say for himself, in such good language too. His physiognomy so grammatical ; then his presence so noble ! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play :—"Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself ! An eye, like March, to threaten at command ! A station, like Harry Mercury, new."—Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake. (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Servant.*)

Serv. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute, are below, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Show them up here. (*Exit Servant.*) Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution : I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him. (*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*)

(*Enter Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute.*)

Sir A. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop, come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty ; and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.

Mrs. M. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause !—Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you ! Pay your respects ! (*Aside to her.*)

Sir A. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's

choice, and my alliance. Now, Jack, speak to her. (*Aside to him.*)

Capt. A. Why, what shall I say to her ! You see, sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here ; I knew she wouldn't ! I told you so.—Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together ! (*Capt. Absolute seems to expostulate with his father.*)

Sir A. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. M. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—Turn round, Lydia, I blush for you. (*Aside to her.*)

Sir A. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son ?—Why don't you begin, Jack ? Speak, you puppy—speak ! (*Aside to him.*)

Mrs. M. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has. Answer, hussy ! why don't you answer ? (*Aside to her.*)

Sir A. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Zounds ! sirrah ! why don't you speak ? (*Aside to him.*)

Capt. A. Hem ! hem ! Madam—hem ! (*Capt. Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to Sir Anthony.*) Faith ! sir, I am so confounded ! and so—so confused ! I told you I should be so, sir ; I knew it. The—the tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir A. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it ? Go up, and speak to her directly ! (*Capt. Absolute makes signs to Mrs. Malaprop to leave them together.*) What are you at, sir ? Unlock your jaws, sirrah, or— (*Aside to him.*)

Capt. A. (*Draws near Lydia.*) Now heaven send she may be too sullen to look round ! I must disguise my voice. (*Aside. Speaks in a low tone.*) Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love ? Will not—

Sir A. What the mischief ails the fellow ? Why don't you speak out ? not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy !

Capt. A. The—the excess of my awe, and my—my modesty, quite choke me !

Sir A. Ah ! your modesty again ! I'll tell you what, Jack, if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage ! Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favor us with something more than a side-front. (*Mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.*)

Capt. A. So ! all will out, I see ! (*Goes up to Lydia—*

speaks softly.) Be not surprised, my Lydia,—suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. (Aside.) Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! (*Looks around by degrees, then starts up.*) Is this possible! my Beverley! How can this be? My Beverley!

Capt. A. Ah! 'tis all over! (*Aside.*)

Sir A. Beverley! Beverley! What can the girl mean? This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. M. For shame, hussy! for shame! Your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes! Beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir A. Zounds! the girl's mad! her brain's turned by reading!

Mrs. M. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy? You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is, your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am; when I refuse my Beverley—

Sir A. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam! or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick? Come here, sirrah; who, who are you, sirrah?

Capt. A. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavor to recollect.

Sir A. Are you my son, or not? Speak! or I shall be in a rage!

Capt. A. Ye powers of impudence, befriend me! (*Aside.*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your son—as I hope my duty has always shown. Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add, affectionate nephew; I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name, and a station which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement, after all! (*Sullenly.*)

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet, you pretend to be, however! I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog, I am. So, this was your penitence, your duty and obedience! I thought it was quite sudden. You never heard their names before, not you! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire, hey? If you could please

me in the affair, 'twas all you desired! Ah! you dissembling dog! What! (*Pointing to Lydia.*) She squints, don't she? A little red-haired girl! hey?

Mrs. M. O lud! Sir Anthony, a new light breaks in upon me! Hey! how! what! captain, did you write the letters, then? What! am I to thank you for the elegant compilation of an "old weather-beaten she-dragon,"—hey? O mercy, was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Capt. A. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me. I shall certainly not be able to stand it.

Sir A. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive. Odds life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humored! and so gallant! Hey! Mrs. Malaprop! Come, we must leave them together—their's is the time of life for happiness! "Youth's the season made for joy." (*Sings.*) Hey! Odds life! I'm in such spirits!—Permit me, ma'am. (*Gives his hand to Mrs. Malaprop.—Sings.*) Tol de rol—tol de rol! de rol! (*Exit, singing, and handing Mrs. Malaprop off—Lydia sits sullenly in her chair.*)

Capt. A. So much thought bodes me no good. (*Aside.*) So grave, Lydia!

Lyd. Sir!

Capt. A. So! egad! I thought as much! That polite monosyllable has froze me! (*Aside.*) What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent as in our mutual vows—

Lyd. Friends' consent, indeed! (*Peevishly.*)

Capt. A. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance; a little wealth and comfort may be endured, after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

Lyd. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

Capt. A. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the license, and—

Lyd. The license! I hate licenses!

Capt. A. Oh, my love, be not so unkind—thus let me entreat. (*Kneeling.*)

Lyd. Pshaw! what signifies kneeling, when you know I must have you?

Capt. A. (*Rising.*) Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you. If I have lost

your heart, I resign the rest. 'Gad, I must try what a little spirit will do. (*Aside.*)

Lyd. (Rising.) Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud. What, you have been treating me like a child! humoring my romance; and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Capt. A. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me. Only hear—

Lyd. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe at last! (*Walking about in a heat.*) But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! (*taking a miniature from her bosom*)—which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties! There, sir—(*flings it to him*)—and be assured, I throw the original from my heart, as easily.

Capt. A. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that—here—(*taking out a picture*)—here is Miss Lydia Languish. What a difference!—Ay, there is the heavenly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes! Those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar! and there the half-resentful blush, that would have checked the ardor of my thanks. Well, all that's past; all over indeed! There, madam, in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind, its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I'll put it in my pocket. (*Puts it up again.*)

Lyd. (Softening.) 'Tis your own doing, sir—I, I, I, suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Capt. A. Oh, most certainly. Sure now, this is much better than being in love! ha! ha! ha! There's some spirit in this! What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises; all that's of no consequence, you know. To be sure, people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind; but never mind that: or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady, and forsook her; but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There's no bearing this insolence! 'Tis worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate! (*Rushing off, in tears.*)

Capt. A. Lydia! Lydia! (*Following.*)

Scene 9.—The North Parade.

(Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.)

Sir L. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself. Upon my conscience, these officers are always in one's way, in love affairs: I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me! I wonder what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in them, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth. Hah, isn't this the captain coming? Faith, it is! There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking. *(Retires.)*

(Enter Captain Absolute.)

Capt. A. To what fine purpose have I been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my word! A little gipsy! I did not think her romance could have made her so absurd, either. 'Sdeath, I never was in a worse humor in my life! I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir L. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never would have found him in a sweeter temper, for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. *(Aside.—Advances to Captain Absolute.)* With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Capt. A. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant: because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir L. That's no reason; for, give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth, as well as speak one.

Capt. A. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir L. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Capt. A. Hark ye, Sir Lucius, if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my word, I should not have discovered it at this interview; for, what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir L. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your

apprehension. (*Bowing.*) You have named the very thing I would be at.

Capt. A. Very well, sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations ; but I should be glad if you would please to explain your motives.

Sir L. Pray, sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands—we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short, or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So, no more, but name your time and place.

Capt. A. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better ; let it be this evening—here by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir L. Faith ! that same interruption, in affairs of this nature, shows very great ill-breeding. I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's Mead-fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters at once.

Capt. A. 'Tis the same to me, exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss the matter more seriously.

Sir L. If you please, sir, there will be a very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled, and my mind's at ease. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 10.—*Julia's Dressing-Room.*

(*Enter Maid and Lydia.*)

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just now ; perhaps she is only in the next room. (*Exit.*)

Lyd. Heigho ! Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin, will make me recall him. (*Enter Julia.*) Oh, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation ! Lud, child ! what's the matter with you ? You have been crying !—I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you !

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness : something has flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at.

Lyd. Ah ! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure

you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair.

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! But I don't care, I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia—

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking, when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last? There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements! so becoming a disguise! so amiable a ladder of ropes! conscious moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop! and such paragraphs in the newspapers! Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

Jul. I don't wonder at it.

Lyd. Now, sad reverse! what have I to expect, but after a deal of flimsy preparation, with a bishop's license, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar! Or, perhaps, be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish, to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster. Oh, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remember the dear, delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stole forth in the coldest nights in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue! There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically!—he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension!—and, while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardor! Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love!

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I could chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind at present, earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict. (*Mrs. Malaprop speaks within.*)

Lyd. Oh, lud! what has brought my aunt here?

(*Enter Mrs. Malaprop and David.*)

Mrs. M. So! so! here's fine work! here's fine suicide,

parricide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found, to prevent the antistrophe!

Jul. For heaven's sake, madam, what's the matter?

Mrs. M. That gentleman can tell you; 'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lyd. Oh, patience!—Do, ma'am, for heaven's sake, tell us what is the matter!

Mrs. M. Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter! But he can tell you the perpendiculars. (*Pointing to David.*)

Jul. Do speak, my friend. (*To David.*)

Dav. Look ye, my lady—by the mass, there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, fire-locks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the old boy knows what other crackers beside!—This, my lady, I say, has an angry favor.

Jul. But who's engaged?

Dav. My poor master—under favor for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or was, Squire Acres—and Captain Absolute. Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavor to prevent mischief.

Mrs. M. Oh, fie, it would be very inelegant in us—we should only participate things.

Lyd. Do, my dear aunt, let us hasten to prevent them.

Dav. Ah, do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives!—they are desperately given, believe me. Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! Oh, mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape! (*Aside.*) Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire putrefactions!

Lyd. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs. M. Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief! Come, girls, this gentleman will exhort us. Come, sir, you're our envoy; lead the way, and we'll precede. You're sure you know the spot?

Dav. Oh, never fear! and one good thing is, we shall find it out by the report of the pistols.

All the Ladies. The pistols! Oh, let us fly. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene 11.—King's Mead-fields.

(*Enter Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.*)

Acres. By my valor, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims ! I say it is good distance.

Sir L. It is, for muskets, or small field pieces ; upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now, I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds ! we might as well fight in a sentry-box ! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all, if he were out of sight !

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pho ! pho ! nonsense ! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols, is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no ! by my valor, there is no merit in killing him so near ! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot ; a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me !

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me, now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you ?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand—

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk ; and, if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it, I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus !

Sir L. For instance, now, if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled and sent home ? or would it be the same thing to you, to lie here in the Abbey ? I'm told there's very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled ! snug lying in the Abbey ! Odds tremors ! Sir Lucius, don't talk so !

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before ?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah, that's a pity; there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius, there. (*Puts himself into an attitude.*) A side-front, hey? Odd, I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.

Sir L. Now, you're quite out; for, if you stand so when I take my aim—(*Leveling at him.*)

Acres. Zounds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But, but, you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But there—fix yourself so—(*placing him*)—let him see the broadside of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they: and it is much the genteelest attitude, into the bargain.

Acres. Look ye, Sir Lucius, I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us—hah! no, faith, I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey! what! coming!

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! Well, let them come—hey, Sir Lucius! We—we—we—we—won't run!

Sir L. Run!

Acres. No, I say—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir L. Why, what the plague's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but—I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir L. O; fie! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay, true—my honor—do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honor.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking.*)

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wasn't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valor should leave me!—valor will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius, I doubt it is going—yes, my valor is certainly going! it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honor—your honor.—Here they are.

Acres. Oh, that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

(*Enter Faulkland and Captain Absolute.*)

Sir L. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah! what, Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself, to do a kind office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account?

Acres. What, Jack! my dear Jack! my dear friend!

Capt. A. Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir L. Well, Mr. Acres, I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So, Mr. Beverley, (*to Faulkland,*) if you choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

Sir L. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir!

Sir L. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party, by sitting out.

Capt. A. Oh, pray, Faulkland, fight, to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland; I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Look ye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and, if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir L. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my life, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why, no, Sir Lucius, I tell you, 'tis one Beverley

I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face ! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly !

Capt. A. Hold, Bob, let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name, is before you ; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir L. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute !—not if he were fifty Beverleys ! Zounds ! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural !

Sir L. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance !

Acres. Not in the least ! odds backs and abettors ! I'll be your second with all my heart ; and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here ; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir L. Pho ! pho ! you are little better than a coward !

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward ; coward was the word, by my valor !

Sir L. Well, sir !

Acres. Look ye, Sir Lucius, 't isn't that I mind the word coward—coward may be said in a joke, but if you had called me a paltroon, odds daggers and balls—

Sir L. Well, sir !

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir L. Pho ! you are beneath my notice.

Capt. A. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog—called in the country, fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob ?

Sir L. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor, (*draws his sword*), and ask the gentleman whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him ?

Capt. A. Come on, then, sir. (*Draws.*) Since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

(*Enter Sir Anthony, David, and the Ladies.*)

Dav. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony ; knock down my master in particular, and bind his hands over to their good behavior.

Sir A. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy. How came you in a duel, sir?

Capt. A. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you, better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

Sir A. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his majesty! Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Capt. A. Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir A. Gad, sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir L. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

Sir A. Zounds, Jack! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

Mrs. M. Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies—Captain Absolute, come here—how could you intimidate us so? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Capt. A. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is convinced: speak, child.

Sir L. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here. I believe I could intercept the young lady's silence. Now mark—

Lyd. What is it you mean, sir?

Sir L. Come, come, Dalia, we must be serious, now; this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Capt. A. Oh, my little angel, say you so? Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here. With regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you, I could only say, that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir A. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir L. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged, becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own hand writing, here— (*Takes out letters.*)

Mrs. M. Oh, he will dissolve my mystery! (*Aside.*) Sir Lucius, perhaps there is some mistake. Perhaps I can illuminate—

Sir L. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Dalia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not! (*Lydia and Capt. Absolute walk aside.*)

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my camelion blushes, I am Delia.

Sir L. You Dalia!—pho! pho! be asy.

Mrs. M. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

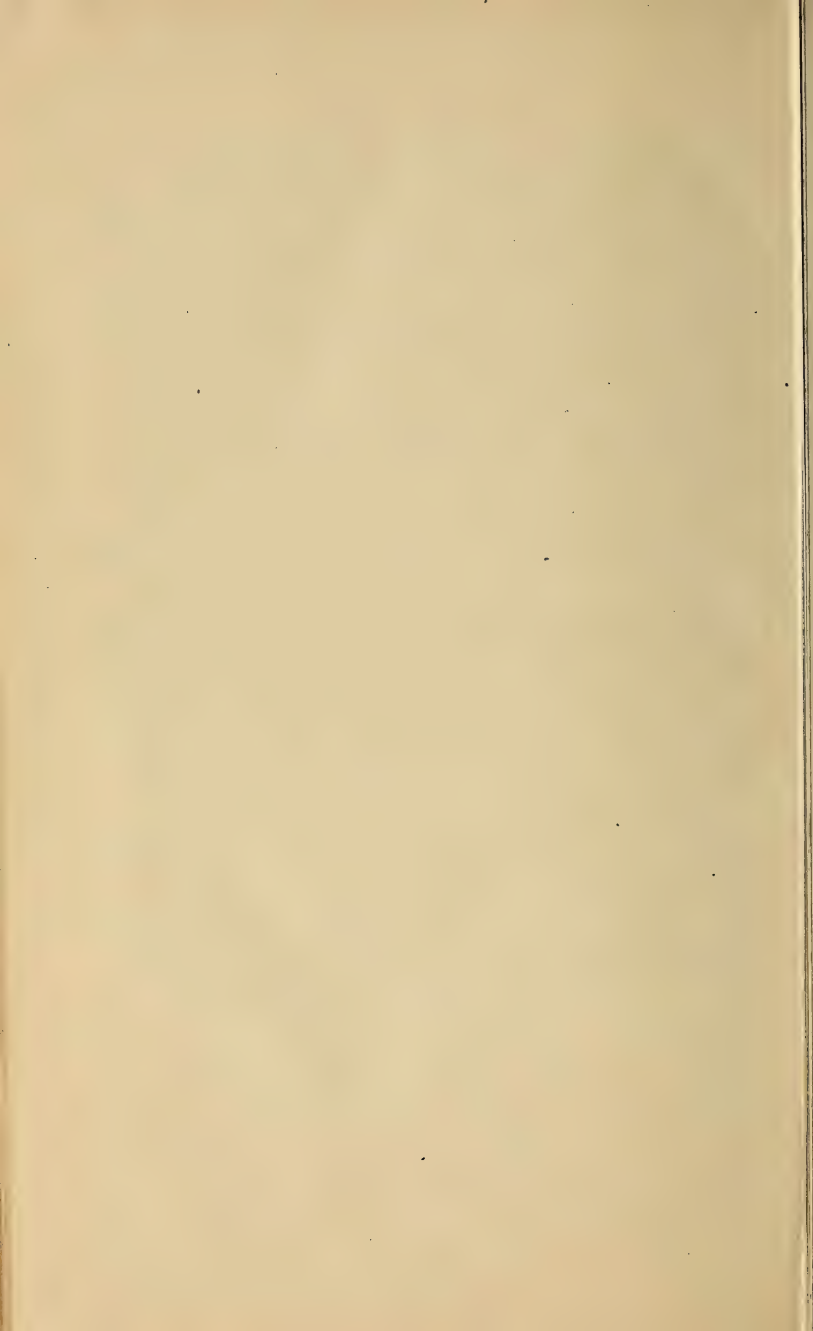
Sir L. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Dalia into the bargain.

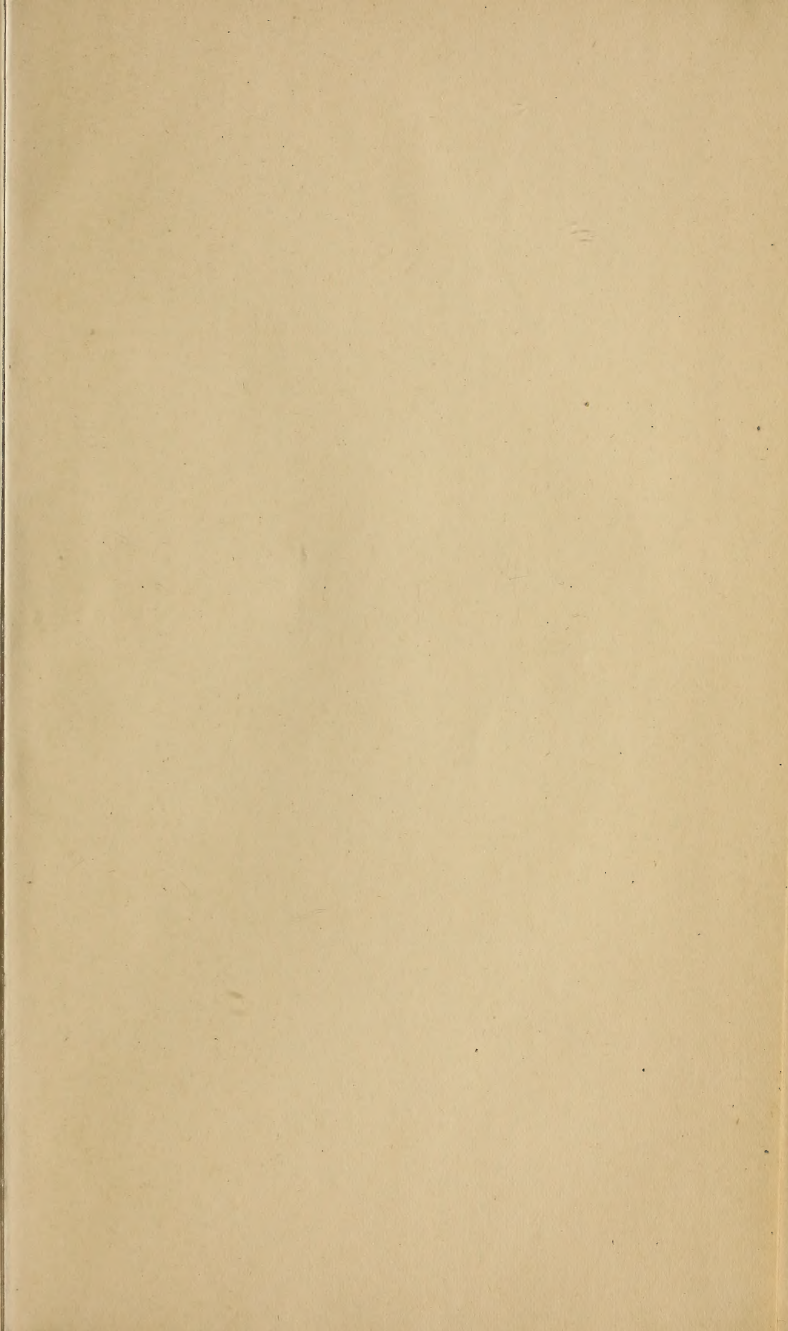
Capt. A. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

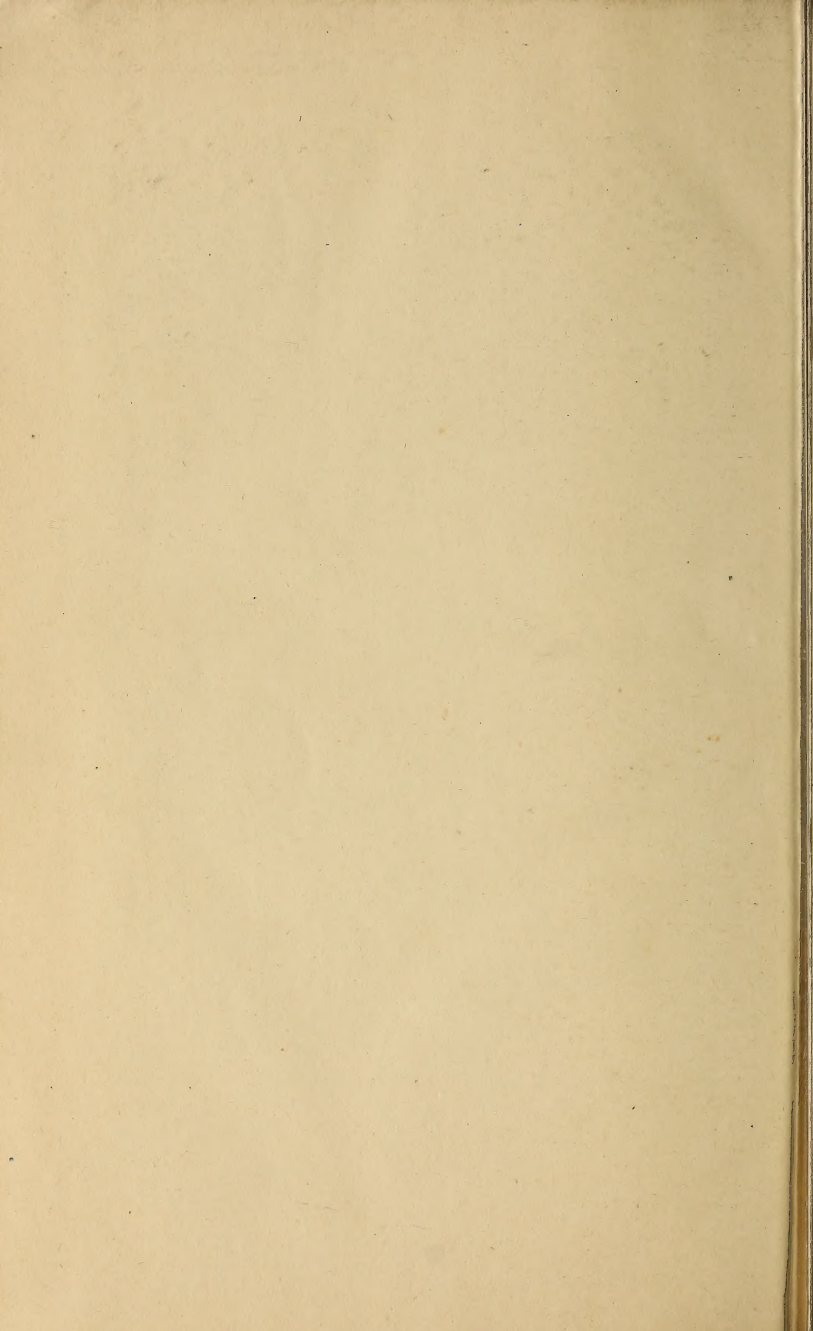
Sir L. Hah! little valor—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds wrinkles! no.—But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive: but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.—Come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms; and I insist on you all meeting me there.

Sir A. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a good husband to Mrs. Malaprop. (*Exeunt.*)







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